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May Hall 3/11

Presented to  
Mary E. Wren  
by.

W. S. Macon

Nov-14-<sup>th</sup>/1889

Richmond

A. Re. Cooke.

From

J. H. S.

1877.

*Mary E. Merr.*  
THE  
CONSOLATIONS *1859*

OF

# **Gospel Truth,**

EXHIBITED IN VARIOUS

**INTERESTING ANECDOTES,**

RESPECTING THE

**DYING HOURS**

OF DIFFERENT

PERSONS, WHO GLORIED IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED, SOME

**AFFECTING NARRATIVES,**

DESCRIBING THE

**HORRORS OF UNPARDONED SIN,**

IN THE PROSPECT OF

**DEATH AND ETERNITY.**

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**BY J. G. PIKE.**

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SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND IMPROVED.

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**New-York:**

PRINTED BY ABRAHAM PAUL, FOR THE BENEFIT  
OF JOHN MIDWINTER.

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1824.

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## RECOMMENDATIONS.



New-York, December 29, 1823.

Mr. Midwinter, Sir, I have read the volume lately published by you, entitled the "Consolations of Gospel Truth," and am much pleased with it. I think it will be read with pleasure and profit by Christians generally, and through the blessing of God, may be very useful to such as have never considered the importance of religion. I am pleased to hear that you contemplate another large edition immediately. I hope you may meet with such encouragement, as the importance of the work and the nature of your labours deserve.

With sentiments of respect, I am yours, &c.

T. M'AULEY, D. D.

The "Consolations of Gospel Truth," by J. G. Pike, contains a judicious selection of interesting anecdotes, illustrating the power of faith and the misery of unbelief in a dying hour. The work is eminently calculated to do good; because no one can read it without praying, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

J. B. ROMEYN, D. D.

HENRY J. FELTUS, D. D.

Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS.

Rev. JOHNSON CHASE.

We concur in the above recommendation, and would rejoice to see so useful a book, obtain a general circulation.

WILLIAM M'MURRAY, D. D.

JAMES MILNOR, D. D.

Rev. ARCHIBALD MACLAY.

New-York, Jan. 7th, 1824.

Mr. Midwinter, Sir, I have examined your book, called the "Consolations of Gospel Truth," by J. G. Pike, and consider it as a very interesting little work, and calculated to do much good.

P. MILLEDOLER, D. D.

December, 1823.

I have slightly looked at the "Consolations of Gospel Truth," a book published by Mr. Midwinter, for his own benefit, and believe it calculated to do good.

G. SPRING, D. D.



Mr. Midwinter, Sir, I have perused with much satisfaction, the work entitled, the "Consolations of Gospel Truth," and sincerely hope that the contemplated edition may prove useful to the cause of true religion in the world.

Rev. CHARLES G. SOMMERS.

New-York, Jan. 7th, 1824.

I have paid some attention to the "Consolations of Gospel Truth," by J. G. Pike, and think the work calculated to promote the cause of truth, and be useful to Christians of every age and of every sect. And as a friend to the cause of religion, would recommend it to the patronage of the friends of experimental and practical piety.

Rev. E. WASHBURN

We concur in the above recommendation.

Rev. S. MARTINDALE.

Rev. P. P. SANDFORD.

Rev. WILLIAM ROSS.

## PREFACE.



AN eminent and elegant writer has observed, that “there is nothing in history which is so improving to the reader, as those accounts which we meet with of the deaths of eminent persons, and of their behaviour at that dreadful season;” and that “there are no parts in history which affect and please the reader in so sensible a manner.”\*

This observation is just, and will apply with peculiar propriety to those narratives which describe the animating triumphs, or the calm, but not less precious consolations of a dying Christian.

A dying but immortal being, on the verge of eternity, is as solemn a spectacle as the world can furnish. A hundred tender ties are then about to be severed. The delusions of the world are over; it can promise nothing more. It has done its utmost, and the total sum is vanity of vanities. Its shadowy joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, cares and possessions, are now light as a feather weighed against the universe; and, however once esteemed, can no longer pain or please, agitate or engage the creature, who is bidding them an eternal farewell. The past is a nothing; but the future opens a tremendous, and, if true support be wanting, a heart-appalling prospect.—New scenes—a new and untried world—an eternity, vast, boundless and endless—joy without mixture; or pain without relief—the mansions of light and glory; or the dark dungeons of despair—the welcome of angels; or the

\* Spectator, No. 289.

yell of demons ; and the smile or the frown of the infinite Judge. From a person in such a situation truth comes with double force.

But as the beauty of the most enchanting country is heightened by a contrast with the horrors of a dreary desert ; so the charms and worth of a dying Christian's piety, appear more conspicuous, when contrasted with the dismal gloom, or sad despair, of those whose day has closed, while the dark stains of unpardoned guilt remained upon their souls.

This volume presents to the reader, several most affecting narratives, respecting persons of the latter description. O that, by these, the careless neglecters of eternal salvation might be warned ; and that, from these, the possessors of religion might learn to prize still more highly, the inestimable treasure they enjoy !

Though this little work principally displays the consolations of the Gospel in a dying hour, yet it contains a few particulars respecting the lives of some of those friends of truth and piety, whose dying experience it narrates.

The authenticity of many of the facts here stated, is well known and undisputed ; and references are given in the table of contents, to the sources from whence some others are borrowed. It must not, however, be understood that all the pieces are literally transcribed in the words of the authors, from whom they are taken ; for, in a variety of instances, brevity and other causes have required a change of expression ; but these alterations in no instance affect the authenticity of the facts related.

# **LINES,**

**ON**

## **THE CONSOLATIONS OF GOSPEL TRUTH.**

**ADDRESSED TO THE COMPILER OF THAT WORK.**



**MAY you, my friend, whose narratives unfold,  
That love which never, never can be told,  
The Saviour's grace display, for num'rous years,  
To travellers passing thro' the vale of tears :  
Then may you ripe for heaven resign your breath,  
And yield triumphant to the stroke of death :  
And in that solemn, that decisive hour,  
When Christ shall re-descend with heavenly power,  
When all mankind must hear his awful voice,  
And countless millions tremble or rejoice ;  
O may you then before his bar appear,  
With a glad flock of converts gathered here !  
In these instructive extracts we perceive,  
What solid hope, truth, and religion give :  
In each believer's calm departure trace,  
The boundless love of God's redeeming grace.  
Dreadful reverse ! our souls with terror see  
The dire effects of infidelity.  
Not all that infidels e'er wrote or taught,  
Their brilliant language, and extensive thought,  
From fear of death their votaries release,  
Or give repenting sinners hope and peace.  
The blood of Christ alone can cleanse the soul,  
Reform the heart, and make the wounded whole.  
'Tis from his all-sufficient sacrifice,  
Our earthly bliss and heavenly hopes arise :  
The heavy laden and condemned receive  
Pardon through faith, by faith in Jesus live.**

Faith builds a bridge to the celestial shore,  
And bids us tread where Jesus trod before,  
Points to the skies, the true, th' unerring way,  
While hope's bright beams shed their enlivening ray;  
Hope, the sweet gift, our heavenly Father gave,  
To smooth the passage to the lonely grave.  
Hail, blessed Jesus! by thy death we live,  
And pardon, peace, and holiness receive;  
By thee enabled sin and self deny,  
"To live with comfort, and with comfort die."  
We e'en in death thy resurrection view,  
And faith and hope triumphant cheer us through;  
Then by thy merits and atoning blood,  
Our souls made meet for glory, soar to God.  
Thus faith and hope, expiring sinners raise,  
"And their last faltering accents whisper praise."

R. GREGORY.

*Edmonton, 1818.*

THE

## Consolations of Gospel Truth.

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### RISDON DARRACOTT.

"The chamber where the *Christian* meets his fate.  
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk  
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.  
Fly ye profane ! if not, draw near with awe,  
Receive the blessing, and adore the grace  
That threw in this Bethesda your disease ;  
If unrestor'd by this, despair your cure ;  
For here resistless demonstration dwells ;  
A death bed's a detector of the heart.  
Here real and apparent are the same :  
You see the man, you see his hold on heaven,  
If sound his hope.—  
Heav'n waits not the last moment, owns her friends  
On this side death, and points them out to man."

YOUNG.

**THE** retired village of Swanage, in Dorsetshire, was the birthplace of this eminent servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. There, in February, 1717, he entered the wilderness of this world ; and there, in the same month, his amiable mother departed to rest with her Lord. Some of her ancestors had counted all things loss for the sake of Christ ; and had been voluntary exiles to the woods of America, but now they and she and the son, soon after whose birth she expired, form part of the blissful family in that land "Where pilgrims never roam, and soldiers war no more."

The precise period of the conversion of young Darra-cott is unknown. The seeds of after piety were probably sown betimes in his heart, by his affectionate father ; who was himself a minister of the everlasting Gospel. Leaving the paternal roof, he became a pupil, and a fa-

yourite pupil of the pious Doddridge, in the academy at Northampton ; and there his regard for religion began to be peculiarly displayed. After leaving the academy, and passing through a variety of changing, and even afflictive scenes, the chief Shepherd of the heaven-bound flock appointed Wellington, in Somersetshire, as the field for his future labours. Here he laboured with such zeal, and was crowned with such success, that Mr. Whitfield observed he might "justly be styled the star in the west," and a profane gentleman once said of him, "There goes a man who serves God as if the devil were in him." At Wellington, crowded audiences, an enlarged chapel, and numerous conversions, testified the success of his exertions. In most of the adjacent villages he opened houses for worship, where he preached weekly. He was diligent in distributing cheap books on the most important subjects, and used a variety of other means for advancing the immortal interests of those who were within the sphere of his influence. At one period his whole congregation were under serious impressions at the same time.

At length the time drew near when this laborious and active servant should return to give up his account to him that sent him. The first confident expectation of death which Mr. Darracott expressed, was when a month elapsed without any addition to his church. "Now," said he, "I believe I am near my end : my work is done, and I am going home to my rest." With this impression (to him no gloomy one) he administered the Lord's supper, for the last time, Dec. 3, 1758. On the evening of that day, he composed a meditation, which he enclosed in a letter to a friend in London. The meditation breathes the language of an exalted Christian on the borders of Paradise.

"Is this the voice of my dear Lord ? ' Surely I come quickly.' Amen, says my willing, joyful soul, even so, come, Lord Jesus ! Come, for I long to have done with this poor low life ; to have done with its burthens, its

sorrows, and its snares. Come, for I grow weary of this painful distance, and long to be at home ; long to be with thee, where thou art, that I may behold thy glory.

“ Come then, blessed Jesus, as soon as thou pleasest, and burst asunder these bonds of clay, which hold me from thee ; break down these separating walls, which hinder me from thine embrace. Death is no more my dread, but rather the object of my desire. I welcome the stroke, which will prove so friendly to me ; which will knock off my fetters, throw open my prison doors, and set my soul at liberty ; which will free me (transporting thought !) from all those remainders of indwelling sin, under which I have long groaned in this tabernacle, and with which I have been maintaining a constant and painful conflict : but which all my weeping and praying, all my attending divine ordinances, could never entirely cure me of ; yea, will perfectly and for ever free me from all my complaints ; give me the answer of all my prayers ; and put me at once in the eternal possession of my warmest wishes and hopes, even the sweet, beatifying presence of thee, O blessed Jesus ! whom having not seen, I love, and in whom, though now I see thee not, yet believing, I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. This world has now no more charms to attract my heart, or make me wish a moment’s longer stay. I have no engagements to delay my farewell. Nothing to detain me now. My soul is on the wing. Joyfully do I quit mortality, and here cheerfully take my leave of all I ever held dear below.

“ Farewell, my dear Christian friends ; I have taken sweet counsel with you in the way ; but I leave you for sweeter, better converse above. You will soon follow me, and then our delightful communion shall be uninterrupted, as well as perfect, and our society be broken up no more for ever. Farewell, in particular, my dearest —. How has our friendship ripened almost to the maturity of heaven ! How tenderly and closely are our



hearts knit to one another ! Nor shall the sweet union be dissolved by death. Being one in Christ, we shall be one for ever. With what eternal thankfulness shall we remember that word, ' Christ is all in all ! ' He was so then indeed, and he will ever be so. Mourn not that I go to him first. 'Tis but a little while, and you will come after. O ! with what joy, think you, shall I welcome your arrival on the heavenly shore, and conduct you to him, whom our souls so dearly love ? What though we meet no more at Wellington, we shall, we assuredly shall, embrace one another in heaven, never to part more. Till then adieu ! and now I leave you with the warmest wishes of all felicity to attend you, and the most grateful overflowings of heart for all the kindest tokens of the most endearing friendship I ever received from you.

" Farewell ! thou my dearest wife ! my most affectionate delightful companion in heaven's road, whom God in the greatest mercy gave me, and has thus to the end of my race graciously continued to me ! For all thy care, thy love, thy prayers, I bless my God and thank thee in these departing moments. But dear as thou art, (and dearest of all that is mortal I hold thee,) I now find it easy to part from thee, to go to that Jesus thine and mine, who is infinitely more dear to me. With him I cheerfully leave thee, nor doubt his care of thee, who has loved thee, and given himself for thee. 'Tis but a short separation we shall have ; our spirits will soon reunite, and then never, never know separation more. For as we have been companions in the patience and tribulation of our Lord's kingdom, we shall assuredly be so in his glory.

" Farewell, my dear children ! I leave you ; but God has bound himself by a most inviolable promise, to take care of you. Only choose him for your own God, who has been your father's God, and then, though I leave you exposed in the waves of a dangerous and wicked world,

Providence, eternal and almighty Providence, has undertaken to pilot and preserve you. With comfortable hope, therefore, I bid you my last adieu ; pleading the faithful and true promise, saying as the patriarch, ' I die,' my dear children, ' but God will be with you ;' praying in humble faith, that your souls, with those of your parents, may be bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord your God.

"Farewell, ye my dear people ! to whom I have been preaching the everlasting Gospel, that Gospel, which is now all my hope, and all my joy. Many, very many of you, are my present rejoicing, and will be my eternal crown of glory. And now I am leaving you, I bless God for all the success he has been graciously pleased to give my poor labours among you : for all the comfortable seasons of grace I have enjoyed with you.—Adieu, my dear friends ! I part with you this day at the sacred table of our blessed Lord, in the confidence and hope, that though I shall drink no more with you this fruit of the vine, I shall drink it new with you in the kingdom of our heavenly Father. Only, my brethren, my dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, so stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved. But for the rest of you, I mourn to think in what a miserable condition I am leaving you ; and though you will no more hear my voice, and have often, alas ! heard it to no purpose, this once hear and regard my dying charge—that you do not continue in a Christless and unconverted state, nor meet me in that state at the day of judgment.

"And now, farewell, praying and preaching ! my most delightful work ! Farewell, ye Sabbaths and sacraments, and all divine ordinances ! I have now done with you all, and you have done all that was to be done for me. As the manna, and the rock, in the wilderness, you have supplied me with sweet refreshments by the way ; and now I am leaving you, I bless my God for all the comfort and edification I have received by your means as the

appointed channel of Divine communications. But now I have no more need of you. I am going to the God of ordinances ; to that fountain of living waters, which has filled these pools below ; and instead of sipping at the streams, I shall now be for ever satisfied from the fountain-head.

“ Farewell, now, my poor body ! Thou shalt be no more a clog to my active spirit, no more hinder me in the service of God, no more ensnare my soul, and pollute it with sin. And now an everlasting farewell to all sins and sorrows, all doubts and fears, conflicts and temptations ! Farewell to earth and all terrestrial scenes ! Ye are now no more ! An infinitely brighter prospect opens to me ! ”

“ See the guardian angels nigh  
Wait to waft my soul on high !  
See the golden gates display'd !  
See the crown to grace my head !  
See a flood of sacred light,  
Which shall yield no more to night !  
‘ Transitory world, farewell !  
Jesus calls with him to dwell. ”

His disorder again, for some time, was so far alleviated that he was able to write to a friend as if in expectation of returning to life and usefulness : this, which was his last letter, was dated Jan. 2, 1759. It is as follows :

“ Though I am hardly yet able to hold my pen, I am willing to give you this satisfaction, that I am recovering, by writing though ever so short a letter. I have been longer in pain than I remember ever to have been before, and for some part of the time it has been sharp pain indeed. But for ever blessed be the rich goodness of my God, I hope I have experienced his supporting and comforting power towards me. So that, though the flesh could not but groan, the spirit did not murmur, but sweetly bowed in submission, as believing my heavenly Father had no other than merciful designs in all, and whatever was the issue, of which I was never more indifferent, it would be all well. And now it has pleased

him, who has called home his eminent servant Hervey, to continue a little longer in the world his unworthy servant Darracott, O that it may quicken me to be found more faithful and zealous in his service : then too shall my dismissal be signed in the appointed time and way, and I shall follow them who have been my dear delightful companions, to live for ever with them, and with that Jesus whom we loved, and in whom we were united. I have had a solitary Sabbath, besides the loss of some other seasons, I used to enjoy in these holydays. Blessed be God; I can look back upon these times with pleasure now in my confinement, and say, Lord, thou knowest I have loved thy service, and the place of thy habitation has been sweet to me. Your letter to my Kitty, this morning, affects me tenderly. Be incessant in your prayers for me, and join your praises with mine. Accept our joint love, and be assured, in all the languor of nature, I still feel the flame of our religious friendship burn strong, nor shall death quench it for ever ; ever shall I be yours. Pray for me, that if it be the will of God and our dear Lord Jesus, I may be strengthened to go forth next Lord's day.

“ RISDON DARRACOTT.”

He had written, the day before, to his friend Mr. Fawcett, of Kidderminster, saying, “ whenever it shall please God to take me away, as I hope you will survive me, I shall leave an office of friendship to be performed by you, which you will not deny me, especially as you will see the glory of God and the good of souls are the great things I aim at. I find somewhat infinitely soothing and cheering in these four lines, which our dear tutor has put into the mouth of a child :

‘ If to correct me be his will,  
I’ll bear it with submission still ;  
A tender Father sure he proves,  
And but corrects, because he loves.’

"O ! what less than a thousand arguments in that one for the most cordial, sweet, humble submission ? O my dear brother, how sweet to see our comforts and our crosses, our joyful and mournful circumstances, our life and our death, all in the hands of such a Father ; all equally under his direction, and all evidently designed by him for our good ; all proceeding from his everlasting love which he had for us, terminating at last in our everlasting salvation ? This lays an easy foundation for that precept, which is a strange one to a carnal world—' in every thing give thanks.' "

His illness continued three months, with intervals of excruciating pain, arising, as was conjectured, from stones in the kidneys, producing such inflammation as extended also to many adjacent parts : yet nothing was heard from his lips but continual expressions of praise and thanksgiving. This led the apothecary to declare, in a letter he wrote to announce Mr. Darracott's death, "Of all the death-beds I ever attended, I never saw such an instance of holy resignation and triumph."

About three weeks before he died, on a Lord's day morning, he said to one that was standing by, "I am going to that Jesus whom I love, and whom I have so often preached. 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly,' why are thy chariot wheels so long a-coming ?" He then said, "I charge you, see to it that you meet me at the right hand of God at the great day." At another time he exclaimed, "O, what a mercy it is to have such a rock to build upon as the Lord Jesus Christ ! I have found him to be a firm rock that will not fail. What a mercy it is to have a covenant God, a covenant that is so well ordered in all things and sure, that is all my salvation, all my desire ! I have found him to be a covenant-keeping God." He said to his wife, "My dear, do you speak of the goodness of God towards me, for I want a tongue but not a heart to praise him."

A friend said, "I hope your tongue will be loosed

again to praise him in this world :” he answered, “ if not we shall praise him in heaven together ; how good God is, he is all love, all goodness.” He then said to some of his flock that were by him, “ hold out and hold on. I trust I have begotten you both in Christ Jesus, may the Lord pour down a plentiful effusion of his Spirit upon you.” “ What attendance have I got,” he exclaimed, “ Jesus is with me, angels are my guardians, the blessed Spirit is my comforter and supporter, and you, my dear spiritual friends, waiting on me, and my dear wife, the best of women : but don’t think highly of me, for if you have seen a measure of grace in me, you have seen a great deal of corruption : a little longer and the Lord will release me.” To a friend who said, “ I hope he will restore you again,” he replied, “ no, that is not to be expected.” Just afterward he said, “ my eyes fail, I am going.”

To Mrs. Darracott he said, “ I want a new tongue to praise God here, but if not here, I shall have a new heart and tongue to praise him in heaven.” When taking some refreshment, he exclaimed, “ Blessed be God for this meal,” and a friend coming in, he observed to him, “ I have often sat with you at the table of the Lord here, I am now going to sit around his board above ; these have been days in which I have taken great delight, when I have gone to the house of God in company with you.”

To a friend who came to visit him, he said, “ how do you do, my dear friend, I have fought the good fight, and have finished my course, and kept the faith,” &c. He said to his wife, “ I must leave you without any formality : when will the day dawn, and the shadow flee away ?” When she asked him whether he was warm, he answered, “ he had a general warmth over his body, and a general calm over his soul.”

Two days before he died, waking in a very delightful frame, he desired that the apothecary might be sent for, that he might know what he thought of his case ; when

the apothecary came, he gave but little hope. Mr. Darracott answered, "all is well, blessed be God, I know in whom I have believed, and can rely on the promises, they are all mine; especially that, 'I will never leave nor forsake thee.' I am sure he will not." He desired that the church might be called together to pray for him and to give him up to the Lord; afterward, when symptoms of recovery appeared, he called on those in the room with him to bless God for it, and said, " 'When thou wilt call, I will hear and answer.' O blessed promise, I have found it made good to me. Should the Lord raise me up again, surely praise will become this house."

The night before he died, he said, "O what a good God have I in Christ Jesus, I would praise him but my lips cannot. Eternity will be too short to speak his praises." He earnestly desired that he might be enabled to speak the praises of God, and it was granted. The night before he died, he was in a delightful frame, full of heavenly joy, with his intellectual faculties as strong as ever. When the apothecary came in, he said, "O Mr. K. what a mercy it is to be interested in the atoning blood of Christ. You tell me I am dying; how long do you think it will be first?" It was answered, "that is uncertain to a few hours." "Will it be to night?" Said he; it was answered, "I believe you will survive the night." "Well," he exclaimed, "all is well, I am ready." "This, sir," addressing the apothecary, "is agreeable to the doctrine I have at all times preached, that I now come to the Lord as a vile sinner, trusting on the merits and precious blood of my dear Redeemer. O grace, grace, free grace!" He desired to see some of his flock, but when they came, his spirits were exhausted by talking nearly three quarters of an hour. He said to them, however, "in the faith of that doctrine I have preached to you, I am going to die." He then related his experience of the goodness of God to him in his sickness, and said, "if I had a thousand lives to live I would live them

all for Christ ; I have cast anchor on him, and rely on his blood, and am going to venture my all upon him." He then took his leave of each in a very solemn manner, and said, " watch your hearts, and keep them with all diligence, for out of them is the issue of life." When he saw Mrs. Darracott weeping, he said, "Weep not for me, nor yet for yourself, for you are a child of the covenant. I am going to see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and all that are got to glory." " Yet," said he, " should this be a delusion ? but it is not, for I have the roll in my bosom to be my admittance into heaven, and the testimony of conscience within : my evidences are clear." He then repeated these verses of Dr. Watts :

- " My God, and can a humble child  
That loves thee with a flame so high,  
Be ever from thy face exil'd,  
Without the pity of thine eye.

Impossible ! for thine own hands  
Have tied my heart so fast to thee,  
And in thy book the promise stands,  
That where thou art thy friends must be."

• He adored the riches of free grace, and said, " the Lord had been just if he had sent me to hell : it was free grace that has saved me, and it was free grace that I have preached to others." To one who said, " Sir, you are going to receive the fruits of your labours : " he answered, " no, it is all free grace, grace."

He took the apothecary by the hand, and said, " farewell, my dear friend, I thank you for all that care, trouble, and kindness, you have taken with and for me. Blessed be God, all is well, all is well. I am now going to see dear Williams, Doddridge, and the rest of the glorified saints. Farewell, my friend, a good night to you." The morning he died, his wife came in and said, " my dear, you are just on the borders of glory ;" he said, " I could not have thought it, had not the physician and Mr. K. told me so, the passage is so easy." His wife



said, "how will you behold the dear Lord Jesus when you come to glory?" He replied, "I shall behold him face to face." He then lay in a slumber; all around thought him dying, and no pulsation could be perceived. He awoke in about twenty minutes afterward, and said, "is Mr. Kennaway come?" it was answered, yes. "O my dear friend, how are you this morning, did you not tell me last night I was dying?" It was answered, "I did so." He said, "it could not be, it was too easy, it was too easy. What a mercy it is to be in Christ; O precious, precious Jesus! Now," said he, "I am believing, rejoicing, triumphant too."

There were ten or twelve of his Christian friends around his bed; he took each person by the hand, and wishing them well, said, "you see, my friends, I now am dying in the same faith I have always preached unto you, and I would not die in any other way for all the world. O keep close to Christ." When asked to take something to moisten his throat, he answered, "no, I do not want to delay the time of death," then with a smile he said, "come, Lord Jesus." He asked again, "is this dying?" when some one answered, yes; he replied, "it cannot be, it is too good." Calling for his wife and children, he took his leave of them with the utmost composure and serenity of mind, and submission to his Father's will. Observing them and all his other friends weeping, he said to his wife, "my dear and precious wife, why do you weep? you should rejoice. Rely on the promises. God will never leave nor forsake you, all his promises are true and sure. Well, I am going from weeping friends to congratulating angels and rejoicing saints in heaven and glory. Blessed be God, all is well."

He asked, "how much longer will it be before I gain my dismissal?" it was answered, "not long." "Well," he observed, here is nothing on earth I desire! here I am waiting! what a mercy to be in Jesus! he then threw abroad his arms, and said, he is coming, he is coming! but

surely this can't be death : O how astonishingly is the Lord softening my passage ; surely God is too good to such a worm ! O speed thy chariot wheels, why are they so long in coming ? I long to be gone." At length he exclaimed, as if beginning a sentence, " faith and hope : " these were his last words. About eleven o'clock in the morning he lay down, and just before twelve, fell asleep in Jesus, whom he so much loved.

According to his request, his body was opened, to ascertain the disorder of which he died. Five stones were found in the left kidney, which had been so inflamed that putrefaction had nearly consumed that organ. The parts contiguous having partaken of the inflammation betrayed the agony which he must have endured. The funeral was conducted according to Mr. Darracott's directions. But though by them he evidently designed to avoid attracting a crowd to his grave, the time, about one o'clock in the morning, could not be kept entirely secret, and immense multitudes attended at that early hour.

Mrs. Darracott passed the rest of her life in widowhood, and spent her last years with her daughter, at Romsey. She died on the 28th of December, 1799, in the eighty-sixth year of her age. She had joined the church at Barnstaple when only seventeen, and towards the close of life used to reflect with grateful pleasure that she had been enabled to serve the Lord nearly seventy years. Her wise and cheerful piety rendered her, at a very advanced age, highly agreeable and useful to those young persons who were introduced to her company. She often longed for the hour of dismissal, which she at last welcomed with calm triumph.

At her particular request, her corpse was removed to Wellington, to be interred with the remains of her husband. When the tomb was opened for her, a person who had been, forty years before, deeply affected under Mr. Darracott's ministry, but had turned aside to the world, came to see what was left of her former pastor.

The sight of his bones so forcibly recalled the views and feelings which his animating voice had first produced, that she burst forth into the most violent expressions of alarm and anguish. Thus the righteous man "being dead yet speaketh:" from his tomb issues a voice at once alarming to the wicked, and grateful to the believer in Jesus.

## JAMES HERVEY.

"Since the dear hour that brought me to thy foot,  
And cut up all my follies by thy root,  
I never trusted in an arm but thine;  
Nor hop'd but in thy righteousness divine.  
My prayers and alms, imperfect and defil'd,  
Were but the feeble efforts of a child;  
Howe'er perform'd, this was their brightest part,  
That they were offerings of a thankful heart;  
I cast them at thy feet, my only plea  
Is, what it was, dependence upon thee:  
While struggling in the vale of life below,  
This never fail'd, nor shall it fail me now."

COWPER.

THIS eminent Christian and zealous minister was born Feb. 26, 1713, at Hardingstone, near Northampton. In early life, he was impressed with the importance of religion, but unacquainted with its nature. The state of his mind at this time is illustrated by the following anecdote. In the parish where he preached, there resided a ploughman, who attended Doddridge's ministry; and who was well acquainted with the doctrines of grace. Mr. Hervey sometimes accompanied this ploughman, and one morning said to him, "What do you think is the hardest thing in religion?" To which he replied, "I am a poor illiterate man, and you, Sir, are a minister; I beg leave to return the question." Then said Mr. Hervey, "I think the hardest thing is to deny sinful self," and ap-

plauded, at some length, this kind of self-denial. The ploughman replied, "Mr. Hervey, you have forgot the greatest act of the grace of self-denial, which is to deny ourselves of a proud confidence in our own obedience for justification."—In repeating this story to a friend, Mr. Hervey observed: "I then hated the righteousness of Christ; I looked at the man with astonishment and disdain, and thought him an old fool. I have seen clearly since who was the fool, not the wise old Christian, but the proud James Hervey." Little as he knew at this time of the way of peace, light soon afterward shone upon his mind. "The light," says he, "was not instantaneous; it did not flash upon my soul, but arose like the dawning of the day." "Now were I possessed of all the righteous acts, that have made saints and martyrs famous, in all generations, could they be transferred to me, and might I call them all my own, I would renounce them all that I might win Christ."

Being himself taught by the Spirit of truth, it now became his delight to display the glories of the Gospel to others. His pulpit no longer resounded with discourses, on mere heathen morality; but Christ crucified was the theme on which he dwelt. He became the diligent and conscientious pastor, and, while he felt for the immortal welfare of all committed to his care, appears to have paid a particular attention to the young members of his flock. He lived respected and beloved; adorning the profession of that Gospel which he preached; and honouring that Redeemer, who was all his glory, boast, and trust. By his labours he was made a blessing to many, during his life; and, since his removal from this world, the God of grace has condescended, to make his writings the means of advancing the immortal good of many more. In them, though dead, he yet, with affectionate earnestness, preaches to the living, and points them to "The Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of

the world,"—to the Lamb of God, who was all his delight on earth, and is his eternal joy in heaven.

Some time before the close of Mr. Hervey's mortal course, repeated sickness and weakness warned him, that he would soon be removed to the rest he had sought. In 1747 he was attacked with so severe an illness, that death appeared to him to be at hand. At this time he wrote to a friend, "My health is continually upon the decline, and the springs of life are all relaxing; medicine is baffled. Dr. Stonehouse, who is a dear friend to his patient, and a lover of the Lord Jesus, pities, but cannot succour. With this blessing, however, together with a multitude of others, the Divine goodness vouchsafes to gild the gloom of decaying nature, that I am racked with no pain, and enjoy the free undisturbed use of my reason. Now I apprehend myself near the close of life, and stand as it were on the brink of the grave, with eternity full in my view. Perhaps you would be willing to know my sentiments of things; in this awful situation, at such a juncture, the mind is most unprejudiced, and the judgment not so liable to be dazzled by the glitter of worldly objects. I think, then, we are extremely mistaken, and sustain a mighty loss, by reading so much, and praying so little. Were I to enjoy Hezekiah's grant, and have fifteen years added to my life, I would be much more frequent in my applications to the throne of grace. I have read of a person, who was often retired and on his knees, was remarkable for his frequency and fervency in devotion, being asked the reason of this so singular behaviour, he replied, 'Because I am sensible I must die.' I assure you I feel the weight of this answer, I see the wisdom of this procedure, and, were my span to be lengthened, would endeavour always to remember the one, and daily to imitate the other. I think also, we fail in our duty, and thwart our comfort, by studying God's holy word no more. I have, for my part, been too fond of reading

every thing elegant and valuable that has been penned in our language, and have been particularly charmed with the historians and poets of antiquity ; but were I to renew my studies, I would take my leave of these accomplished triflers, I would resign the delights of modern wit, amusement, and eloquence, and devote myself to the Scriptures of truth ; I would sit with much assiduity at my Divine Master's feet, and desire to know nothing but Christ, and him crucified. This is wisdom, whose fruits are peace in life, consolation in death, and everlasting salvation after death. This I would seek, this I would explore, through the spacious and delightful fields of the Old and New Testaments. In short, I would adopt the resolutions of the apostles, give myself unto prayer, and to the word. With regard to my public ministry, my chief aim should be to beget in my people's minds a deep sense of their depraved, guilty, undone condition, and a clear, believing conviction of the all-sufficiency of Christ, by his blood, his righteousness, his intercession, and his Spirit, to save them to the uttermost. I would always observe to labour for them in my closet, as well as in the pulpit, and wrestle, with secret supplications, as well as exert myself in public preaching, for their spiritual and eternal welfare ; for unless God take this work into his own hand, what mortal is sufficient for it ? Now, perhaps, if you sat at my right hand, you would ask what is my hope with regard to my future and immortal state. Truly, my hope, my whole hope, is even in the Lord Redeemer. Should the king of terrors threaten, I flee to the wounds of the slaughtered Lamb, as the trembling dove to the clefts of the rock. Should Satan accuse, I plead the surety of the covenant, who took my guilt upon himself, and bore my sins in his own body on the accursed tree, on purpose that all the nations of the earth might be blessed. Should hell open its jaws, I look up to that gracious Being who says, ' deliver from going down to the

pit, for I have found out a ransom.' Should it be said, No unclean thing can enter heaven, my answer is, 'The blood of Jesus his Son cleanseth us from all sin.—Though my sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow.' Should it be added, None can sit down at the marriage-supper of the Lamb without a wedding-garment; and your righteousnesses, what are they before the pure law and piercing eye of God, but filthy rags? These I renounce, and seek to be found in the Lord my righteousness. It is written in the word that shall judge the world at the last day, 'By his obedience shall many be made righteous;' so that Jesus, the dear and adorable Jesus, is all my trust; his merits are my staff, when I pass through the valley of the shadow of death; his merits are my anchor, when I launch into the boundless ocean of eternity. If the God of glory pleases to take notice of any of my mean endeavours to honour his holy name, it will be infinite condescension and grace; but his Son, his righteousness and his sufferings, is all my hope and salvation."\*

In 1751 he was attacked by another illness, which he conceived would remove him to the eternal world. The following paragraph from one of his letters, describes the state of his mind, in the season of trial. "I have been extremely ill, hovering upon the brink of eternity. The doctor was twice sent for by a special messenger, from an apprehension that my dissolution was approaching. You will probably be desirous to know how my mind was affected in such circumstances of peril and pain. The pain too often disturbed my advertance to the gracious God, and interrupted my application to his Almighty Majesty. Ah! how unwise is it, or rather how desperately hazardous, to defer the great work of reconciliation with our Creator to a languishing and dying bed! when the anguish is frequently so strong, that it quite shatters the thought, and renders us incapable of attending to any thing but the load of

\* Gen. Col. Let. 40.

affliction. With regard to death, I humbly bless the Divine goodness I was under no terrifying apprehensions ; it was desirable rather than dreadful ; the thing that I longed for rather than deprecated. A believing contemplation of God's rich mercy, of Christ's unspeakably glorious atonement, enabled me to say with the apostle, 'O death ! where is thy sting ? O grave ! where is thy victory ?' How great, then, is the efficacy, and how precious should be the interests of that holy religion, which could support the weakest of creatures, when all earthly succours failed, and could give courage to the most obnoxious of sinners, even when summoned to his final trial ! O let us daily get a clearer knowledge of the all-sufficient Redeemer, a firmer establishment in his merits, and a growing conformity to his image ! It is Christ that unstings death ; it is the glorious Captain of our salvation that emboldens us to triumph over the last enemy. Old Simeon, having the child Jesus in the arms of his flesh, and the promised Messiah in the arms of his faith, can go down to the chambers of the grave with a peaceful tranquillity."\*

His last illness was of considerable length, but during its continuance, he evinced the same happy and devotional spirit. He seems to have been blessed, after he knew the grace of God, with a solid assurance of his interest in Jesus ; and when the days drew near that he must die (to use his own words in the case of others) " he displayed true fortitude, rational tranquillity, and well-grounded hope, built upon the Divine promises, supported by the Divine Spirit, rendered steadfast and immoveable by a Divine propitiation and righteousness. He found that the comforts of religion softened the bed of sickness, and soothed the agonies of dissolution. Though sensible that he was bidding a final adieu to time, and just launching out to the abysses of eternity,

\* Letters to Lady F. Shirley, Let. 40.



his God sustained him in the greatest extremity ; he overcame the last enemy by the blood of the Lamb. His discourses savoured of heaven, and his hopes were full of immortality."

In his death, and to his last moments, he particularly bore witness of a hope and confidence of eternal life, built on the manifestation of the love of God, in giving his Son *for*, and *to* the most guilty sinner. This he had abundantly testified in his valuable writings, in his daily conversation, in his disinterested fellowship. and sincere friendship for the truth's sake ; and in the last and trying season, he afforded an eminent instance of the support which these doctrines, for which he so earnestly contended, could then impart. He was then consoled, not by reflections on his own qualifications and commendable actions, which indeed were many and eminent, but entirely by faith in Jehovah his righteousness, and salvation granted to him in the word of grace. He saw nothing in himself to recommend him to his gracious Redeemer, whether duties, endeavours, or attainments. On the contrary, his soul would have been overwhelmed within him if he had not had a *free* Saviour, and *free* salvation to lay hold upon, as the gift of God to him a sinful creature. The powerful, lively, effectual application of Divine grace to his soul; by the declarations of the Gospel, were the ground of his comfort and hope. His death-bed peace was not that of a righteous or innocent man, but of a redeemed sinner, of one who saw himself to be guilty, condemned and vile beyond all expression, but believed himself *complete in Christ*.

The following expressions, extracted from some of his letters, point to the source of all his consolations, during this season of weakness and pain. "Believe me, your letters are far from fatiguing me, even in my greatest weakness ; they tell me of Jesus who was crucified, the only cordial of my drooping soul."\* "Amidst all the lan-

\* Gen. Col. Let. 210.

guors of decaying nature, this is the most sovereign support, free justification through Jesus Christ; a comfortable persuasion that he has removed our sins from us, as far as the east is distant from the west; he has cast them into the depths of the sea, and will present us to himself, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.”\* “O what are all the consolations that all the creatures in the universe can afford, in comparison of that grand consolation of our condescending Lord, ‘Ye are my friends,’—John xv. 14, ‘Come and inherit the kingdom prepared for you,’ Matt. xxv. 24, ‘where the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick,’ Isa. xxxiii. 2, ‘and where there shall be no more sorrow nor death, neither any more pain,’ ” Rev. xxi. 4.† “My cough is very troublesome, I can get little rest; but my never-failing remedy is the love of Christ.”‡—“I am now reduced to a state of infant weakness, and given over by my physician. My grand consolation is to meditate on Christ, and I am hourly repeating these heart-reviving lines of Dr. Young, in his fourth night;

‘ This, only this subdues the fear of death :  
And what is this ? Survey the wond’rous cure,  
And at each step let higher wonder rise !  
Pardon for infinite offence ! and pardon  
Through means that speak its value infinite !  
A pardon bought with blood ! with blood divine !  
With blood divine of Him I made my foe !  
Persisted to provoke ! though woo’d and aw’d,  
Bless’d and chastis’d, a flagrant rebel still !  
A rebel ’midst the thunders of his throne !  
Nor I alone, a rebel universe !  
My species up in arms ! not one exempt !  
Yet for the foulest of the foul He died ;  
Most joy’d for the redeem’d from deepest guilt,  
As if our race was held of highest rank,  
And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man !’

These amazingly comfortable lines, I dare say you will treasure up in your heart, and when you think of them

\* Letters to Lady F. Shirley, Let. 113. † Gen. Col. Let. 131.

‡ Ibid. 209.

will think of and pray for me, that I may not disgrace my ministry, nor dishonour the Gospel of my Maker, in my last moments, by unbelief, base, provoking unbelief.”\*

In December, 1758, his illness had so far weakened the powers of nature that he became sensible of his approaching dissolution. He suffered much from pain and a severe hectic cough, yet still had peace within. On the fifteenth of this month, conversing with Mr. Maddock, his curate, he spoke to him in strong and pathetic terms of his assurance of faith, and of the great love of God in Christ. He declared the fear of death was taken from him. “O,” said he, “what has Christ, how much has Christ done for me, and how little have I done for so loving a Saviour! If I preached even once a week, it was at last a burden to me. I have not visited the people of my parish as I ought to have done, and thus have preached from house to house. I have not taken every opportunity of speaking for Christ.” These expressions were accompanied with tears, which were too visible not to be observed; and, lest his tears should be misinterpreted, as they had been conversing about his expected end, and of his assurance of happiness, he proceeded thus: “Do not think I am afraid to die; I assure you I am not; I know what my Saviour has done for me; I want to be gone, but I wonder and lament to think of the love of Christ in doing so much for me, and how little I have done for him.”

On the 19th, the pains of his body abated, and he grew drowsy and lethargic; but in the night following, his immediate death was apprehended. The next day he was visited by Dr. Stonehouse, who declared, that, in his opinion, Mr. Hervey could not live above three or four days: upon which the Doctor took occasion to speak of the many consolations through Christ, which the true

\* Gen. Col. Let. 207.

Christian enjoys in the prospect of death ; of the emptiness of worldly honours to an immortal soul, and of the unprofitableness of riches to the irreligious man. Mr. Hervey replied, " True, Doctor, true : the only valuable riches are in heaven. What would it avail me now to be the archbishop of Canterbury ! disease would show no respect to my mitre."

About this time his kind friend Mr. Whitfield sent him the following letter. " And is my dear friend indeed about to take his last flight ! I dare not wish your return into this vale of tears ; but our prayers are continually ascending to the Father of our spirits, that you may die in the embraces of a never-failing Jesus, and in all the triumphs of an exalted faith. Farewell, my very dear friend, f-a-r-e-well ! Yet a little while, and we shall meet,

' Where sin, and strife, and sorrow cease,  
And all is love, and joy, and peace.'

" God comfort your mother, and relations, and thousands and thousands more, who must bewail your departure.

" Yours, most affectionately, in our common Lord,  
" G. W."

Mr. Hervey, the day before he died, went a few steps across the room : but immediately finding his strength failing him, he sunk, rather than fell down, his fall being broke by his sister, who, observing his weakness, ran and caught him ; but he fainted away, and was in appearance dead, it being a considerable time before any pulse could be perceived. When he came to himself, Mr. William Hervey said, " We were afraid you were gone ;" he answered, " I wish I had : " and well he might wish so, for his strength was quite exhausted, his body extremely emaciated, and his bones so sore, that he could not bear to be touched when it was necessary to move

him about. Yet, under all his sufferings, he was still praising God for all his mercies, insomuch that he never received a morsel of lemon to moisten his mouth, without thanking God for his bounty and goodness, in creating so many helps and refreshments for a sick and decaying body. But especially did he praise God for endowing him with patience.

On the 25th of December, on which he died, in the morning, his brother going into his room to inquire after his welfare, he said, "I have been thinking of my great ingratitude to my God." Mr. Maddock also paying him his morning-visit, Mr. Hervey lifted up his head, and opened his eyes, as he sat in his easy chair, to see who it was, and said, "Sir, I cannot talk with you." He complained much this day of a great inward conflict which he had, laying his hand on his breast, and saying, "Ah ! you know not how great a conflict I have." During this time, he constantly lifted up his eyes towards heaven, with his arms grasped together in a praying form, and said two or three times, "When this great conflict is over, then," but said no more, though it was understood he meant he should go to rest. Dr. Stonehouse went to him about three hours before he expired. Mr. Hervey urged strongly and affectionately on the Doctor the importance and care of his everlasting concerns, and entreated him not to be overcharged with the cares of this life, but to attend, amidst the multiplicity of his business, to the one thing needful ; which done, said he,

" ——— The poorest can no wants endure,  
And which not done, the richest must be poor."

POPE.

This he said with such an emphasis and significant look as conveyed the meaning in a manner the most sensible and affecting.

The Doctor, seeing the great difficulty and pain with which he spoke, (for he was almost suffocated with

phlegm and frequent vomitings) and finding by his pulse that the pangs of death were then coming on, desired him that he would spare himself; "No," said he, with peculiar ardour, "Doctor, no; you tell me I have but a few minutes to live; O let me spend them in adoring our great Redeemer!" He then repeated the 26th verse of the 73d Psalm, "Though my heart and flesh faileth, God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever;" and he expatiated in a most delightful manner on these words of Paul, 1 Cor. iii. 22, 23. "All are yours, whether life or death, things present or things to come," referring his friends to the exposition of Dr. Doddridge. "Here," said he, "here is the treasure of a Christian; death is reckoned among this inventory, and a noble treasure it is! How thankful am I for death, as it is the passage through which I go to the Lord and Giver of eternal life, and as it frees me from all the misery which you see me now endure, and which I am willing to endure as long as God thinks fit; for I know that he will by and by, in his own good time, dismiss me from the body. These afflictions are but for a moment, and then comes an eternal weight of glory. O! welcome, welcome death! thou mayest well be reckoned among the treasures of the Christian; to live is Christ, and to die is gain." After which, as the Doctor was taking his final leave of him, Mr. Hervey expressed great gratitude for his visits, though it had been long out of the power of medicine to cure him. He then paused a little, and with great serenity and sweetness in his countenance, (though the pangs of death were upon him,) being raised a little in his chair, repeated these words: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy most holy and comfortable word, for mine eyes have seen thy most precious and comfortable salvation.—Here, Doctor, is my cordial; and what are all the cordials given to support the dying, in comparison to that which arises from the promise of salvation by Christ? This, this supports


me !” About three o’clock he said, “ The conflict is over ;” after which he scarcely spake any other word intelligibly, except *precious salvation*.—During the last hour he said nothing. Meanwhile, it may justly be supposed, though men could no longer hear the dear name of Jesus, as the *salvation of God* reverberating on his feeble, dying lips, his *meditation* on him would be sweet, till in a little time he cried, with the ransomed millions about the throne, “ Salvation to our God, and the Lamb, for ever and ever.” Leaning his head against the side of the easy chair, without a sigh, groan, or struggle, or the least emotion, he shut his eyes, and departed, betwixt four and five in the afternoon, December 25, 1758, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

Some pleasing lines on Mr. Hervey’s death were composed by a lady ; a few of them are subjoined.

O Hervey, honour’d name, forgive the tear,  
That mourns thy exit from a world like this ;  
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,  
Fond wish ! have kept thee from the seats of bliss.  
No more confin’d to these low scenes of night,  
Pent in a feeble tenement of clay :  
Should we not rather hail thy glorious flight,  
And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

## GEORGE MOIR.

THE subject of this single but striking anecdote, was comparatively little known in the religious world ; but we are informed, that in his life, there was an eminent display of the power of evangelical truth, as at its conclusion, of holy triumph over death. After having been worn out by long and painful illness, his wife told him that the change of his countenance indicated the speedy approach of death. " Does it," he replied, " Bring me a glass " On looking at himself in the glass, he was struck with the appearance of a corpse which he saw in his countenance, but giving the glass back, he said with calm satisfaction, " Ah, death has set his mark on my body, but Christ has set his mark upon my soul."



## WILLIAM LEECHMAN.

WHEN this eminent minister lay on his dying bed, he thus addressed the son of a worthy nobleman.

" You see the situation I am in ; I have not many days to live ; I am glad you have had an opportunity of witnessing the tranquillity of my last moments. But it is not tranquillity and composure alone ; it is joy and triumph ; it is complete exultation."—His features kindled, his voice rose as he spoke. " And whence ?" said he, " does this exultation spring ;—From *that book*, (pointing to a Bible)—from *that book*, too much neglected indeed, but which contains invaluable treasures ! treasures of joy and rejoicing ! for it makes us *certain* that *this mortal shall put on immortality.*"



## JESUS THE TRUST OF A DYING BELIEVER.

ONE of those pious men who were the instruments of planting or watering the churches of New-England, in discoursing from the Psalmist's words, "Into thy hands I commit my spirit," relates the following anecdote.

The frame of spirit necessary in this glorious transaction, I cannot better point out to you than by reciting the words which I remember I once heard from an eminent old servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, at my taking leave of him. "Sir," said he, "I am every day expecting my death; but I desire to die like the thief, crying to the crucified Jesus for mercy. I am nothing, I have nothing, I can do nothing, except what is unworthy; my eye and hope, and faith is to Christ on his cross. I bring an unworthiness like that of the poor dying thief unto him, and have no more to plead than he. Like the poor thief crucified with him, I am waiting to be received, with the infinite grace of my Lord, into his kingdom. And pray tell me, did not aged Paul mean something of this, when he said, I am crucified with Christ."

Who this dying saint was, is to us unknown. It appears probable that he was one of those who fled to what were then the wildernesses of America, that there they might walk with God. England drove them from its shores; America for a few years was the scene of their pilgrimage; but heaven is the land of their rest.

## ELIZA CUNNINGHAM.

"And when the closing scenes prevail,  
 When wealth, state, pleasure, all shall fail;  
 All that a foolish world admires,  
 Or passion craves, or pride inspires;  
 At that important hour of need  
 JESUS shall prove a friend indeed.  
 His hand shall smooth thy dying bed,  
 His arm sustain thy drooping head;  
 And when the painful struggle's o'er,  
 And that vain thing, the world, no more,  
 He'll bear his humble friend away,  
 To rapture and eternal day.  
 Come then, be his in every part,  
 Nor give him less than all your heart."

COTTON, altered.

RELIGION in no situation appears more lovely than in its youngest votaries; and never are its triumphs more brilliant, than when it gilds, with beams of heavenly light, the dying scenes of those who are summoned in the prime of youth, to pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Death is to nature an awful enemy; but grace, in a thousand instances, has stripped the monster of his terrors, and made him appear a gentle friend. And this has been accomplished, not merely for the pilgrim, who has bowed beneath the weight of fourscore years, but for those also, who were only beginning the journey of life.

Many pleasing instances stand on record, of young persons who have bid an early and yet joyful farewell to all beneath the sun. Though youth is the season in which the world commonly appears under its most delusive forms, yet that deluding world has had no charms for them. They have seen nothing in it sufficient to "tempt their wish to stay." They have done their business for eternity, before others begin theirs for time. Those years which are to most but a season of trifling an

thoughtlessness, have been made to them the day of grace, the accepted time, the season of salvation. Ripe for immortality, meet for heaven, they have departed from this world long before they had passed even sixteen, eighteen, or twenty years, upon its surface. Among the pleasing narratives, which describe the triumphs of *early* piety, perhaps few are more pleasing than that which follows. Eliza Cunningham, was born February 6, 1771. Soon after she had completed her twelfth year she was committed to the care of her uncle, Mr. Newton, the late faithful minister of St. Mary Wolnoth's Church, London. At this time her mother was languishing on a bed of sickness, from which, with a hope full of glory, she not long after ascended into the joy of her Lord.

"I soon perceived, says Mr. Newton, that the Lord had sent me a treasure indeed. Eliza's person was agreeable. There was an ease and elegance in her whole address, and a gracefulness in her movements, till long illness, and great weakness bowed her down. Her disposition was lively, her genius quick and inventive, and if she had enjoyed health, she probably would have excelled in every thing she attempted, that required ingenuity. Her understanding, particularly her judgment, and her sense of propriety, was far above her years. But her principal endearing qualities, were the sweetness of her temper, and a heart formed for the exercise of affection, gratitude, and friendship. I know not that either her aunt or I ever saw a cloud upon her countenance during the time she was with us. It is true we did not, we could not, unnecessarily cross her; but if we thought it expedient to over-rule any proposal she made, she acquiesced with a sweet smile; and we were certain that we should never hear of that proposal again. *Her* delicacy however was quicker than *our* observation; and she would sometimes say, when we could not perceive the least reason for it, "I am afraid I answered you peevishly, indeed I did not intend it; if I did, I ask your pardon :

I should be very ungrateful, if I thought any pleasure equal to that of endeavouring to please you." It is no wonder that we dearly loved such a child !

Eliza had had a hectic fever which was subdued ; but still there was a worm preying upon the root of this pretty gourd. She had seldom any severe pain till within the last fortnight of her life, and usually slept well, but when awake she was always ill. I believe she knew not a single hour of perfect ease, and they, who intimately knew her state, could not but wonder to see her so placid, cheerful, and attentive, when in company, as she generally was. Many a time when the tears have silently stolen down her cheeks, if she saw that her aunt or I observed her, she would wipe them away, come to us with a smile and a kiss, and say, "do not be uneasy, I am not very ill, I can bear it, I shall be better presently," or to that effect.

In 1784 she received the advice of two respectable physicians, and their joint prescription was carefully followed. But what can the most efficacious medicines, or the best physicians avail to prolong life, when the hour approaches in which the prayer of the great Intercessor must be accomplished, "Father I will that they whom thou hast given me, may be with me where I am, to behold my glory?" This was the proper cause of my dear Eliza's death. The Lord sent this child to me to be brought up for him, he owned my poor endeavours ; and when her education was completed, and she was ripened for heaven, he took her home to himself. He has richly paid me my wages, in the employment itself, and in the happy issue.

The excellent parents of Eliza had conscientiously endeavoured to bring her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and the principles of religion had been instilled into her from her infancy. Their labours were thus far attended with success, that no child could be more obedient and obliging, or more remote from evil habits or

evil tempers ; but I could not perceive, when she first came to us, that she had any heart-affecting sense of divine things. When I attempted to talk with her upon the concerns of her soul, she could give me no answer but with tears. But I soon had great encouragement to hope that the Lord had both enlightened her understanding and had drawn the desires of her heart to himself. Great was her delight in the ordinances—Exemplary her attention under the preaching. To be debarred from going to hear at our stated times, was a trial, which, though she patiently bore, seemed to affect her more than any other, and she did not greatly care what she endured in the rest of the week, provided she was well enough to attend the public worship. The judicious observations she occasionally made upon what had passed in conversation, upon incidents, books, and sermons, indicated a sound Scriptural judgment, and a spiritual taste.—And my hope was confirmed by her whole deportment, which was becoming the Gospel of Christ.

Eliza could seldom be prevailed on to speak of herself, but as her illness gained strength it now became very desirable to hear from herself a more explicit account of the hope that was in her. Saturday, the 1st of October, 1783, presented to her aunt a convenient opportunity for intimating to her that the time of her departure was probably at hand. She appeared remarkably better, her pains were almost gone, her spirits revived, the favourable change was visible in her countenance. Her aunt began to break the subject to her, by saying, “My dear, were you not extremely ill last night?” She said, “indeed I was.” “Had you not been relieved I think you could not have continued long.” “I believe I could not.” “My dear, I have been very anxiously concerned for your life.” “But I hope my dear aunt, you are not so now.” She then opened her mind and spoke freely. The substance was to this effect. “My views of things have been for some time very different from what they

were when I came to you. I have seen and felt the vanity of childhood and youth." Her aunt said, "I believe you have long made a conscience of secret prayer." She answered, "Yes, I have long and earnestly sought the Lord with reference to the change which is now approaching. I have not yet that full assurance which is so desirable, but I have a hope, I trust, a good hope, and I believe the Lord will give me whatever he sees necessary for me, before he takes me from hence. I have prayed to him to fit me for himself, and then, whether sooner or later, it signifies but little." Here was a comfortable point gained. We were satisfied that she had given up all expectation of living, and could speak of her departure without being distressed.

It will not be expected that a child at her age should speak systematically. But from what little she had at different times said to me, I was well satisfied that she had received a true conviction of the evil of sin, and of her own state by nature as a sinner. When she spoke of the Lord, she meant the Lord Jesus Christ, the great Shepherd who gathers such lambs in his arm, and carries them in his bosom. She believed him to be God and man in one person, and that hope of which she shall never be ashamed, was founded on his atonement, grace and power.

Her apparent revival was of short duration. In the evening of the same day, she began to complain of a sore throat, which became worse, and before Sunday noon threatened an absolute suffocation. When Dr. Benamor, who the day before had almost entertained hopes of her recovery, found her so suddenly and so greatly altered, he could not, at the moment, prevent some signs of his concern from appearing in his countenance. She quickly perceived it, and desired he would plainly tell her his sentiments. When he had recovered himself, he said, you are not so well as when I saw you on Saturday. She answered, "that she trusted all would be well

soon." He replied, that whether she lived or died it would be well, and to the glory of God.

On Monday the 3d she was in great pain, sometimes in agonies, unable to remain many minutes in the same position. But her mind was peaceful; she possessed a spirit of recollection and prayer; and her chief attention to earthly things seemed confined to the concern she saw in those who were around her. That she might not increase their feelings for her, she strove to conceal the sense of her own sufferings. On Tuesday the 4th, about nine o'clock in the morning, we all thought her dying, and waited near two hours by her bed-side for her last breath. She was much convulsed, and in great agonies. I said, "My dear, you are going to heaven, and I hope, by the grace of God, we in due time shall follow you." She could not speak, but let us know that she attended to what I said by a gentle nod of her head, and a sweet smile. I repeated to her many passages of Scripture, and verses of hymns, to each of which she made the same kind of answer. Though silent, her looks were more expressive than words. Towards eleven o'clock, a great quantity of coagulated phlegm, which she had not strength to bring up, made her rattle violently in the throat; which we considered as a sign that death was at hand; and as she seemed unwilling to take something that was offered her, we were loth to disturb her in her last moments (as we supposed) by pressing her. I think she must have died in a quarter of an hour, had not Dr. Benamor just then come into the room. He felt her pulse, and observed, that she was not near death by her pulse, and desired something might be given her. She was perfectly sensible, though still unable to speak, but expressed her unwillingness to take any thing, by very strong efforts. However, she yielded to entreaty, and a tea-spoonful or two of some liquid soon cleared the passage, and she revived. Her pain, however, was extreme, and her disappointment great. I never saw her

so near impatience as upon this occasion ; as soon as she could speak, she cried, " Oh, cruel, cruel, to recall me when I was so happy, and so near gone ! I wish you had not come : I long to go home." But in a few minutes she grew composed, assented to what the doctor said, of her duty to wait the Lord's time ; and from that hour, though her desires to depart and to be with her Saviour, were stronger and stronger, she cheerfully took whatever was offered her, and frequently asked for something of her own accord. How often, if we were to have our choice, should we counteract our own prayers ! I had entreated the Lord to prolong her life, till she could leave an indisputable testimony behind her, for our comfort. Yet when I saw her agony, and heard her say, Oh, how cruel to stop me ! I was for a moment almost of her mind, and could hardly help wishing that the doctor had delayed his visit a little longer. But if she had died then, we should have been deprived of what we saw and heard the two following days. The remembrance of which is now much more precious to me than silver or gold.

When the doctor came on Wednesday, she entreated him to tell her how long he thought she might live. He said, " Are you in earnest, my dear ?" She answered, " Indeed I am." At that time there were great appearances that a mortification was actually begun. He therefore told her, he thought it possible she might hold out till eight in the evening, but did not suspect she could survive midnight at furthest. On hearing him say so, low as she was, her eyes seemed to sparkle with their former vivacity, and fixing them on him with an air of ineffable satisfaction, she said, " O, that is good news indeed." And she repeated it as such to a person who came soon after into the room, and said with lively emotions of joy, " The doctor tells me I shall stay here but a few hours more." In the afternoon she noticed and counted the clock, I believe, every time it struck, and when it struck seven, she said, " Another hour, and



then."—But it pleased the Lord to spare her to us another day.

She suffered much in the course of Wednesday night, but was quite resigned and patient; and repeatedly thanked our kind servants for their services and attention to her. She added her earnest prayers that the Lord would reward them.

I was surprised on Thursday morning to find her not only alive, but in some respects better. The tokens of mortification again disappeared. This was her last day, and it was a memorable day to us. When Dr. Benamor asked her how she was ? she answered, " Truly happy, and if this be dying, it is a pleasant thing to die." [The very expression which a dear friend of mine used upon her death-bed a few years ago.] She said to me about ten o'clock, " My dear uncle, I would not change conditions with any person upon earth; Oh how gracious is the Lord to me! Oh what a change is before me!" She was several times asked, if she could wish to live, provided the Lord should restore her to perfect health, her answer was; " Not for all the world," and sometimes, " not for a thousand worlds. Do not weep for me, my dear aunt, but rather rejoice and praise on my account. I shall now have the advantage of dear Miss Patty Barham, (*for whom she had a very tender affection, and who had been long in a languishing state*) for I shall go before her." We asked her if she would choose a text for her own funeral sermon? She readily mentioned, " ' Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth: ' That," said she, " has been my experience, my afflictions have been many, but not one too many; nor has the greatest of them been too great, I praise him for them all." But after a pause she said, " Stay, I think there is another text, which may do better; let it be, ' Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord: ' *that* is my experience now." She likewise chose a hymn to be sung after the sermon, Olney hymns, book II. hymn 72.

But I must check myself, and set down but a small part of the gracious words which the Lord enabled her to speak in the course of the day, though she was frequently interrupted by pains and agonies. She had something to say either in the way of admonition or consolation, as she thought most suitable, to every one whom she saw. To her most constant attendant she said, "Be sure you continue to call upon the Lord, and if you think he does not hear you now, he will at last, as he has heard me." She spoke a great deal to an intimate friend, who was with her every day, which I hope she will long remember as the testimony of her dying Eliza. Amongst other things, she said, "See how comfortable the Lord can make a dying bed! Do you think you shall have such an assurance when you come to die?" Being answered, "I hope so, my dear." She replied, "But do you earnestly and with all your heart pray to the Lord for it? If you seek him you shall surely find him." She then prayed affectionately and fervently for her friend, afterward for her cousin, and then for another of our family who was present. Her prayer was not long, but every word was weighty, and her manner very affecting—the purport was, that they might all be taught, and comforted by the Lord. About five in the afternoon she desired me to pray with her once more. Surely I then prayed from my heart. When I had finished, she said, Amen. I said, "My dear child, have I expressed your meaning?" She answered, "O yes!" and then added, "I am ready to say, 'Why are thy chariot wheels so long in coming?' But I hope he will enable me to wait his hour with patience." These were the last words I heard her speak.

Mrs. Newton's heart was much, perhaps too much, attached to this dear child; which is not to be wondered at, considering what a child she was, and how long and how much she had suffered. But the Lord graciously supported her in this trying season. Indeed there was

much more cause for joy than for grief ; yet the pain of separation will be felt. Eliza well knew her feelings, and a concern for her, was, I believe, the last anxiety that remained with her. She said to those about her, " Try to persuade my aunt to leave the room, I think I shall soon go to sleep, I shall not remain with you till the morning." Her aunt, however, was the last person who heard her speak, and was sitting by her bed when she went away. A little past six, hearing that a relation who dearly loved her, and was beloved by her, and who had come daily from Westminster to see her, was below stairs, she said, " Raise me up, that I may speak to him once more," Her aunt, said, " My dear, you are nearly exhausted, I think you had better not attempt it." She smiled and said, " It is very well, I will not." She was then within half an hour of her translation to glory, but the love of her dear Lord had so filled her with benevolence, that she was ready to exert herself to her last breath, in hopes of saying something that might be useful to others, after she was gone.

Towards seven o'clock, I was walking in the garden, and earnestly engaged in prayer for her, when a servant came to me and said, " She is gone." O Lord, how great is thy power ! how great is thy goodness ! A few days before, had it been practicable and lawful, what would I not have given to procure her recovery ? yet seldom in my life have I known a more heart-felt joy, than when these words, *She is gone*, sounded in my ears. I ran up stairs, and our whole little family were soon around her bed. Though her aunt and another person were sitting with their eyes fixed upon her, she was gone, perhaps a few minutes, before she was missed. She lay upon her left side, with her cheek gently reclining upon her hand, as if in a sweet sleep. And I thought there was a smile upon her countenance. Never surely did death appear in a more beautiful, inviting form ! We fell upon our knees, and I returned (I think I may say) my most un-

feigned thanks to our God and Saviour, for his abundant goodness to her, crowned in this last instance by giving her so gentle a dismission. Yes, I am satisfied ; I am comforted. And if one of the many involuntary tears I have shed, could have recalled her to life, to health, to an assemblage of all that this world could contribute to her happiness, I would have laboured hard to suppress it. Now my largest desires for her are accomplished. The days of her mourning are ended. She is landed on the peaceful shore, where the storms of trouble never blow. She is for ever out of the reach of sorrow, sin, temptation, and snares. Now she is before the throne ! She sees him whom not having seen she loved ; she drinks of the rivers of pleasure which are at his right hand, and shall thirst no more.

She breathed her spirit into her Redeemer's hands. a little before seven in the evening, on October 6, 1785, aged fourteen years and eight months."



## TRUE HAPPINESS IN THE MIDST OF POVERTY AND PAIN.

"Retire, and read thy Bible to be gay."—YOUNG.

THE following interesting narration, respects one, who was, in this world, a child of poverty and pain. Though unknown among the busy actors on the stage of time, he appears to have enjoyed in a degree seldom equalled, and rarely if ever excelled, the cheering consolations of the Divine word. A witness of his sufferings and his comforts thus describes them.

"More than twelve months ago I went pursuant to the request of a poor, but benevolent hearted woman in my neighbourhood, to visit an indigent man deeply afflicted.

On entering the cottage I found him alone, his wife having gone to procure him milk from a kind neighbour. I was startled at the sight of a pale, emaciated man, a living image of death, fastened upright in his chair, by a rude mechanism of cords and belts, hanging from the ceiling. He was totally unable to move either hand or foot, having *more than four years* been entirely deprived of the use of his limbs, yet the whole time suffering extreme anguish from swellings at all his joints. As soon as I had recovered a little from my surprise at seeing so pitiable an object, I asked, "Are you left alone, my friend, in this deplorable situation?" "No, sir," replied he, in a touchingly feeble tone of mild resignation, (nothing but his lips and his eyes moving while he spake,) "*I am not alone, for God is with me.*" On advancing I soon discovered the secret of his striking declaration; for his wife had left on his knees, propped with a cushion formed for the purpose, *a Bible lying open at a favourite portion of the Psalms of David!* I sat down by him and conversed with him. On ascertaining that he had but a small weekly allowance *certain*, I inquired how the remainder of his wants were supplied. "Why, sir," said he, "Tis true, as you say, seven shillings a week would never support us. But when it is gone I rely upon the promise I found in this book, '*Bread shall be given him, and his water shall be sure,*' and I have never been disappointed yet; and so long as God is faithful to his word, I trust *I never shall.*" I asked him if he ever felt tempted to repine under the pressure of so long continued and heavy a calamity? "*Not for the last three years,*" said he, "blessed be God for it!" the eye of faith sparkling and giving life to his pallid countenance, while he made the declaration; "For I have learned from this book in whom to believe: and though I am aware of my weakness, and unworthiness, I am persuaded that he will not leave me nor forsake me. And so it is, that often when my lips are closed with locked jaw, and I cannot

speak to the glory of God, *he enables me to sing his praises in my heart.*"

"This and much more did I hear during my first visit. And in my subsequent visits (for I am not ashamed to say that often for my own benefit have I been to the cottage of this afflicted man) I generally found him with his Bible on his knees, and uniformly witnessed like resignation, flowing from the blessing of God upon the constant perusal of his holy word. He died with a hope full of immortality, and is now gone to that rest which remaineth for the people of God. And gladly would I sink into the obscurity of the same cottage; gladly even would I languish in the same chair, could I but enjoy the same uninterrupted communion with God, be always filled with the same strong consolation, and always behold, with equally vivid perception, sparkling before me the same immortal crown."



## A NEGRO MARTYR.

THE friends of Negro slavery, or in other words, the abettors of rapine, cruelty, and murder, long endeavoured to propagate an opinion, that the Negroes were a race of men so destitute of natural talents as not to be qualified for a situation superior to that of a slave. A variety of facts have proved the falsehood of this injurious aspersion; the design of which was to blind the nations, that these bloodsuckers might be allowed to revel on their prey. The Negro wants but civilization and Gospel light to make it manifest that mental powers "Dwell in black and white the same;" and the God of all mercy has bestowed on some of these "poor desolate outcasts of man," that knowledge and those riches which their proud oppressors never knew. Among those thus

favoured may be numbered the subject of the following narrative.

About sixteen years ago, a healthy and most valuable African slave, in one of our West Indian plantations, was savingly converted to Christianity by being made a new creature in Christ Jesus. His wicked and brutal master (falsely called a Christian) did all he could to make him renounce his Saviour; and to effect this base purpose, often flogged him most unmercifully. This cruelty, however, did not move the poor African youth from his adherence to Christ. The master persevered in his inhuman conduct, till at length, on one day, memorable for the perpetration of the infernal deed, he was determined to make the poor slave renounce Christ *or flog him to death!!* With horrible cruelty he lashed him till his flesh was torn, and it hung about him in tatters. With inhuman hardness, the master, while he was thus flogging his excellent slave, tauntingly inquired, "What now does your Jesus do for you?" The boy replied, "*He helps me to bear dese strokes, massa, with patience!*" And when this heroic martyr, in the act of expiring, was sneeringly asked by his wretched tormentor, "And now what has your Jesus done for you?" He immediately answered with a faltering voice, "*Even dis, massa, dat me can PRAY for you, and FORGIVE you!*"

## HARRIET NEWELL.

Instructive heroes ! tell us whence  
Your noble scorn of flesh and sense !  
You part from all we prize so dear,  
Nor drop one soft reluctant tear ;  
Part from those tender joys of life,  
“ Friends, parents, children, husband, wife.”  
Death’s black and stormy gulf you brave,  
And ride exulting on the wave :  
Deem thrones but trifles all :—no more—  
Nor send one wishful look to shore.

HARRIET NEWELL passed through a short, but shining course, to heaven. She was born at Haverhill, in Massachusetts, on October 10, 1793 ; her maiden name was Atwood. In her 19th year she was married to Mr. Samuel Newell, an American Missionary to India, and on November 30, 1812, died at Port Louis, in the Isle of France. Thus, in her, within the short compass of twenty years, were displayed the varied graces of the dutiful daughter, the affectionate wife, the tender mother, the zealous Christian, and the devoted missionary. Within that little span she was all these, and to crown all, a saint in light.

O let the young consider, how soon they who embrace religion in early life, may have displayed its graces, and be ripe for glory. How they, like Harriet Newell, may learn to die ere others learn to live.

The following interesting account of the conversion of this lamented and amiable woman, was found among her private papers.

“ The first ten years of my life were spent in vanity. I was entirely ignorant of the depravity of my heart. The summer that I entered my eleventh year, I attended a dancing school. My conscience would sometimes tell me, that my time was foolishly spent ; and though I had never heard it intimated that such amusements were cri-



minal, yet I could not rest until I had solemnly determined that, when the school closed, I would immediately become religious. But these resolutions were not carried into effect. Although I attended every day to secret prayer, and read the Bible with greater attention than before ; yet I soon became weary of these exercises, and, by degrees, omitted entirely the duties of the closet. When I entered my thirteenth year, I was sent by my parents to the Academy at Bradford. A revival of religion commenced in the neighbourhood, which, in a short time, spread into the school. A large number of the young ladies were anxiously inquiring, what they should do to inherit eternal life. I began to inquire, what can these things mean ? My attention was solemnly called to the concerns of my immortal soul. I was a stranger to hope ; and I feared the ridicule of my gay companions. My heart was opposed to the character of God ; and I felt that, if I continued an enemy to his government, I must eternally perish. My convictions of sin were not so pungent and distressing, as many have had ; but they were of long continuance. It was more than three months before I was brought to cast my soul on the Saviour of sinners, and rely on him alone for salvation. The ecstasies, which many new born souls possess, were not mine. But if I was not lost in raptures on reflecting upon what I had escaped, I was filled with a sweet peace, a heavenly calmness, which I never can describe. The honours, applauses, and titles of this vain world, appeared like trifles light as air. The character of Jesus appeared infinitely lovely, and I could say with the Psalmist, *Whom have I in heaven but thee ? and there is none on earth I desire besides thee.* The awful gulf I had escaped, filled me with astonishment. My gay associates were renounced, and the friends of Jesus became my dear friends. The destitute, broken state of the church at Haverhill prevented me from openly professing my faith in Jesus ; but it was a privilege which I longed to

enjoy. But alas ! these seasons so precious did not long continue. Soon was I led to exclaim—O, that I were as in months past ! My zeal for the cause of religion almost entirely abated ; while this vain world engrossed my affections, which had been consecrated to my Redeemer. My Bible, once so lovely, was entirely neglected. Novels and romances engaged my thoughts, and hour after hour was foolishly and sinfully spent in the perusal of them. The company of Christians became, by degrees, irksome and unpleasant. I endeavoured to shun them. The voice of conscience would frequently whisper, ‘ all is not right.’ Many a sleepless night have I passed after a day of vanity and sin. But such conflicts did not bring me home to the fold, from which, like a strayed lamb, I had wandered far away. A religion which was intimately connected with the amusements of the world, and the friendship of those who are at enmity with God, would have suited well my depraved heart. But I knew that the religion of the Gospel was vastly different. It exalts the Creator, while it humbles the creature in the dust.

“Such was my awful situation ! I lived only to wound the cause of my ever blessed Saviour. Weep, O my soul ! when contemplating and recording these sins of my youth. Be astonished at the long-suffering of Jehovah !—How great a God is our God ! The death of a beloved parent, and uncle, had but little effect on my hard heart. Though these afflictions moved my passions, they did not lead me to the Fountain of consolation. But God, who is rich in mercy, did not leave me here. He had prepared my heart to receive his grace ; and he glorified the riches of his mercy, by carrying on the work. I was providentially invited to visit a friend in Newburyport. I complied with the invitation. The evening previous to my return home, I heard the Rev. Mr. Mac F. It was the 28th of June, 1809. How did the truths, which he delivered, sink deep into my inmost soul ! My past transgressions rose like great mountains before me. The

most poignant anguish seized my mind ; my carnal security fled ; and I felt myself a guilty transgressor, naked before a holy God. Mr. B. returned with me the next day to Haverhill. Never, no, never, while memory retains her seat in my breast, shall I forget the affectionate manner, in which he addressed me. His conversation had the desired effect. I then made the solemn resolution, as I trust, in the strength of Jesus, that I would make a sincere dedication of my all to my Creator, both for time and eternity. This resolution produced a calm serenity and composure, to which I had long been a stranger. How lovely the way of salvation then appeared !—O, how lovely was the character of the Saviour ! The duty of professing publicly on which side I was, now was impressed on my mind. I came forward, and offered myself to the church ; was accepted ; received into communion ; and commemorated, for the first time, the dying love of the blessed Jesus, August 6th, 1809. This was a precious season, long to be remembered !—O, the depths of sovereign grace ! Eternity will be too short to celebrate the perfections of God.

HARRIET ATWOOD."

*August 27th, 1809.*

In a part of her diary, speaking of that time of religious declension to which the preceding account alludes, she bears a striking testimony to the vanity of all worldly satisfactions.

*July 1, 1809.* "God has been pleased in his infinite mercy, again to call up my attention to eternal realities. After spending more than a year, in the vanities of the world—thoughtless and unconcerned respecting my eternal welfare, he has, as I humbly trust, showed me my awful backslidings from him, and my dependance upon his grace for every blessing.

I do now in the strength of Jesus, resolve, that I will no longer sacrifice my immortal soul for what I have hither-

to deemed my temporal happiness. O, that I might be enabled to come out from the world, and to profess Christ as my Redeemer before multitudes. I now see that I have enjoyed no happiness in my pursuit of worldly pleasure. Not in the play room, not in the vain and idle conversation of my companions, not in the bustle of a crowded life, have I found happiness. This heaven-born guest is found only in the bosom of the child of Jesus. How awfully aggravated will be my condemnation, if I do not after this *second* call, awaken all my drowsy faculties, and become *earnestly* engaged for God!"

Though she had not yet completed her sixteenth year, she now became, in reality, a devoted follower of the great Redeemer; and, during the remainder of her short pilgrimage, walked with God. An abiding impression of her own unworthiness made the cross of Christ her joy and trust; "On the precious mount of Calvary, said she, hangs all my hope. In his atoning blood who suffered and died, my sins can be washed away; and however vile and loathsome in myself, in him I can find cleansing."

After being made a partaker of the grace of God, she panted for the highest attainments and enjoyments of religion. The following extracts of her diary show what were the desires of her soul.

"O, that my whole soul might be drawn out in love to God; and may all my faculties unite with the inhabitants of the New Jerusalem, in praising the immortal King, for what he *has* done, and still *is doing* for rebellious man! But I fall *infinitely* short of the honour due to his glorious name. When shall I arrive at the destined port of rest, and with the blood-washed millions, praise the Lamb of God for redeeming love! Hasten, blessed Immanuel, that glorious period, when all thy exiled children shall arrive at their eternal home! O, for a tongue to sound aloud the honours of the dear Jesus!"

“How awfully depraved is the natural heart! Every day I can see more and more of *my own* apostasy from God. Break, compassionate Immanuel, O, *break* this stony heart of mine, and *compel* me to live as an obedient child!”

In a letter to a friend, she said, “Christians are greatly criminal for not living in the constant enjoyment of God. He is ever ready and willing to manifest the glories of his character to their souls; and nothing but their native opposition to holiness, and their love of evil, ever prevents. Are not believers inconsistent creatures? They can speak of a Saviour’s love—the happiness resulting from an acquaintance with God, and point out the road to impenitent sinners, which alone will lead to substantial bliss; and yet often wander in forbidden paths, lose all relish for spiritual enjoyments; and rest contented with the low pleasures of sense.

If I am a child of Jesus, this inconsistency has often been mine. And yet I long for a greater sense of my dependence, and more entire conformity to Him who died for me. If any thing here deserves the name of happiness, it does not spring from earth. No, it is of heavenly birth, and comes from the regions of purity. The vast and boundless desires implanted in the human heart, cannot be satisfied with any thing short of God. Nothing in heaven or earth is capable of affording real bliss without him.

Since my return to H. I have sometimes enjoyed much consolation in committing myself and all my concerns into the hands of my God. Some *circumstances*, which at some future time I may communicate to you, I hope will have a tendency to wean me from this world, and fasten my heart to heaven. I *do*, my dear friend, find *this* ‘a desert world, replete with sin and sorrow.’ I often long to leave it, and find a sweet release from every wo.”

She earnestly desired that others should enjoy those spiritual blessings which were her delight; she blessed the Lord for his kindness to herself, and pitied those who were destitute of his grace. In her diary she says, "The welfare of my school companions, lies near my heart. In what way can I be serviceable to them? They have souls as valuable as mine. O, then let me use my best endeavours to bring them to the knowledge of the truth, and save them from the awful punishment, which awaits the finally impenitent."

On another occasion she wrote to a friend. "Next Friday evening, it being the evening after thanksgiving, a ball is appointed in this place. I think it probable that E. whom you once saw anxiously inquiring, what she should do to inherit eternal life, will attend. O, my beloved friend, you cannot know my feelings. It is dreadful to see mortals bound to eternity, spending their lives with no apparent concern about their never-dying souls. But it is, if possible, more dreadful to see those who have 'put their hands to the plough, look back: or being often reprov'd, harden their hearts against God.'

How unsearchable are the ways of Jehovah! When I look around me, and see so many of my friends and companions, who are by nature endowed with much greater talents than I am, and who would, if partakers of the grace of God, be made the instruments of doing so much more good in the world, left in a state of sin, I am constrained to say,

'Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
And enter while there's room;  
While thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come.'

In a letter to her sister, written about two years before her death, she expressed the humble views she entertained of herself; and the deep concern she felt for her sister's immortal welfare.

“How gracious, my dear sister, has God been to us! Uninterrupted health, food, and raiment, are ours. But when I enumerate our many mercies, it is with deep humility that I look back on my past life, and discover so *little* gratitude, and so *much* unworthiness. How much has sovereign grace done for me! Though I have solemnly professed to find consolation in religion, to derive my hopes of happiness only from God; yet how often have I roved in quest of pleasure, and dishonoured the best of Masters, by an unholy life. How ungrateful have I been for the common mercies of life, and for the still more precious blessings of the Holy Spirit. May every temporal blessing which your heart can wish, be yours. But whatever be the trials through which you are called to pass, O may that heaven-born religion attend you, which can sweeten the bitter cup of life, afford you joy in this vale of tears, support you in nature’s last extremity, and conduct you to the heavenly Canaan, where undisturbed happiness will ever reign! Life is but a vapour. Whether we spend it in tranquillity and ease, or in pain and suffering, time will soon land us on the shores of eternity, our destined home. These things, my dear sister, my heart tells me are solemn realities. They are not fictions. Though the language of my past life has been, ‘there is no future state;’ yet I *now* feel there is an eternity, where I shall meet my earthly friends, and stand accountable at the great tribunal for my conduct towards them. I regret the loss of those hours I have lost in vanity, and in wounding the cause of that dear Redeemer, whom I think, if I am not greatly deceived, I can now call *mine*. I think I can say with the Psalmist, ‘whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.’—His religion comforts and supports my drooping spirits; his promises encourage, and his glories warm my heart. But where am I? The striking clock reminds me of the lateness of the hour. These delightful, these heart-con-

soling subjects have almost made me forget that tired nature requires repose."

The following affectionate letter to a friend is another testimony of her anxious concern for the salvation of others.

"Forgive, my dear M. the liberty I take in addressing you in this manner. From my first acquaintance with you, I have felt deeply interested for your happiness. Nothing but an affectionate regard for you, would induce me to write to you on a subject which the world will undoubtedly ridicule, but which engages the attention and constitutes the felicity of the holy inhabitants of heaven. This subject is the religion of the Gospel—a subject which is infinitely interesting to us both. You have of late witnessed a scene, trying indeed, and solemn as eternity. You have watched the sick-bed, you have heard the expiring groans of your beloved sister. You fondly hope that she was interested in the covenant of redemption, and is now perfectly happy in the enjoyment of her God in heaven. When standing by the dying bed of this dear sister, say, my friend, did you not ardently wish for piety similar to hers; for *that faith* which could triumph over the horrors of a dying hour? Was the hope then cherished that you should meet her in yonder world, when the trials of this short life are over? and did *this* hope support your sinking spirits in the trying hour of separation? She has gone for ever; but *we* are still prisoners of hope. Could we now draw back the covering of the tomb, and listen to her language, how earnestly would she beseech us to become reconciled to God, and devote our lives wholly to his service. My dear M. these are not idle dreams. If we reflect for a moment, we feel conscious that there is an immortal principle within, which will exist when time and nature dies. This principle is corrupted by sin, and without the sanctifying grace of God, we should be unhappy, even though admitted to heaven. Do but examine the feelings of your



heart one hour, and you cannot for a moment doubt the truth of this assertion. How important then that we should have this work of grace begun in our hearts, before it is too late. 'Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.' To-morrow our probation may be closed, and we may be irrecoverably lost. M. my heart is full. What inducements can I offer you to receive Jesus into your heart, and willingly sacrifice your all for him? O! think of the worth of the soul; the price paid to redeem it; the love of Immanuel; your obligations to live to him; the joys prepared for the righteous;—and O, think of the torments in reserve for the finally impenitent, and be induced to flee from the wrath to come. If nothing in providence prevents, before the return of another autumn, Harriet will be a stranger in a strange land. I go, my friend, where heathens dwell, far from the companions of my playful years, far from the dear land of my nativity. My contemplated residence will be, not among the refined and cultivated, but among females degraded and uncivilized, who have never heard of the religion of Jesus. How would it gladden my sad heart, in the trying hour of my departure, could I but leave a dear circle of females of my own age, engaged for God, and eminent for their usefulness in Haverhill. Well, I hope to find a circle of Hindoo sisters in India, interested in *that* religion which many of my companions reject, though blest with innumerable privileges. But my friend M. will not treat with indifference *this* religion. O no! I will cherish the fond hope, that she will renounce the world, become a follower of Immanuel, and be unwearied in her exertions to spread the triumphs of the cross through the world. I must leave you my dear M. with God. May you become a living witness for him! When our journey through this barren wilderness is ended, may we meet in heaven!

HARRIET."

The time was now approaching when she was to encounter the difficulties of a missionary life. She listened to the call of Providence ; and obtained the consent of her affectionate mother. The feelings of her own heart, and the conduct of her mother, she thus describes in a letter to a friend.

“ When I bade you a parting adieu, my mind was in a state of agitation which I can never express. Dejected and weary I arrived at the dear mansion, where I have spent so many pleasant hours. My dear mamma met me at the door, with a countenance that bespoke the tranquillity of her mind. The storm of opposition, as she observed, had blown over, and she was brought to say from the heart, ‘ thy will be done.’ Yes, C. she had committed her child to God’s parental care ; and though her affection was not lessened, yet, with tears in her eyes, she said, ‘ If a conviction of duty and love to the souls of the perishing heathen lead you to India, as much as I love you, Harriet, I can only say, *Go.*’ Here I was left to decide the important question. Many were the conflicts within my breast. But at length, from a firm persuasion of duty, and a willingness to comply, after much examination and prayer, I answered in the affirmative.”

To another friend she wrote, “ I have passed through many interesting and solemn scenes, since I last saw you. Returning to Haverhill, I found my dear mamma calm and composed. So completely was she filled with a sense of the shortness of time, and the uncertainty of life, and the duty of giving up our dearest comforts to the Lord, that she never raised one objection, but wished me to act according as my conscience directed. I felt an unspeakable consolation in committing the disposal of this event to God.

And now, my dear M. what will you say to me when I tell you, that I *do* think, seriously think, of quitting my native land for ever, and of going to a far distant

country, 'not knowing the things which shall befall me there.' Should I refuse to make this sacrifice, refuse to lend my little aid in the promulgation of the Gospel among the heathen, how could I ever expect to enjoy the blessing of God, and peace of conscience, though surrounded with every temporal mercy? It would be pleasant to spend the remaining part of my life with my friends, and to have them surround my dying bed. But no! I must relinquish their society, and follow God to a land of strangers, where millions of my fellow sinners are perishing for lack of vision. I have professed, my friend, for these two years past, to derive comfort only from God. Here then is a consoling reflection; the ever-blessed Jesus is able to support and comfort me, as well in the sultry climes of India, as in my dear native land. I trust that he will make his promise good, that as my day is, so shall my strength be. The wintry storms of life will soon be over, and if I have committed my immortal interests into the hands of God, I shall shortly find a sweet release from every wo. The people of this world probably view this subject as they do others. Those who have never felt the worth of their own souls, account it superstition and hypocritical zeal, for Christians to sacrifice their earthly pleasures for the sake of telling the heathen world of a Saviour. But all the ridicule that the gay and thoughtless sinner can invent, will not essentially injure me. If I am actuated by love to the Saviour and his cause, nothing in earth or hell can hurt me."

Love to the world would have forbidden the sacrifice she was now about to make; but she had learned to confess herself a stranger and pilgrim upon earth. In her diary she says,

"I'm but a stranger and a pilgrim here,  
In these wild regions, wandering and forlorn.  
Restless and sighing for my native home,  
Longing to reach the weary space of life,  
And to fulfil my task."

"Yes ; my Redeemer, I know by experience, that this life is a tiresome round of vanities hourly repeated. All is empty. My thirsty soul longs for the enjoyment of God in heaven, where the weary and heavy laden find rest. How long, O my Father, shall I wander in this dreary land ? when shall I bid a final adieu to these scenes of guilt !

"Oh, haste the hour of joy, and sweet repose."

In a letter to a friend she said ; " dear to my heart, are the friends of Immanuel ; particularly those with whom I have walked to the house of God in company, and with whom I have taken sweet counsel about things which immediately concern Zion, the city of our God. These dear Christian friends, will retain a lasting and affectionate remembrance in my heart, even though stormy oceans should separate me from them. There is a world, my sister, beyond this mortal state, where souls, cemented in one common union, will dwell together, and never more be separated. Does not your heart burn within you, when in humble anticipation of future blessedness, you engage in the delightful service of your covenant Redeemer ? When your spirit sinks within you, and all terrestrial objects lose their power to please, can you not say,

' My journey here,  
Though it be darksome, joyless, and forlorn,  
Is yet but short ; and soon my weary feet,  
Shall greet the peaceful inn of lasting rest :  
The toils of this short life will soon be over.'

Yes, my friend, we soon shall bid an eternal farewell to this passing world, and if interested in the covenant, we shall find the rest which remaineth for the people of God."

At length the hour of her departure from " friends, kindred, country," arrived. She deeply felt the pang

of separation, yet said in a letter to a friend, "Consolations are mine, more valuable than ten thousand worlds. My Saviour, my Sanctifier, my Redeemer, is still lovely; his comforts *will* delight my soul. Think of Harriet, when crossing the stormy ocean—think of her, when wandering over Hindostan's sultry plains. Farewell, my friend, a last, a long farewell.

May *we* meet in yonder world, 'where adieus and farewells are a sound unknown!'

To another friend at the same period she wrote, "The hour of my departure hastens; when another rising sun illumines the eastern horizon, I shall bid a last farewell to a beloved widowed mother, brothers, and sisters dear, and the circle of Haverhill friends. With a scene so replete with sorrow just at hand, how can I be otherwise than solemn as eternity! The motives which first induced me to determine upon devoting my life to the service of God in *distant India*, now console my sinking spirits. O, how valuable, how exceedingly precious, are the promises of the Gospel!

My friend, there is a rest for the weary pilgrim in yonder world. Shall we meet *there*, 'when the long Sabbath of the tomb is past?'

The sacrifice was made, but she did not regret that she had made it; though now, more than ever, she felt herself but a pilgrim upon earth. In a part of her diary, written at sea, she says, "My attachment to the world has greatly lessened since I left my country, and with it all the honours, pleasures, and riches of life. Yes, mamma, I feel this morning like a pilgrim and a traveller in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is. Heaven is my home; there, I trust, my weary soul will sweetly rest, after a tempestuous voyage across the ocean of life. I love to think of what I shall shortly be, when I have finished my heavenly Father's work on earth. How sweet the thoughts of glory, while I wander here in this waste wilderness! I still contemplate the path into which I have

entered with pleasure, although replete with trials, under which nothing but sovereign grace can support me. I have at times the most ardent desires to see you, and my other dear friends. These desires, for a moment, are almost insupportable. But when I think seriously of the object of my undertaking, and the motives which first induced me to give up all, and enter upon it, I enjoy a sweet serenity of mind, a satisfaction which the heaviest trials cannot destroy. The sacrifices which I have made are great indeed; but the light of Immanuel's countenance can enliven every dreary scene, and make the path of duty pleasant."

The heaven she thus desired, in a few months she was called to enjoy. The following extracts from letters written by Mr. Newell, from the Isle of France, in December 1812, describe the conclusion of her earthly course.

"When I sit down to address you, my dear mother, from this distant land, to me a land of strangers, and a place of exile, a thousand tender thoughts arise in my mind, and naturally suggest such inquiries as these. How is it now with that dear woman to whom I am indebted for my greatest earthly blessings—the mother of my dear Harriet? And mine too; (for I must claim the privilege of considering you as my own dear mother.) Does the candle of the Lord still shine on her tabernacle, and is the voice of joy and praise yet heard in her dwelling? Or, what is not improbable in this world of disappointment, has some new affliction, the death perhaps of a dear child, or of some other beloved friend, caused her heart again to bleed and her tears to flow? Ah! my mother, though we may live many years, and see good in them all, yet let us remember the days of darkness, for they too will be many. It is decreed by Infinite Wisdom alone, that through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of heaven. You, my dear mother, have had your share of adversity; and I too have had mine. But

we will not complain. Sanctified afflictions are the choicest favours of heaven ; they cure us of our vain and foolish expectations from the world, and teach our thoughts and affections to ascend, and fix on joys that never die. I never longed so much to see you as I have these several days past. What would I now give to sit one hour by that dear fire-side, where I have tasted the most unalloyed pleasure that earth affords, and recount to you and the dear children, the perils, the toils, and the sufferings, through which I have passed since I left my native land. In this happy circle I should for a moment forget——

“ Yes, my dear friends, I would tell you how God has disappointed our favourite schemes, and blasted our hopes of preaching Christ in India, and has sent us all away from that extensive field of usefulness, with an intimation that he has nothing for us to do there, while he has suffered others to enter in and reap the harvest. I would tell you how he has visited *us all with sickness*, and how he has afflicted me in particular by taking away the dear little babe, which he gave us, the child of our prayers, of our hopes, of our tears. I would tell you—but O! shall I tell it or forbear ?

“ Have courage, my mother, God will support you under this trial ; though it may, for a time, cause your very heart to bleed. Come then, let us mingle our griefs, and weep together ; for she was dear to us both ; and she too is gone. Yes, Harriet, your lovely daughter is gone, and you will see her face no more ! Harriet, my own dear Harriet, the wife of my youth, and the desire of my eyes, has bid me a last farewell, and left me to mourn and weep ! Yes, she is gone. I wiped the cold sweat of death from her pale, emaciated face, while we travelled together down to the entrance of the dark valley. There she took her upward flight, and I saw her ascend to the mansions of the blessed ! O Harriet ! Harriet ! for thou wast very dear to me. Thy last sigh

tore my heart asunder, and dissolved the charm which tied me to earth.

“But I must hasten to give you a more particular account of the repeated afflictions with which God has visited me.”

After giving an account of these afflictions, of the birth and death of her infant ; and of the rapid consumption of which she died ; he then proceeds as follows :

“There, my dear mother, I have finished the story of Harriet’s sufferings. Let us turn from the tale of wo to brighter scenes ; one that will gladden your heart, as I am sure it does mine. During this long series of sufferings, the bare recital of which must affect every feeling heart, she meekly yielded to the will of her heavenly Father, without one murmuring word. ‘My wicked heart,’ she writes, ‘is inclined to think it hard, that I should suffer such fatigue and hardship. I sinfully envy those whose lot it is to live in tranquillity on land. Happy people ! ye know not the toils and trials of voyagers across the rough and stormy deep. O ! for a little Indian hut on land ! But hush my warring passions ; it is for Jesus who sacrificed the joys of his Father’s kingdom, and expired on a cross to redeem a fallen world, that thus I wander from place to place, and feel no where at home. How reviving the thought ! how great the consolation it yields to my sinking heart ! I will cherish it and yet be happy.’

“In view of those sufferings which she afterward experienced, she writes thus : ‘I hope to reach the place of our destination in good health. But I feel no anxiety about that. I know that God orders every thing in the best possible manner. If he so orders events, that I should suffer pain and sickness on the stormy ocean, without a female friend, exposed to the greatest inconveniences, shall I repine, and think he deals hardly with me ? Oh no ! Let the *severest trials and disappointments*



fall to my lot, guilty and weak as I am, yet I think I can rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation.'

"In the first part of the sickness which succeeded the birth of our babe, she had some doubts which occasionally interrupted her spiritual comfort; but they were soon removed, and her mind was filled with that peace of God which passeth all understanding. When I asked her, a few days before she died, if she had any remaining doubts respecting her spiritual state, she answered with an emphasis, that she had none. During the whole of her sickness, she talked in the most familiar manner, and with great delight, of death and the glory that was to follow. When Dr. Burke one day told her, those were gloomy thoughts, she had better get rid of them; she replied, that on the contrary they were to her cheering and joyful beyond what she could express. When I attempted to persuade her that she would recover, (which I fondly hoped) it seemed to strike her like a disappointment. She would say, 'You ought rather to pray that I may depart, that I may be perfectly free from sin, and be where God is.'

"Her mind was from day to day filled with the most comforting and delightful views of the character of God and Christ. She often requested me to talk to her on these interesting subjects. She told me that her thoughts were so much confused, and her mind so much weakened, by the distress of body she had suffered, that she found it difficult steadily to pursue a train of thought on Divine things, but that she continually looked to God and passively rested on him. She often spoke of meeting her friends in heaven. 'Perhaps,' said she, 'my dear mother has gone before me to heaven, and as soon as I leave this body I shall find myself with her.' At another time she said, 'we often talk of meeting our friends in heaven; but what would heaven be with all our friends if God were not there?'

“She longed exceedingly for the brethren to arrive from India, that we might form ourselves into a church, and celebrate the dying love of Jesus once more before she died. Her desires to enjoy the benefit of this ordinance were so strong, and our situation so peculiar, that I thought a deviation from the usages of our churches in this instance would be justifiable, and accordingly on the last Sabbath in November, the day before she died, I gave her the symbols of the body and blood of our Lord ; and I trust it was a comfortable season to us both.

“A few days before she died, after one of those distressing turns of coughing and raising phlegm, which so rapidly wasted her strength, she called me to come and sit on the bed beside her, and receive her dying message to her friends. She observed, that her strength was quite exhausted, and she could say only a few words ; but feared she should not have another opportunity. ‘Tell my dear mother,’ said she, ‘how much Harriet loved her. Tell her to look to God and keep near to Him, and He will support and comfort her in all her trials. I shall meet her in heaven, for surely she is one of the dear children of God.’ She then turned to her brothers and sisters. ‘Tell them,’ said she, ‘from the lips of their dying sister, that there is nothing but religion worth living for. Oh ! exhort them to attend immediately to the care of their precious, immortal souls. Tell them not to delay repentance. The eldest of them will be anxious to know how I now feel with respect to missions. Tell them, and also my dear mother, that I have never regretted leaving my native land for the cause of Christ. Let my dear brothers and sisters know, that I love them to the last. I hope to meet them in heaven ; but oh ! if I should not.’—Here the tears burst from her eyes, and her sobs of grief at the thought of an eternal separation, expressed the feelings that were too big for utterance. After she had recovered a little from the

shock, which these strong emotions had given to her whole frame, she attempted to speak of several other friends, but was obliged to sum up all she had to say in 'Love and an affectionate farewell to them all.' Within a day or two of her death, such conversation as the following passed between us.

"Should you not be willing to recover, and live a while longer here?"

"On some accounts it would be desirable. I wish to do something for God before I die. But the experience I have had of the deceitfulness of my heart leads me to expect, that if I should recover, my future life would be much the same as my past has been, and I long to be perfectly free from sin. God has called me away before we have entered on the work of the mission, but the case of David affords me comfort; I have had it in my heart to do what I can for the heathen, and I hope God will accept me."

"But what shall I do when you are gone? How can I bear the separation?"

"Jesus will be your best friend, and our separation will be short. We shall soon, very soon, meet in a better world; if I thought we should not, it would be painful indeed to part with you."

"How does your past life appear to you now?"

"Bad enough; but that only makes the grace of Christ appear the more glorious."

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my heavenly dress;  
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,  
With joy shall I lift up my head."

"When I told her that she could not live through the next day, she replied, 'O joyful news; I long to depart.' Some time after, I asked her, 'how does death appear to you now?' she replied 'Glorious; truly welcome.' During Sabbath night she seemed to be a little wander-

ing : but the next morning she had her recollection perfectly. As I stood by her, I asked if she knew me. At first she made no answer. I said to her again, ' My dear Harriet, do you know who I am ? ' ' My dear Mr. Newell, my husband, ' was her reply ; but in broken accents and a voice faltering in death.

" The last words which I remember, and which I think were the last she uttered relative to her departure, were these, ' The pains, the groans, the dying strife. How long, O Lord, how long ! ' "

" But I must stop, for I have already exceeded the bounds of a letter, though I have come far short of doing justice to the dying deportment of this dear friend. O may my last end be like hers ! " "

In a letter to another friend Mr. Newell wrote, " Mary, my dear sister, do not grieve too much for Harriet ; she is well now. O may we be counted worthy to meet her in the mansions of the blessed ! Dear creature, she comforted me with this hope on her dying bed ; and this blessed hope is worth more to me than all the wealth of India. "

## A YOUNG WOMAN.

THE following interesting example of the power of religion on the mind of a person in humble life, is extracted from a letter to a nobleman, by the late venerable Mr. Newton.

“ Permit me, my lord, to relate, upon this occasion, some things which exceedingly struck me, in a conversation I had with a young woman, whom I visited in her last illness about two years ago. She was a sober, prudent person, of plain sense ; she could read the Bible, but had read little besides. Her knowledge of the world was nearly confined to the parish ; for I suppose she was seldom, if ever, twelve miles from home. She had known the Gospel about seven years before the Lord visited her with a lingering consumption, which, at length, removed her to a better world. A few days previous to her death, in prayer by her bed-side, I thanked the Lord; that he gave her now to see that she had not followed cunningly devised fables. When I had finished, she repeated that expression : ‘ No,’ said she, ‘ not cunningly devised fables ; these are realities indeed ; I feel their truth ; I feel their comfort. O, tell my friends, tell my acquaintance, tell inquiring souls, tell poor sinners, tell all the daughters of Jerusalem,’ (alluding to Solomon’s Song,) ‘ what Jesus has done for my soul ! Tell them, that now, in the time of need, I find him my beloved, and my friend ; and, as such, I commend him to them.’

“ She then fixed her eyes steadfastly upon me, and proceeded, to the best of my recollection, as follows : ‘ Sir, you are highly favoured, in being called to preach the Gospel. I have often heard you with pleasure ; but give me leave to tell you, that I now see all you have said, or that you can say, is comparatively but little. Nor till

you come into my situation, and have death and eternity full in your view, will it be possible for you to conceive the vast weight and importance of the truths you declare. O! sir, it is a serious thing to die; no words can express what is needful to support the soul in the solemnity of a dying hour."

"When I visited her again, she said; 'I feel that my hope is fixed upon the Rock of Ages: I know in whom I have believed. But the approach of death presents a prospect which is, till then, hidden from us, and which cannot be described.' She said much more to the same purpose: and in all she spoke there was dignity, weight, and evidence. We may well say, with Elihu, 'Who teacheth like the Lord?' "




## DEATH MOST WELCOME.

THE following expressions are stated to have dropped from the dying lips of a German physician. They display a desire similar to that which the great apostle of the Gentiles felt when he declared, that it was better for him to depart and be with Christ.

"Lord I am oppressed, but to me it is enough that thy hand hath done it.—My breast burns now at the sight of eternal life, the beginnings of which I do really feel within me.—Son of God, my soul longs with desire and leaps with joy to come to thee; and because it is yet withheld, I think the time long.—I desire to be dissolved; O let me be dissolved that I may be with thee. I groan for that dwelling above, which thou hast revealed to me.—As the traveller in a dark night, longs for the rising sun, so do I earnestly look for the brightness of that light, which is in the presence of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—There I shall follow the Lamb whitherso-

ever he goeth. O glorious and divine Leader!—The eye hath not seen, nor the ear heard what God hath prepared for them that love him, neither hath it entered into the heart of man.—This earthly life is but death; but that is life indeed which Christ hath begun in my soul; and now I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.—I see the heavens now open! Now let thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.—Thou Jesus Christ, art my resurrection and my life.—How lovely are thy tabernacles, O my Redeemer!—I die in the Lord, who is my life, and in the acknowledgment and faith of Jesus Christ.—O pleasant change, and translation from sin into a state of holiness; from darkness into light; and from death into life!”



## BISHOP BUTLER.

WHEN the bishop lay on his dying bed, he called for his chaplain, and said, “Though I have endeavoured to avoid sin and please God, to the utmost of my power, yet, from the consciousness of perpetual infirmities, I am still afraid to die.”—“My lord,” said the chaplain, “You have forgotten that Jesus Christ is a Saviour.”—“True,” was the answer: “but how shall I know that he is a Saviour for me?”—“My lord, it is written, *Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.*”—“True,” said the bishop; “and I am surprised, that, though I have read that Scripture a thousand times over, I never felt its virtue till this moment; and now I die happy.”

## JANE RATCLIFF.

JANE RATCLIFF was born in the year 1638. Her extraordinary faith and piety render her a suitable subject for these memoirs.

In early life, she indulged herself in many of the follies and vanities of her time : but being awakened to a sense of their fatal tendency, she renounced them ; and placed her affections on objects which alone can confer solid and durable enjoyment. We shall pass over the intermediate parts of her circumspect life, and come to the closing scene of it ; when she appeared to be much raised above the love of life, and the fears of death. The following is an extract from her own expressions, on that solemn occasion. At the same time that they manifest her desire to be released from the sorrows and dangers of mortality, there can be no doubt that it was limited by a humble submission and pious resignation to the will of heaven.

“ I desire to die,” said she, “ because I want, while I live here, the glorious presence of God, which I love, and long for ; and the sweet fellowship of angels and saints, who would be as glad to see me with them, as I should be to see them about me ; and who would entertain me with unwearied delight.”

“ I desire to die—because while I live, I shall want the perfection of my nature, and be as an estranged and banished child from my Father’s house.”

“ I desire to die—because I would not live to offend so good a God, and grieve his holy Spirit. For his loving-kindness is better than life, and he is abundant in mercy to me : and the fear of displeasing him often lies as a heavy load upon my heart.”

“ I desire to die—because this world is generally infected with the plague of sin, and I myself am tainted with the same disease : so that, while I live here, I



shall be in danger of being infected, or of infecting others. And if this world hates me, because I endeavour to follow goodness, how would it rejoice if my foot should slip! How woful would my life be to me, if I should give occasion to the world to triumph and blaspheme! There are in my nature so many defects, errors, and transgressions, that I may say with David, 'Innumerable evils have compassed me about; my iniquities have taken hold on me, so that I am not able to look up.' I therefore desire heaven for holiness, and to the end that I may sin no more."

"I desire to die—because nothing in this world can give me solid and durable enjoyment."

"With regard to my children, I am not troubled; for that God who has given them life and breath, and all they have, while I am living, can provide for them when I am dead. My God will be their God, if they be his: and if they be not, what comfort would it be for me to live to behold it? Life would be bitter to me, if I should see them dishonour God, whom I so greatly love."

"I fear not death—because it is but the separation of the soul from the body; and that is but a shadow of the body of death: Romans vii. 24. Whereas the separation of the soul from God by sin, and of soul and body for sin, is death indeed: Isa. lix. 2."

"I fear not death—because it is an enemy that has been often vanquished; and because I am armed for it; and the weapons of my warfare are mighty through God, and I am assured of victory."

"I do not fear death for the pain of it; for I am persuaded I have endured as great pain in life, as I shall find in death; and death will cure me of all sorts of pain. Besides, Christ died a terrible death, to the end any kind of death might be blessed to me. And that God who has greatly loved me in life, will not neglect me in death: but will, by his Spirit, succour and strengthen me all the time of the combat."

For her comfort in her last hours, she put into the following form some memoirs of the principal mercies and blessings she had received from God.

“How shall I praise God for my conversion? for his word, both in respect of my affection to it, and the wonderful comforts I have had from it? for hearing my prayers? for godly sorrow? for fellowship with the godly? for joy in the Holy Spirit? for the desire of death? for contempt of the world? for private helps and comforts? for giving me some strength against my sins? for preserving me from gross evils, both before and after my calling?”

In her last sickness, which was of long continuance, she was deeply sensible of the dangers and miseries that attend our progress through life; and often implored God to remove her into a better world, saying, in the words of David; “Make haste to help me, O Lord, my salvation! Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me! O Lord make haste to help me!”—And she was relieved in the tenderest manner: for her spirit departed from the body, when it was thought she had only fallen asleep.

## JOHN JANEWAY.

"O most delightful hour by man  
Experienc'd here below !  
The hour which terminates his span,  
His folly and his wo.  
My home, henceforth, is in the skies :  
Earth, sea, and sun, adieu ;  
All heaven's unfolded to my eyes,  
I have no sight for you."

COWPER.

AMONG the numerous pleasing instances of the cheering power of religion on the mind, in a dying hour, few have equalled and perhaps none ever excelled the following.

John Janeway was born in Hertfordshire, in 1633. His parents were pious persons. Before he became acquainted with real religion, he appears to have possessed many amiable qualifications. He made considerable progress in various branches of literature ; and at the age of seventeen, was chosen to King's College, Cambridge.

When he was about eighteen, it pleased the ever-blessed God, to lead him to an acquaintance with those things, which belonged to his everlasting peace. The change in his heart appears to have been gradual ; and the conversation of a young man, in the same college, to have been one of the means employed for his conversion. At this time his views respecting some of his favourite studies changed. He saw that astronomy surveyed but a mole-hill, compared with the glorious objects, which the Gospel discovers. He pitied those who curiously inquire into every thing but the " one thing needful ;" and counted all things as dross and dung compared with Christ and him crucified. From this period of his life to its conclusion, he manifested the power of heart-felt religion ; the peace and satisfaction of his soul were discern-

ible in his countenance ; and his affections were set “ on the things which are above.”

As he himself enjoyed the comforts of the Divine favour, he longed that others should partake of the same delights. Influenced by this desire, he wrote many affecting letters to different friends ; recommending their eternal interests to their care ; and directing them to Christ the sinner's refuge. With prayers and tears he sought the divine blessing on these attempts to lead others to that source of consolation, whence his comforts flowed. In private conversation he pursued the same object ; and his endeavours among his own relations were very successful. In his own conduct he displayed the lovely nature of real piety ; and while he thus recommended the Gospel to men ; prayer and communion with God were his delight.

It was his custom to set apart a portion of his time daily for secret retirement and solemn meditation. This practice is warmly recommended in Mr. Baxter's “ Saints' Everlasting Rest,” a book which he peculiarly prized. On one of these occasions a friend of his, unknown to him, happened to be in a situation where he observed all that passed ; and his remarks on what he saw are worthy of insertion. “ O what a spectacle did I see ! surely, a man walking with God, conversing intimately with his Maker, and maintaining a holy familiarity with the great Jehovah. Methought I saw one talking with God. O ! what a glorious sight it was ! methinks I see him still ; how sweetly did his face shine ! O, with what a lovely countenance did he walk up and down, his lips going, his body oft reaching up, as if he would have taken his flight into heaven ! His looks, and smiles, and every motion spake him to be upon the very confines of glory. O ! had one but known what he was then feeding on ! Surely, he had ‘ meat to eat which the world knew not of ! ’ ”

He was full of love to the souls of men ; and often lamented that Christians, in their mutual converse, do

no more advance each other's spiritual welfare. He once sat silent and wrote down in short-hand the discourse of some that professed to have a peculiar acquaintance with religion, and afterward read it to them ; and asked them whether such conversation was such as they would be willing God should record.—“ Oh,” said he, “ to spend an hour or two together, and to hear scarcely a word for Christ, or that speaks people's hearts in love with holiness. Where is our love to God and souls all this while ? Where is our sense of the preciousness of time, of the greatness of our account ? Should we talk thus, if we believed that we should hear of this again at the day of judgment ? And do we not know that we must give an account of every idle word ? Did saints in former times use their tongues to no better purpose ? Would Enoch, David, or Paul, have talked thus ? Is this the sweetest communion of saints upon earth ? How shall we do to spend eternity in speaking the praises of God, if we cannot find matter for an hour's discourse ? Doth not this speak aloud that our hearts are very empty of grace, and that we have little sense of spiritual and eternal concerns ?”

He walked humbly with his God ; and was favoured with so much of the Divine presence, and with so bright a hope of glory beyond the grave, that, in the midst of all worldly comforts, he longed for death ; and the thoughts of a day of judgment made all his enjoyments sweeter. He earnestly desired the coming of the Lord ; and when some persons were discoursing with him respecting that solemn period, he smiled and expressed his delight in the thought of its approach.

On an occasion, when “ that day for which all other days were made,” was mentioned, he said, “ what if the day of judgment were come, as it will most certainly come shortly ? If I were sure the day of judgment were to begin within an hour, I should be glad with all my heart. If at this very instant I were to hear such thun-

derings and see such lightnings, as Israel did at Mount Sinai, I am persuaded my very heart would leap for joy. Of this I am confident, through infinite mercy, that the meditation of that day hath ravished my soul, and the thought of its certainty and nearness is more refreshing to me than the comforts of the whole world. Surely nothing can more revive my spirits, than to behold the blessed Jesus, the joy, and life, and beauty of my soul. I lately dreamed that the day of judgment was come. Methought I heard terrible thunder, and saw dreadful lightnings; the foundations of the earth did shake, and the heavens were rolled together as a garment; yea, all things visible were in a flame; methought I saw the graves opened, and the earth and sea giving up their dead; methought I saw millions of angels, and Christ coming in the clouds. Methought I beheld the Ancient of Days sitting upon his throne, and all other thrones cast down. Methought I beheld him whose garments were white as snow, and the hair of his head like pure wool; his throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire; a fiery stream issued and came forth from him; thousands of thousands ministered unto him; and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him; and the judgment was set, and the books were opened. O! with what an ecstasy of joy was I surprised! methought it was the most heart-raising sight that ever my eyes beheld: and then I cried out, 'I have waited for thy salvation, O God!' and so I mounted into the air, to meet my Lord in the clouds."

It was not long before his earnest desires for heavenly bliss were satisfied. When he was about twenty-two, the symptoms of a deep consumption appeared.\* Words can scarcely express the triumphant state of his mind, during a great part of his last sickness. His soul was filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Often would he say, "O, that I could but let you know what I now feel! O, that I could show you what I see! O, that

I could express the thousandth part of that sweetness that I now find in Christ! you would all then think it well worth while to make it your business to be religious. O, my dear friends, we little think what Christ is worth upon a death-bed. I would not for a world, nay, for millions of worlds, be now without Christ and pardon. I would not for a world live any longer: the very thoughts of a possibility of a recovery, make me even tremble."

A person who came to visit him, expressed a hope that he might yet recover: "And do you think to please me (said he) by such discourse as this? No, friend, you are much mistaken in me, if you think that the thoughts of life, and health, and the world, are pleasing to me. The world hath quite lost its excellency in my judgment. O, how poor and contemptible a thing is it in all its glory, compared with the glory of that invisible world, which I now live in the sight of! And as for life, Christ is my life, health, and strength; and I know I shall have another kind of life when I leave this. It would incomparably more please me, if you should say to me, you cannot possibly hold out long; before to-morrow you will be in eternity! I do so long to be with Christ, that I could be contented to be cut in pieces, and to be put to the most exquisite torments, so that I might but die, and be with Christ. O, how sweet is Jesus! 'Come Lord Jesus, come quickly.' Death, do thy worst! Death has lost its terribleness. Death, it is nothing. Death is nothing, (through grace) to me. I can as easily die as shut my eyes, or turn my head and sleep: I long to be with Christ; I long to die."

On one occasion, when his mother and brothers were in the room with him, he earnestly besought his mother not to attempt to hinder, by her prayers, his departure to eternal rest; and turning to his brothers, said, "I charge you all, do not pray for my life any more: you do me wrong, if you do. O that glory, the unspeakable glory that I behold! My heart is full, my heart is full,

Christ smiles, and I cannot but smile : can you find in your heart to stop me, who am now going to the complete and eternal enjoyment of Christ ? Would you keep me from my crown ? The arms of my blessed Saviour are open to embrace me ; the angels stand ready to carry my soul into his bosom. O, did you but see what I see, you would all cry out with me, how long, dear Lord : come, Lord Jesus, come quickly ! O, why are his chariot wheels so long a coming ?”

When a pious minister had been discoursing with him on the Saviour's excellency, and the glory of the unseen world, he said, “ Sir, I feel something of it ; my heart is as full as it can hold in this lower state ; I can hold no more here. O that I could but let you know what I feel !”

As he approached the end of his course, his mind was commonly filled with joy ; yet even his happiness had some small intermissions : at such times, he said, “ Hold out, faith and patience ; yet a little while and your work will be done.”

He used every evening to take leave of his friends, hoping not to see them, till the morning of the resurrection ; and he desired them to make sure of a comfortable meeting in a better world ; and when he saw some of them weeping, desired them rather to rejoice than weep on his account.

Not long before his departure to eternal rest, one of his brothers while engaged in prayer with him, besought God to continue the happiness he enjoyed, so that he might go, as it were, from one heaven to another, and from imperfect joy to eternal glory. After this, the comforts poured into his soul were so great, that words cannot express his blessedness, and the relation must fall far short of the reality.—He broke out in such words as these : “ O, he is come ! he is come ! O how glorious is the blessed Jesus ! How shall I speak the thousandth



part of his praises ! O for words, to set out a little of that excellency ! But it is inexpressible !

“O, my friends, come look upon a dying man, and wonder ; I myself cannot but wonder ! Was there ever greater kindness ? were there ever such manifestations of rich grace ? O, why me, Lord ! why me ? Sure this is akin to heaven ; and if I were never to enjoy any more than this, it were well worth all the torments that man or devils could invent, to come through even a hell to such transcendent joys as these. If this be dying, dying is sweet : let no true Christians ever be afraid of dying. O death is sweet to me. This bed is soft. The smiles and visits of Christ, would turn hell into heaven. O that you did but see and feel what I do ! Come and behold a dying man more cheerful than ever you saw any healthful man in the midst of his sweetest enjoyments. O, sirs, worldly pleasures are pitiful, poor sorry things, compared with one glimpse of this glory, which shines so strongly into my soul ! O why should any of you be so sad, when I am so glad ! This, this is the hour that I have waited for.”

As joy was his portion, praise was his delight. When ministers or Christians came to him, he would beg them to spend all the time they passed with him in praise. “O, said he, help me to praise God, I have nothing else to do, from this time to eternity, but to praise and love God. I have what my soul desires upon earth ; I cannot tell what to pray for, but what I have graciously given. I want but one thing, and that is, a speedy lift to heaven. I expect no more here, I cannot desire more, I cannot bear more. O praise, praise, praise that infinite boundless love that hath to a wonder, looked upon my soul, and done more for me than for thousands of his children. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Help me, help me, O my friends, to praise and admire him that hath done such

astounding wonders for my soul ; he hath pardoned all my sins, he hath filled me with his goodness, he hath given me grace and glory, and no good thing hath he withheld from me."

"Come, help me with praises, all is too little : come, help me, O ye glorious and mighty angels, who are so well skilled in this heavenly work of praise. Praise him all ye creatures upon the earth, let every thing that hath being, help me to praise him. Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah : praise is now my work, and I shall be engaged in that sweet employment for ever."

On another occasion he uttered such words as these, "Admire God for ever and ever, O ye redeemed ones ! O those joys, the taste of which I have ! The everlasting joys, which are at his right hand for ever more ! Eternity, eternity itself is too short to praise this God in. O bless the Lord with me ; come, let us shout for joy, and boast in the God of our salvation. O, help me to praise the Lord, for his mercy endureth for ever."

According to his desire most of the time that was spent with him, was spent in praise ; yet still he said, "More praise still. O help me to praise him : I have now nothing else to do ; I have done with prayer and all other ordinances ; I have almost done conversing with mortals. I shall presently behold Christ himself that died for me, and loved me, and washed me in his blood."

"I shall, before a few hours are over, be in eternity, singing the song of Moses, and the song of the Lamb. I shall presently stand upon mount Zion, with an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, and Jesus the mediator of the new covenant. I shall hear the voice of much people, and be one amongst them, who shall say, Hallelujah, salvation, glory, honour, and power unto the Lord our God ; and again we shall say, Hallelujah. And yet a little while and I shall sing unto the Lamb a song of praise, saying, Worthy art thou to receive praise, who wert slain, and hast redeemed us

to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us unto our God, kings and priests, and we shall reign with thee for ever and ever."

"Methinks I stand, as it were, with one foot in heaven, and the other upon earth ; methinks I hear the melody of heaven, and by faith I see the angels waiting to carry my soul to the bosom of Jesus, and I shall be for ever with the Lord in glory."

A few hours before his death he called his relations together, and affectionately expressed his wishes for their eternal welfare : he concluded with saying, " And now, my dear mother, brethren, and sisters, farewell ; I leave you for a while, and I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified."

" And now, dear Lord, my work is done. I have finished my course, I have fought the good fight ; and henceforth there remaineth for me a crown of righteousness ! Now come, dear Lord Jesus, come quickly."

At length his course was completed, and he perceived death approaching. His jaws quivered, his hands and feet grew cold as clay, and a cold sweat spread over him, but he was glad indeed when he found his spirit departing. He endured some severe pangs of dissolution, and then fell asleep in Jesus. He died in June, 1657, aged 22. His mortal remains rest, till the resurrection of the just, in Kilshall Church, Hertfordshire.

## HANNAH HOUSMAN.

THIS amiable and exemplary woman was one of those who remember their Creator in the days of their youth. She was a native of Kidderminster. In her childhood she enjoyed the advantages of a religious education ; and, such was the blessing of God upon her early privileges that she appears, from her diary, to have been under lively religious impressions at thirteen years of age. For twenty-four years, she seems to have humbly and circumspectly walked with God. In her dying hours she had such foretastes of the joy to come, as richly rewarded her for all the conflicts of this probationary scene ; and in her triumphant departure, let the young behold an animating and encouraging reason for early piety. The following account of her last illness and death, was drawn up by a person who witnessed her sufferings and her comforts.

From the time of her first seizure, she was exercised with very violent pains, without any intermission till her death ; such as, she would often say, she thought she could not have borne : “ But,” said she, “ God is good ; verily he is good to me ! Through life I have found him a good and gracious God.”

When recovering from extreme pain, she said, “ God is good ; I have found him so ; and though he slay me, yet I will trust in him. These pains make me love my Lord Jesus the better. O they put me in mind of what he suffered to purchase salvation for my poor soul ! Why for me, Lord ! why for me, the greatest of sinners ? Why for me, who so long refused the rich offers of thy grace, and the kind invitations of the Gospel ? How many helps and means have I enjoyed more than many others ; yea, above most !—I had a religious father and mother ; and I had access to a valuable minister, to whom I could often and freely open my mind. I have

lived in a golden age. I have lived in peaceable times, and have enjoyed great advantages and helps for communion with God, and the peace of my own mind ; for which I owe my gracious God and Father more praises than words can express. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name ! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all, or any of his benefits ! ”

When any were weeping and mourning over her, she would say, “ Weep not for me : it is the will of God ; therefore be content. If it may be for his honour and glory, he will spare me a little longer ; if not, I am wholly resigned to the will of God. I am content to stay here, as long as he has any thing for me to do, or to suffer ; and I am willing to go, if it be my Father’s good pleasure. Therefore be content, and say, “ It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth to him good. ” ”

To a person who came to see her, she said ; “ Cousin, I think I shall die : and now, what a comfort it is, that I am not afraid of death ! The blood of Christ cleanses me from all sin. But mistake me not ; there must be a life and conversation agreeable to the Gospel, or else our faith in Christ is a dead faith. Secure Christ for your friend ; set not your heart on things below : riches and honours, and what the world calls pleasures, are all fading, perishing things. ” She then threw out her hand and said ; “ O, if I had thousands and ten thousands of gold and silver lying by me, what could they do for me, now I am dying ? Take the advice of a departing friend who wishes you well. Do not set your affections on riches, or on any thing here below. Remember, death will come in a little while, whether you are ready or unready, willing or unwilling. I commend you to God. I hope, in a short time, we shall meet again in heaven, that place of perfect rest, peace, and happiness. ”

The whole time of her sickness, she was in a cheerful, thankful frame of mind. When she was cold, and had something warm given her, she often said : “ Blessed

be God for all his mercies ; and for this comfort in my affliction." On her attendant's warming a piece of flannel, and putting it round her cold hands, she thanked her for it, and said ; " O, how many mercies I have ! I want for nothing. Here is every thing I can wish for. I can say I never wanted any good thing. I wish only for a tranquil passage to glory. It was free grace that plucked me from the very brink of hell ; and it is the power of Divine grace, that has supported me through the whole of my life. Hitherto I can say, the Lord is gracious. He has been very merciful to me, in sustaining me under all my trials. The Lord brings affliction, but it is not because he delights to afflict his children ; it is at all times for our profit. I can say, it has been good for me to be afflicted ; it has enabled me to discern things, which, when I was in health, I could not perceive. It has made me see more of the vanity and emptiness of this world, and all its delusive pleasures ; for, at best, they are but vanity. I can say, from my own experience, I have found them to be so many a time."

To her husband, the day before she died, she said : " My dear, I think I am going apace ; and I hope you will be satisfied, because it is the will of God. You have at all times been very loving and good to me ; and I thank you for it kindly : and now I desire you freely to resign me to God. If God sees it best to prolong my stay here upon earth, I am willing to stay ; or if he sees it best to take me to himself, I am willing to go. I am willing to be and bear what may be most for his glory."

The evening before she died, she found death stealing upon her ; and, feeling her own pulse, said ; " Well, it will be but a little while before my work in this world will be finished. Then I shall have done with prayer. My whole employment in heaven will be praise and love. Here, I love God but faintly, yet, I hope, sincerely ! but there, it will be perfectly. I shall behold

his face in righteousness ; for I am thy servant, Lord ! bought with blood, with precious blood. Christ died to purchase the life of my soul. A little while, and then I shall be singing that sweet song,—‘ Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto HIM that sitteth upon the throne, and to the LAMB for ever and ever.’ ”

With smiles in her face, and transports of joy, she often said, “ Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly ! Why tarry the wheels of thy chariot ! O blessed convoy ! come and fetch my soul, to dwell with God, and Christ, and perfect spirits, for ever and ever. When I join that blessed society above, my pleasures will never end. O the glory, the glory that shall be set on the head of faith and love ! ”

A few minutes before her departure, finding herself going, she desired to be lifted up. When this was done, she cheerfully said, “ Farewell sin ! farewell pains ! ”—and so finished her course with joy.



## ELIZA M——.

It is one of the peculiar glories of Christianity, that it is suited to all the widely varied states of this transitory world. It cheers the cottage ; and the possessor of a palace can find no true happiness without its consolations. It teaches the babe to lisp a dear Redeemer’s praise ; and supports the hoary head, that bows beneath the weight of years. It makes the most unlettered wise ; and, compared with the true knowledge it imparts, the wisdom of the wisest is but folly. Where an acquaintance with religion has been enjoyed, the rich and the poor, the aged and the young, the man of science and the unlearned peasant, have alike found in it their chief wisdom, comfort, joy, and hope. It smooths the path of life ;

brightens the vale of death ; and gilds with unfading glory the scenes of eternity. The pleasing influence of religion, on the minds of its youngest votaries, has been displayed in the account of Eliza Cunningham ; in the following short narrative, another instance equally pleasing, is presented to view.

The young lady, whose peaceful departure into eternity, is here narrated, was placed in that rank of life, in which an opportunity is possessed for following the gaieties of the world.

“ Before it pleased God to engage her attention to the great concerns of a future state, she was in some danger of being too much captivated with the fascinating splendour of gay and polite life. The death of a relation was the means, in the hand of the Almighty, of leading her to see, in a just light, the vanity of the world. This event produced such sensations and reflections in her mind, as had the most salutary tendency. She began to be apprehensive, from the precarious state of her health, that she had no reason to expect a long continuance here. Death, at that time, appeared to her with a most dreadful aspect, because she knew herself to be a sinner, and not in a state of reconciliation and friendship with God.

“ The pardon of sin, the sanctification of her nature, and a disposition suited to the heavenly world, she was fully convinced, were necessary to future happiness. For many childish and youthful follies she stood self-condemned, and though she did not make known her inward disquietudes to any one, she had, for some time, sore conflicts in her own breast. She sought relief from God only, pouring out her requests before his throne for that mercy, which is never denied to those who sincerely ask it, in the name of Jesus. He who hath said, ‘ I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me,’ was pleased to manifest himself to her, in so



gracious a manner, as at once to remove her disquieting fears, and establish her mind in hope and tranquillity. She was enabled to say, with humble confidence, 'I am weak indeed, but Christ is strong; I am poor, but he is rich; I am sick, but he is the Physician; I am a sinner, but he is the Saviour of sinners. I find in him every thing answerable to my needs.' His atoning sacrifice gave relief to her wounded conscience, and joy to her desponding heart. Renouncing all confidence in the flesh, she, from this period, looked for all her salvation from the Redeemer's cross.

"When the disorder of which she died began to prevail, she earnestly requested Mr. Fawcett, a neighbouring minister, to visit her as often as his other concerns would permit. He soon found her intelligent and conversable upon Divine subjects, far beyond what he expected. Her conceptions of the way of salvation were clear, her faith in the Redeemer steady, and her hope lively. Flattering expectations were sometimes raised respecting her recovery. The ablest physicians attended her, and every method was adopted in order to restore her debilitated frame; but though she was often relieved, and the threatening symptoms checked for a season, yet, to the great distress of her affectionate parents, she visibly declined in strength, and wasted away by slow degrees.

"When a minister is called to visit the afflicted, he often finds himself under great embarrassment. To discourse with them concerning death, and the necessity of being prepared for that awful event, is thought harsh and severe. He that would deal faithfully with them, and admonish them of their danger, need not expect to be often invited. But this was far, very far from being the case with our young friend. She knew herself to be in dying circumstances, and had no wish to be told that there was hope of recovery. Though her expectations of a

temporal kind were considerable, she freely relinquished them all, and became not only indifferent to all earthly things, but actually dead to them. She might well say,

‘ ’Tis finish’d now, the great deciding part,  
The world’s subdu’d, and heaven has all my heart.’

“ When she saw her affectionate mother weeping by her, she always endeavoured to comfort her, by such words as these, ‘ Mamma do not weep for me, I am quite happy ; I have no wish to live ; if I might have life by wishing for it, I should rather choose to die and go to my Redeemer.’ Such entire victory over the world, in one of her years, and circumstanced as she was, is very uncommon, and can only be the effect of that faith which overcometh the world, as it is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.”

“ When select portions of the Divine Word were read to her, she listened with the most ardent attention, and often signified how comforting and supporting it was to her mind. Though her weakness and pain increased from week to week, she never seemed to be weary of religious exercises. Her request, when Mr. Fawcett left her, generally was, ‘ Come again soon,’ or, ‘ When will you favour me with another visit ?’ When prevented by other engagements from attending her at the time she expected him, he sometimes transmitted to her a few hasty lines, which he knew to be expressive of the sentiments of her mind. These she presently committed to memory, and adopted as her own.

“ Though she was much endeared to her friends, yet they could not but desire to see the time of her release. Her sufferings were great and long-continued ; but she was a pattern of sweet resignation, of dignified patience, of noble fortitude, and of entire deadness to every thing below. Her heart and her hopes were above. Death was not to her the object of dread, but of desire. She

settled every little circumstance of a temporal nature, in the prospect of her end, with the utmost composure, and talked of dying as of going some pleasant journey. 'What, my dear Miss,' said one of her attendants, 'are you not afraid of the pains of death?' She assured her, that she felt no terror in that respect, for her merciful Saviour was able to support her. She often said under her sharpest pains, 'I am very happy; I would not change situations with any one living.' The little stock of money she had in her possession, she divided into small sums, and sent them to the most needy and deserving objects she could remember."

The following is Mr. Fawcett's account of his last visit to her.

"My last visit to her was on Sunday evening, Sept. 22. I found her extremely ill, but supported amidst her agonies by a lively hope of celestial felicity, and full of heavenly comfort. A deadly coldness had already begun to seize her emaciated hand. I told her her warfare was nearly accomplished; she replied with the sweetest composure, 'I hope it is.' She wished me once more to assist her devotions, and particularly to pray for her release; I endeavoured to do so, in a few short petitions, commending her soul to the hands of her Redeemer, whom having not seen she loved; in which she appeared to join in the most fervent manner. After having suggested a few consolatory hints, with a view to confirm her faith in the last conflict, I took my leave, not expecting to see her again till we should meet in the world of spirits. Her cough was incessantly troublesome, her pain in every part very great, and her weakness not to be described.

"Soon after I left her, she desired to be moved, and feeling the springs of life begin to fail, she said to her attendants, 'It is now over,' or words to that purpose. She appeared to be perfectly sensible, calm, and composed to the last, often saying, as long as she could be

heard to speak, 'Come, Lord Jesus !' At half past nine, she breathed out her happy spirit into the bosom of him who had long marked her for his own.

'She in a sacred calm resign'd her breath,  
And as her eyelids clos'd, she smil'd in death.'

"At the early age of fifteen she thus joyfully entered that rest which remains for the people of God."



## WOLFANGUS MUSCULUS.

THIS celebrated divine was a German reformer. He was born in 1497, and during life, passed through a variety of chequered scenes. He rose from a state of such poverty and meanness, that, while in it, he obtained a subsistence by singing from door to door, to a situation of respectability and importance, and was professor of divinity at Berne, in Switzerland. Though once enveloped in the darkness of popery, he became an active and zealous supporter of the Gospel of truth ; and was a man of great application and deep learning. A little before his death, he composed some Latin verses, of which the following translation has been given.

My fainting life is nearly gone ;  
My frame is chill'd with dying cold :  
But JEsus, Thou, my better life,  
Canst neither sicken nor be old.

Why tremblest, then, my parting soul :  
To mansions of eternal rest  
That ANGEL waits to guide thy way,  
And bless thee there among the blest.

Quit then, O quit, this wretched house.  
Nor, at its ruin, once repine :  
God soon shall build it up again,  
And bid it with new lustre shine.

But, art thou all defil'd with sins?  
 Fear not, my soul thou ne'er shalt fall;  
 Believe his faithful word, and know,  
 The blood of CHRIST can cleanse them all.

Can death a thousand horrors show?  
 True, soul; but what is death to thee?  
 Life is at hand, the promis'd life,  
 And, like its Giver, sure and free.

Lo! CHRIST, o'er Satan, sin, and death,  
 Yonder in triumph sits on high:  
 Fly, happy soul, with eager wings;  
 Away to JESUS swiftly fly!



## JOHN HOLLAND.

"Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,  
 Who stand upon the threshold of the new."

WALLER.

THE striking account of the death of this excellent person is most of the information that now remains respecting him.

The day before he died he called for his Bible, saying, "Come, O come; death approaches; let us gather some flowers to comfort this hour."

He then turned to Romans viii. which he desired a person in the room to read; and at the end of every verse commented upon it in a manner suited to promote his own comfort, and which excited the joy and wonder of his friends. He continued this sacred employment for as much as two hours; when on a sudden he said "O stay your reading. What brightness is this I see? Have you lighted up any candles?" To which Mr. Leigh, who had been reading, answered, "No: it is the sunshine;" "Sunshine! (said he) Nay, my Saviour's shine.—Now farewell world; welcome heaven. The day star from on high hath visited my heart. O speak

it when I am gone, and preach it at my funeral ; God deal-eth familiarly with man. I feel his mercy ; I see his majesty : whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell ; God knoweth ; but I see things that are unutterable."

—He continued for some time speaking with a cheerful look, and a soft sweet voice, though his friends could not understand what he spoke. At last, shrinking down, he sighed and said, " Ah, yet it will not be. My sins keep me from my God."

Not long, however, was he denied the happiness he sought. On the following morning he closed his life with these words upon his lips :—" O what a happy change shall I make ! From death to life ! From sorrow to solace ! from a factious world to a heavenly being ! O my dear brethren, sisters, and friends, it pitieth me to leave you behind. Yet remember my death, when I am gone ; and what I now feel, I hope you shall find ere you die, that God doth and will deal familiarly with men. And now, thou fiery chariot, that camest down to fetch up Elijah, carry me to my happy hold. And all ye blessed angels, who attended the soul of Lazarus to heaven, bear me, O bear me into the bosom of my best Beloved. Amen, amen. Come, Lord Jesus ; come quickly."

## AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

THIS eminently pious man was a minister in the established church. It is well known that on some points of doctrine he differed widely in sentiment from some other followers of Jesus, whose hearts were as much warmed with divine love as his own. Death has removed both them and him to that world of light above. He and they gloried in Jesus Christ below, and glory in him still. Jesus was their "boast through time," and is their "bliss through eternity." Now they see eye to eye, and the distinctions which divided them on earth, exist no more. While such men as he and Fletcher differed so widely in some of the minor parts of their religious creed, let the young Christian learn to imitate their piety, their trust in Christ, and love to God and man, but leave their controversies to sink into oblivion. Let him remember that the best of men are but erring men. Let him consider that truth, unpolluted with error, is to be found in the Scriptures only ; and that humbly to search that sacred volume, with prayer for Divine illumination, is the surest way for acquiring the truth. Let him make neither Calvin nor Arminius, nor any one of their disciples, his master ; but disregarding all human systems, BELIEVE WHAT GOD REVEALS ; and let him remember that just observation of the great and good Richard Baxter, that while Christians are disputing here in the dark, they are dying and passing to that world, which will decide all their controversies, and to which the safest passage is by peaceable holiness—the holiness that springs from the faith which works by love.

Mr. Toplady was born at Farnham, in Surry, November 4, 1740. In early life he became a follower of the Saviour. He exercised his ministry at Blagdon, in Somersetshire ; then at Broad Hembury, in Devonshire ;

and finally in London. A slow consumption removed him to eternal rest in August, 1778.

The view of this good man's last sickness and death is principally intended here. He met the king of terrors, disarmed of his terrors through the grace of the Saviour, and found him an angel, a messenger of peace. He had long been visibly declining in his health; but could only be prevailed upon to refrain from preaching, for some time before his decease, by the express injunction of his physician, and the particular entreaties of his friends. Indeed, his feebleness of body for some time before his end, was such, that, when he attempted to speak in public, he could scarcely be heard for the few minutes he was able to stand, and seemed almost like a man lifted up to preach from the grave.

As his strength wasted and decayed, his consolations abounded more and more. He looked not only with composure, but delight, on the grave; and groaned earnestly for his heavenly habitation. He had constantly, to use Dr. Young's expression,

'One eye on death, and one full fix'd on heav'n.'

In his experience was happily exemplified the truth of the observation, that some of the children of God who have been least favoured by Divine consolations during their pilgrimage towards heaven, have had the richest discoveries of Divine grace in the closing scenes of life. Then, as Mr. Toplady observed, "the celestial city rises full in sight; the sense of interest in the covenant of grace becomes clearer and brighter; the book of life is opened to the eye of assurance; the Holy Spirit more feelingly applies the blood of sprinkling, and warms the soul with that robe of righteousness which Jesus wrought. The once feeble believer is made to be as David. The once trembling hand is enabled to lay fast hold on the cross of Christ. The sun goes down without a cloud."



During the different stages of his decline, his dependence was on Jesus Christ. A friend who visited him not long before his death, afterward communicated the following particulars of his conversation. "A remarkable jealousy was apparent in his whole conduct, for fear of receiving any part of that honour which is due to Christ alone. He desired to be nothing, and that Jesus might be all, and in all.—His feelings were so very tender upon this subject, that I once very undesignedly put him almost in an agony, by remarking the great loss, which the church of Christ would sustain by his death, at this particular juncture.—The utmost distress was immediately visible in his countenance, and he exclaimed to this purpose ; "What : by my death ? No ! By my death ? No.—Jesus Christ can, and will, by proper instruments, defend his own truths. And with regard to what little I have been enabled to do in this way ; not to me, not to me, but to his name, and to that only, be the glory."

A short time before his death, at his request, I felt his pulse ; and he desired to know what I thought of it. I told him, that his heart and arteries evidently beat, almost every day, weaker and weaker. He replied immediately, with the sweetest smile upon his countenance, "Why, that's a good sign that my death is fast approaching ; and blessed be God, I can add, that my heart beats every day stronger and stronger for glory."

A few days preceding his dissolution, I found him sitting up in his arm-chair, and scarce able to move or speak. I addressed him very softly, and asked, if his consolations continued to abound, as they had hitherto done. He quickly replied ; "O, my dear sir, it is impossible to describe how good God is to me. Since I have been sitting in this chair this afternoon (glory be to his name !) I have enjoyed such a season, such sweet communion with God, and such delightful manifestations of his presence with, and love to my soul, that it is im-

possible for words, or any language, to express them. I have had peace and joy unutterable ; and I fear not, but that God's consolations and support will continue." —But he immediately recollected himself, and added, "What have I said ? God may, to be sure, as a sovereign, hide his face and his smiles from me ; however, I believe he will not ; and if he should, yet still I will trust in him ; I know I am safe and secure ; for his love and his covenant are everlasting."

To another friend, a day or two before his death, he said, with hands clasped, and his eyes lifted up and starting with tears of the most evident joy, "O my dear sir, I cannot tell you the comforts I feel in my soul : They are past expression. The consolations of God, to such an unworthy wretch, are so abundant, that he leaves me nothing to pray for, but a continuance of them. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul. My prayers are all converted into praise. Nevertheless I do not forget, that I am still in the body and liable to all those distressing fears, which are incident to human nature, when under temptation and without any sensible Divine support. But, so long as the presence of God continues with me in the degree I now enjoy it, I cannot but think, that such a desponding frame is impossible." All this he spake with an emphasis, the most ardent that can be conceived.

As he approached nearer and nearer to his departure, his conversation seemed more and more happy and heavenly. "O ! said he, how this soul of mine longs to be gone ! Like a bird imprisoned in a cage, it longs to take its flight. O that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away to the realms of bliss and be at rest for ever ! O that some guardian angel might be commissioned ; for I long to be absent from this body, and to be with my Lord for ever." Being asked by a friend, if he always enjoyed such manifestations, he answered ; I cannot say there are no intermissions ; for if there were not, my consolations would be more and greater than I could

possibly bear ; but, when they abate, they leave such an abiding sense of God's goodness, and of the certainty of my being fixed upon the eternal rock Christ Jesus, that my soul is still filled with peace and joy."

At another time, he cried out, "O what a day of sunshine has this been to me ! I have not words to express it. It is unutterable. O, my friends, how good is God ! Almost without interruption, his presence has been with me." And then repeating several passages of Scripture, he added, "What a great thing it is to rejoice in death !" Speaking of Christ, he said, "His love is unutterable !" When he drew near his end, he said, waking from a slumber ; "O what delights ! Who can fathom the joys of the third heaven ?" A little before his departure, he blessed and praised God for continuing to him his understanding in clearness ; "but (added he in a rapture) for what is most of all, his abiding presence, and the shining of his love upon my soul. The sky is clear ; there is no cloud : 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly ;' " Within the hour of his death, he called his friends and his servant, and asked them, "If they could give him up ?" Upon their answering in the affirmative, since it pleased the Lord to be so gracious to him, he replied, "O what a blessing it is, you are made willing to give me up into the hands of my dear Redeemer, and to part with me : it will not be long before God takes me ; for no mortal man can live, (bursting, while he said it, into tears of joy) after the glories, which God has manifested to my soul." Soon after this he closed his eyes and fell asleep in Jesus.

The following beautiful soliloquy was written by him upon the death of a valued friend, and appears extremely apposite to his dying hour.

Deathless principle, arise :  
Soar, thou native of the skies ;  
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,  
To his glorious likeness wrought,

Go, to shine before his throne ;  
Deck his mediatorial crown :  
Go, his triumphs to adorn ;  
Made for God, to God return.

Lo, he beckons from on high !  
Fearless to his presence fly :  
Thine the merit of his blood ;  
Thine the righteousness of God.

Angels, joyful to attend,  
Hov'ring, round thy pillow bend ;  
Wait to catch the signal giv'n,  
And escort thee quick to Heav'n.

Is thy earthly house distrest ?  
Willing to retain her guest ?  
'Tis not thou, but she must die :  
Fly, celestial tenant, fly.  
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,  
Sweetly breathe thyself away,  
Singing to thy crown remove ;  
Swift of wing, and fir'd with love.

Shudder not to pass the stream :  
Venture all thy care on Him ;  
Him, whose dying love and pow'r  
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar.  
Safe is the expanded wave ;  
Gentle, as a summer's eve :  
Not one object of his care  
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.  
See the haven full in view !  
Love divine shall bear thee through.  
Trust to that propitious gale :  
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.

Saints, in glory perfect made,  
Wait thy passage through the shade :  
Ardent for thy coming o'er,  
See, they throng the blissful shore.  
Mount, their transports to improve :  
Join the longing choir above :  
Swiftly to their wish be giv'n :  
Kindle higher joy in heav'n.  
—Such the prospects that arise,  
To the dying Christian's eyes !  
Such the glorious vista, faith  
Opens through the shades of death !

It may be perceived that in these lines, the author had in view the celebrated soliloquy of the dying emperor Adrian, of which Mr. Pope's translation is subjoined. How strikingly does the contrast between the two, show the value of that Divine system, in which life and immortality are brought to light.

Ah ! fleeting spirit ! wand'ring fire,  
 That long hast warm'd my tender breast,  
 Must thou no more this frame inspire ?  
 No more a pleasing cheerful guest ?  
 Whither, ah, whither art thou flying ?  
 To what dark undiscover'd shore ?  
 Thou seem'st all trembling, shiv'ring, dying ;  
 And wit and humour are no more.



## JOHN OWEN.

OF the death of this very eminent divine, the following pleasing anecdote is related.

Mr. Payne, who had been intrusted by him with the care of putting his last performance to the press, came in to see him in the morning of the day on which he died, and said, " Doctor, I have just been putting your book on 'the glory of Christ,' to the press." He replied, " I am glad to hear that this performance is put to the press, but," lifting up his hands and his eyes as in a kind of rapture, " O, brother Payne, the long looked for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done yet, or was capable of doing in this world."

**MONSIEUR HOMEL.**

THE annals of the Christian church present to view, innumerable instances of the triumphs of Divine grace over all the machinations and cruelty of earth and hell. In almost every land the blood of martyrs has been shed ; and in almost every clime the murdered followers of the Lamb have borne witness to the truth, that religion is better than life. Never perhaps was this more strikingly manifested than in the following narrative respecting M. Homel, the pastor of a Protestant church in the province of Cevennes, in France, who suffered martyrdom at Tournon, in October, 1683. The account was written by an eyewitness. The massacres of the Protestants perpetrated not long since in the same province and other parts of France, show that popery changes not, but is the same blood-thirsty murderous monster ' yesterday, to day, and for ever.'

"I count myself happy, said this saint, at his execution, that I can die in my Maker's cause—What ! would my gracious Redeemer descend from heaven to earth, that I might ascend from earth to heaven ? Would he undergo an ignominious death, that I might be possessed of a most blessed life ? Verily, if after all this, to prolong a frail and miserable life, I should lose that which is everlasting ; should I not be a most ungrateful wretch to my God, and a most cruel opposer of my own happiness ? No, no ; the die is cast, and I am immovable in my resolution. I breathe after that hour. O, when will that good hour come, that will put a period to my present miserable life, and give me the enjoyment of one which is infinitely blessed ? Farewell, my dear wife : I know your tears, your continual sighs, hinder your bidding me adieu. Do not be troubled at this wheel upon which I must expire : 'tis to me a triumphal chariot, which will carry me into heaven. I see heaven opened, and my

Jesus, with his outstretched arms ready to receive me ; for he is the Divine spouse of my soul.

“ I am leaving the world. in which is nothing but adversity, in order to enter heaven, and enjoy everlasting felicity. You shall come to me ; I shall never come back to you. All that I recommend to you is, to educate our dear children in the fear of God ; and to be careful that they swerve not from the way prescribed to them in the Holy Scriptures. I have bequeathed them a little formulary for their instruction, to the end that, if ever they be brought into the like condition with myself, they may undergo it courageously, and be confident in the goodness of our God, who will send the Divine Comforter to strengthen them in all their straits and distresses. Prepare them for suffering betimes, to the end that in the great day, when we shall appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, we may be able to bespeak him, ‘ Lord, here we are, and the children which thou hast graciously given us.’ Ah, I shall never have done. Ah, why am I hindered from departing ? Farewell, my dear people. ’Tis the last farewell I shall ever give you. Be steadfast ; be fixed ; and know that I never preached to you any thing but the pure truth of the Gospel, the true way which leads to heaven.”

Somebody telling him that he had spoken too much : “ How ! said he, have I spoken too much ? I have spoken nothing but the very truth. I have neither spoken nor done any thing that is in the least injurious to the sacred majesty of our august monarch ; but, on the contrary, I always exhorted the people, committed by the Lord to my charge, to render those honours which are due to our king. But as for our consciences, we hold them of our God, and must keep them for him.” Then his judges, turning from him, ordered the executioner to do his office ; which he did by breaking his arms and his legs.

And being then asked, whether he would die a *Roman Catholic* ? He answered, “ How, my lords ! Had it been

my design to have changed my religion, I would have done it before my bones had been thus broken to pieces. I wait only for the hour of my dissolution. Courage, courage, O my soul! Thou shalt presently enjoy the delights of heaven. And as for thee, O my poor body, thou shalt be reduced to dust; but it is for this end, that thou mayst be raised a spiritual body. Thou shalt see things that never entered into the heart of man, and which are in this life impossible to be conceived." Again addressing himself to his wife, he said, "Farewell, once more, my well-beloved spouse. I am waiting for you. But know, though you see my bones broken to shivers, my soul is replenished with inexpressible joys."

Every limb, member, and bone of his body were broken with the iron bar forty hours before the executioner was permitted to strike him upon the breast, with a stroke which they call *Le coup de grace*, the blow of mercy; that death-stroke which put an end to all his miseries.



## RICHARD BAXTER.

"Love in his heart, persuasion on his tongue,  
With words of peace he charm'd the listening throng.  
Drew the dread vail that wrapp'd the eternal throne,  
And launch'd their souls into the bright unknown."

BARBAULD.

THIS great and good man passed through a life of labours, sorrows, and persecutions, to the mansions of endless repose. He lived, he wrote, he laboured, as with eternity in sight; and in words expressive as the finest poetry declared respecting himself,

I preach as if I ne'er should preach again,  
And as a dying man, to dying men.



In very early life devout impressions appear to have been made upon his mind. His father said with tears of joy, I hope my son Richard was sanctified from the womb. When a little child in petticoats he would reprove other children if he heard them using profane words. When he grew up he entered on the ministry. He laboured in several places, but Kidderminster was the principal sphere of his exertions. Here his ministry was crowned with astonishing success. After a few active years, persecution drove him from the field of exertion ; yet still he laboured, though not to the same extent : and suffered also. His own generation was deprived of much of the benefit they might have reaped from a man who may have had equals, but seldom a superior ; yet their loss has been the gain of succeeding generations ; and Baxter, though dead, speaks to thousands in his invaluable writings.

Like Moses, he chose affliction with the people of God ; for a bishoprick was offered him, which he refused. When this great and good man drew near the conclusion of life, his last hours were spent in preparing others and himself to appear before God. He said to his friends that visited him, " You come hither to learn to die ; I can assure you that your whole life, be it ever so long, is little enough to prepare for death. Have a care of this vain deceitful world, and the lusts of the flesh. Be sure you choose God for your portion, heaven for your home, God's glory for your end, his word for your rule, and then you need never fear but we shall meet with comfort."—Never was a penitent sinner more humble in debasing himself ; never was a sincere believer more calm and comfortable. He acknowledged himself to be the vilest dunghill-worm (his usual expression) that ever went to heaven. He admired the Divine condescension to us, often saying, " Lord, what is man ? what am I, a vile worm, to the great God ?" Many times he prayed, " God be merciful to me a sinner !" and blessed God

that this was left upon record in the Gospel as an effectual prayer. He said, "God may justly condemn me for the best duty I ever did, and all my hopes are from the free mercy of God in Christ;" which he often prayed for.—After a slumber, he waked and said, "I shall rest from my labour." A minister then present added, "And your works follow you." To whom he replied, "No works; I will leave out works, if God will grant me the other." When a friend was comforting him with the remembrance of the good many had received by his preaching and writings, he said, "I was but a pen in God's hand, and what praise is due to a pen?"—His resigned submission to the will of God in his sharp sickness, was eminent. When extremity of pain constrained him earnestly to pray to God for his release by death, he would check himself, saying, "It is not fit for me to prescribe:—*when* thou wilt, *what* thou wilt, and *how* thou wilt."—Being in great anguish, he said, "O how unsearchable are his ways, and his paths past finding out! the riches of his Providence we cannot fathom!" and to his friends, "Do not think the worse of religion for what you see me suffer."—Being often asked, how it was with his inward man? he replied, "I bless God I have a well-grounded assurance of my eternal happiness, and great peace and comfort within;" but it was his trouble that he could not triumphantly express it, in consequence of extreme pain. He said, "Flesh must perish, and we must feel the perishing of it; and though his judgment submitted, yet sense would still make him groan." The description of heaven, in Heb. xii. 22, was a most cheering passage to him; he said it deserved a thousand thousand thoughts.—At another time he said, that "he found great comfort and sweetness in repeating the words of the Lord's prayer, and was sorry that some good people were prejudiced against the use of it; for that there were all necessary petitions for soul and body contained in it."—He gave excellent counsel to some

young ministers that visited him, and earnestly prayed for them and for the church of Christ. He was visited the day before he died by a friend, to whom he said, "I have pain, there is no arguing against sense, but I have peace, I have peace." His friend said, "You are now approaching to your long-desired home." He answered, "I believe, I believe."—He expressed a great willingness to die, and during his sickness, when the question was asked how he did, his usual reply was, "Almost well;" and sometimes, "Better than I deserve to be, but not so well as I hope to be." His joy was most remarkable, when in his own apprehension death was nearest. The welcome hour at length arrived, and he died in peace, December 8, 1691.



## ELIZABETH ROWE.

IN every age religion has found many of its most devoted friends among the softer sex. Women ministered to the Saviour when he had scarcely a place to lay his head; and watched beside his cross when his own disciples forsook him. They welcomed his resurrection from the grave, and to them he *first* appeared; and still wherever the Gospel of salvation spreads, it will be found that female hearts, in the largest proportion, yield to the gentle sway of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Elizabeth Rowe is one of those who adorned the Gospel in life, who enjoyed its supports in death, and who doubtless shine as stars in the firmament for ever. And let the young especially consider that the piety of this amiable woman was *early* piety. She sought the path of peace in youth. Her course was like that of the sun. In the morning of life her religion appeared and shone more and more unto the perfect day. Her maiden name was Singer. She had a sister distinguished for her early and

amiable graces, of whose death the following remarkable account was given by Mrs. Rowe, to Dr. Coleman, of Boston, who sent it in a letter to the eminently pious Isaac Watts. The account is strange, but by no means incredible to those who believe that effectual fervent prayer availeth much.

“ It was in my sister’s death, said Mrs. Rowe, when giving the account, that my father was to be tried ; but it was I that was taken sick, and when the physicians let them know my great danger, and the little hope they had of my recovery ; this dear sister came to me with a visible concern, and earnestly besought me to tell her whether I was ready and willing to die, if God should call me from them by this sickness, for she was afraid I should die ; and she could not comfortably part with me but to go to Christ ; she hoped, therefore, that my interest in him was comfortable and clear.” I earnestly turned to her, and said, “ Why sister, do they think me in such hazard ? I must confess to you that my distress would be great on account of my soul, if I thought my death were now coming, for I have not that full assurance of my interest in Christ, which I have always begged of God I might have before he pleases to call me hence.” No sooner had she heard me say this, than she fell, as in an agony, on her knees, by my bed-side, and in a manner inexpressible, for fervour and humility, besought the Lord, “ That if her father must have the grief of burying one of his children, it might be her ! for through his free grace, and to the glory of it, she could joyfully profess before him her assured hope of her interest in his everlasting mercy, through Jesus Christ ! wherefore she could willingly surrender herself to die if it might please God to grant her sister a further space for making her calling and election sure.” Having prayed thus, in a transport the most surprising and astonishing to me, (said Mrs. Rowe) she earnestly kissed me and left the room, without giving me time or power to answer her a word ; and

what is almost incredible to relate, from that hour or two I grew better and recovered, but she took to her bed and died in a few days."

The life thus remarkably prolonged was spent for God ; and her views in the prospect of eternity are expressed in a letter accompanying her Meditations, and opened after her decease. The following passage is an extract from it.

"The reflections were occasionally written, and only for my own improvement ; but I am not without hope, that they may have the same salutary effect on some pious minds, as the reading the experiences of others has had on my own soul. The experimental part of religion has generally a greater influence than the theory of it ; and if, when I am sleeping in the dust, those soliloquies should kindle a flame of Divine love, even in the heart of the lowest and most despised Christian, be the glory given to the great Spring of all grace and benignity !"

"I have now done with mortal things, and all to come is vast eternity !—Eternity ! How transporting is the sound ? As long as God exists, my being and happiness are, I doubt not, secure. These unbounded desires, which the wide creation cannot limit, shall be satisfied for ever. I shall drink at the fountain-head of pleasure, and be refreshed with the emanations of original life and joy. I shall hear the voice of uncreated harmony, speaking peace and ineffable consolation to my soul."

"I expect eternal life, not as a reward of merit, but as a pure act of bounty. Detesting myself in every view I can take, I fly to the righteousness and atonement of my great Redeemer, for pardon and salvation : this is my only consolation and hope. Enter not into judgment, O Lord, with thy servant ; for in thy sight shall no flesh be justified. Through the blood of the Lamb, I hope for an entire victory over the last enemy ; and that, before this comes to you, I shall have reached the celestial heights ; and, while you are reading these lines I shall be adoring

before the throne of God ; where faith shall be turned into vision, and these languishing desires satisfied with the full fruition of immortal love." Amen.



## JOHN FLETCHER.

AMONG those distinguished followers of the Lamb who have shone brightest in the church below, it is perhaps impossible to fix on one more distinguished for piety than the subject of the following narrative.

He was born in Switzerland, in 1729, and soon displayed a peculiarly pious disposition. But notwithstanding all that was amiable in his character and deportment, he felt the infinite necessity of an inward change.

“ For my own part, said he, when I first began to know myself, I saw, I *felt* that man is an undefinable animal, partly of a bestial, and partly of an infernal nature. This discovery shocked my self-love, and filled me with the utmost horror. I endeavoured, for some time to throw a palliating disguise over the wretchedness of my condition : but the impression it had already made upon my heart was too deep to be erased. It was to no purpose that I reminded myself of the morality of my conduct. It was in vain, that I recollected the many encomiums that had been passed upon my early piety and virtue.”

From this time his hopes and fears, his desires and pursuits, were totally changed. From the heights of self-exaltation, he sunk into the depths of self-abhorrence ; and from shining in the foremost ranks of the virtuous, he placed himself on a level with the chief of sinners. Conviction made way for unfeigned repentance, and repentance laid a solid foundation for Christian piety. His sorrow for sin was succeeded by a consciousness of the Al-

mighty's favour, and the pangs of remorse gave way to the joys of remission. Believing on Jesus, as the Scripture hath said, he found in him a well of consolation springing up into everlasting life. All his wanderings were, at once, happily terminated, his doubts were removed, his tears were dried up, and he began to rejoice in hope of the glory of God. His conversion was not imaginary, but real. It not only influenced his sentiments, but extended to his conduct.

From this period of his life, he became truly exemplary for Christian piety. He walked cheerfully, as well as valiantly, in the ways of God. He followed Jesus ; and became a faithful preacher of the Gospel, at Madeley.

Some time before the beginning of his last sickness, he was deeply impressed with the nearness of eternity. There was scarce an hour (says Mrs. Fletcher) in which he was not calling upon us, to drop every thought and every care, that we might attend to nothing but the drinking deeper into God. We spent much time in earnest prayer to God, and were led in a peculiar manner to abandon our whole selves, our souls and bodies, into the hands of God ; ready to do, and willing to suffer whatever was well-pleasing to Him.

A few days before his dissolution, he appeared to have reached that desirable point, where the last rapturous discoveries are made to the souls of dying saints. Roused, as it were, with the shouts of angels, and kindled into rapture with visions of glory, he broke into a song of holy triumph, which began and ended with the praise of God's unfathomable love. He laboured to declare the secret manifestations he enjoyed, but his sensations were too powerful for utterance, and, after looking inexpressible things, he contented himself with calling upon all around him to celebrate and shout out that adorable love, which can never be fully comprehended or adequately expressed. This triumphant frame of mind was not a transient feeling, but a state

that he continued to enjoy with little or no discernible interruption, to the moment of his death. While he possessed the power of speech, he spoke as one whose lips had been touched with *a live coal from the altar*; and when deprived of that power his countenance discovered that he was sweetly engaged in the contemplation of eternal things.

His last public service was affecting beyond description. He opened the reading service with apparent strength; but before he had proceeded far in it, his countenance changed, his speech began to falter, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he could keep himself from fainting. Every eye was rivetted upon him, deep solicitude was painted on every face, and confused murmurs of distress ran through the whole congregation. In the midst of this affecting scene, Mrs. Fletcher was seen pressing through the crowd, and earnestly entreating her dying husband no longer to attempt what appeared to be utterly impracticable. But he, as though conscious that he was engaged in his last public work, mildly refused to be entreated. There was something in his appearance and manner that gave his word an irresistible influence upon this solemn occasion.

"After sermon he walked up to the communion table, uttering these words, 'I am going to throw myself under the wings of the cherubim, before the mercy-seat.' Here the same distressing scene was renewed with additional solemnity. The people were deeply affected, while they beheld him offering up the last languid remains of a life that had been lavishly spent in their service. Groans and tears were on every side. In going through this last part of his duty, he was exhausted again and again: but his spiritual vigour triumphed over his bodily weakness. After several times sinking upon the sacramental table, he still resumed his sacred work, and cheerfully distributed, with his dying hand, the love-memorials of his dying Lord. In the course of this



concluding office, which he performed by means of the most astonishing exertions, he gave out several verses of hymns, and delivered many affectionate exhortations to his people, calling upon them, at intervals, to celebrate the mercy of God in short songs of adoration and praise. And now, having struggled through a service of near four hours continuance, he was supported, with blessings in his mouth, from the sacred table to his chamber, where he lay for some time in a swoon, and from whence he never walked into the world again.

“After this, he dropt into a sleep for some time, and on waking, said with a smile to Mrs. Fletcher, ‘Now, my dear, thou seest I am no worse for doing the Lord’s work. He never fails me when I trust in Him.’ On Monday and Tuesday we (she adds) had a little paradise together. He lay on a couch in the study : and though often changing posture, was sweetly pleasant, and frequently slept a good while together. When he was awake, he delighted in hearing me read hymns and treatises on faith and love. He was used often to repeat, ‘We are to seek a perfect conformity to the will of God ; and leave him to give us pleasure or pain, as it seemeth Him good.’

“I asked him, whether he had any directions to give me, if he should be taken from me ! since I desired to form my whole life thereby. He replied, ‘No, not by mine : the Holy Ghost shall direct thee. I have nothing particular to say.’ I said, have you any conviction, that God is about to take you ? He said, ‘No : only I always see death so inexpressibly near, that we both seem to stand on the verge of eternity.’

“On Wednesday, he told me, he had received such a manifestation of the full meaning of those words, *God is love* ! as he could never be able to express. ‘It fills my heart,’ said he, ‘every moment. O Polly, my dear Polly, God is Love ! Shout, shout aloud ! I want a gust of praise to go to the ends of the earth ! But it seems as if

I could not speak much longer. Let us fix on a sign between ourselves. Now,' said he, (tapping me twice with his finger) 'I mean, God is love. And we will draw each other into God. Observe! By this we will draw each other into God.'

"On Tuesday his speech began to fail. To his friendly doctor he said, 'O sir, you take much thought for my body : permit me to take thought for your soul!' When I could scarcely understand any thing he said, I spoke these words, God is love. Instantly, as if all his powers were awakened, he broke out in a rapture, 'God is love ! love ! love ! O for that gust of praise ! I want to sound !'

"On Saturday in the afternoon, one of his friends said to him, 'Do you think the Lord will raise you up?' He strove to answer, and could just pronounce, 'Raise me up in the resurr'—Meaning in the resurrection. To another who asked the same question, he said, 'I leave it all to God.'

"As night drew on, I perceived him dying very fast. His fingers could hardly make the sign, which he scarcely ever forgot : and his speech seemed quite gone. I said, My dear creature, I ask not for myself : I know thy soul : but for the sake of others, If Jesus be very present with thee lift up thy right hand. Immediately he did so. If the prospect of glory sweetly open before thee, repeat the sign. He instantly raised it again, and in half a minute a second time. He then threw it up, as if he would reach the top of the bed. After this his hands moved no more."

While their pastor was breathing out his soul into the hands of a faithful Creator, his people were offering up their joint supplications on his behalf in the house of God. The whole village wore an air of consternation and sadness, and not one joyful song was heard among all its inhabitants :—hasty messengers were passing to and fro with anxious inquiries and confused reports :—and the members of every family sat together in silence that day,

awaiting, with trembling expectation, the issue of every hour. After the conclusion of evening service, several of the poor, who came from distant parts, and who were usually entertained under Mr. Fletcher's roof, still lingered about the house, and seemed unable to tear themselves away from the place, without a sight of their expiring pastor. Secretly informed of their desire, Mr. Gilpin obtained them the permission they wished. And the door of the chamber being set open, immediately before which Mr. Fletcher was sitting upright in his bed, with the curtains undrawn, unaltered in his usual venerable appearance, they slowly moved one by one along the gallery, severally pausing as they passed by the door, and casting a look of mingled supplication and anguish. It was, indeed, an affecting sight, to behold these unfeigned mourners successively presenting themselves before the bed of their dying benefactor, with an inexpressible eagerness in their looks, and then dragging themselves away from his presence with a distressing consciousness that they should see his face no more.

"Now the hour approached, that was, says a friend, to put a solemn termination to our hopes and fears. His weakness very perceptibly increased, but his countenance continued unaltered to the last. If there was any visible change in his feelings, he appeared more at ease, and more sweetly composed, as the moment of his dismissal drew near. Our eyes were rivetted upon him in awful expectation. But, whatever we had felt before, no murmuring thought was suffered, at this interesting period, to darken the glories of so illustrious a scene. All was silence, when the last angelic messenger suddenly arrived, and performed his important commission with so much stillness and secrecy, that it was impossible to determine the exact moment of its completion. Mrs. Fletcher was kneeling by the side of her departing husband ; one who had attended him with uncommon assiduity, during the last stages of his distemper, sat at his

head ; while I sorrowfully waited near his feet. Uncertain, whether or not he was totally separated from us, we pressed nearer, and hung over his bed in the attitude of listening attention,—his lips had ceased to move, and his head was gently sinking upon his bosom,—we stretched out our hands ; but his warfare was accomplished, and the happy spirit had taken its everlasting flight.”

“ Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.”



## MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE VANITY OF EARTHLY PURSUITS, WHEN  
MEN APPROACH THE CONFINES OF ETERNITY.



THE brother of the amiable and excellent poet, Cowper, was a man of very considerable learning ; critically skilled in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, and acquainted with several others ; he was strict in his moral conduct, and sweet in his temper, yet, till he drew near the close of life, a stranger to the ways of peace. After he was made acquainted with the grace of God, he learned to despise all those attainments which were once highest in his esteem, not indeed as useless when sanctified and employed to the glory of God, but when sought after for their own sake, and with a view to the praise of men. On one occasion he said to his brother, “ I have been building my glory upon a sandy foundation ; I have laboured night and day to perfect myself in things of no profit ; I have sacrificed my health to these pursuits, and am now suffering the consequence of my mispent labour. But how contemptible do the writers I once highly valued now appear to me. ‘ Yea doubtless, I count all things loss and dung for the excellency of the

knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord.' I must now go to a new school. I have many things to learn. I succeeded in my former pursuits. I wanted to be highly applauded ; and I was so. I was flattered up to the height of my wishes : now I must learn a new lesson."

At another time his mind seems to have been engaged in reviewing his past life, and he thus addressed himself to the nurse, who sat at his bolster. "Nurse, I have lived three and thirty years, and I will tell you how I have spent them. When I was a boy, they taught me Latin ; and because I was the son of a gentleman, they taught me Greek. These I learned under a sort of private tutor : at the age of fourteen, or thereabouts, they sent me to a public school, where I learned more Latin and Greek, and, last of all, to this place, where I have been learning more Latin and Greek still. Now has not this been a blessed life, and much to the glory of God ;" then directing his speech to Mr. Cowper, he said, "Brother, I was going to say I was born in such a year ; but I correct myself ; I would rather say, in such a year I came into the world. You know when I was born."

The truths of the Gospel had become his delight, and on one occasion he said to his brother, "This bed would be a bed of misery, and it is so, but it is likewise a bed of joy, and a bed of discipline. Were I to die this night, I know I should be happy. This assurance I hope is quite consistent with the word of God. It is built upon a sense of my own utter insufficiency, and the all-sufficiency of Christ."

IN Queen Elizabeth's reign lived Sir Francis Walsingham. After a life of bustle, activity, and honour, his mind became deeply impressed with the importance of religion. To his fellow-secretary Burleigh, lord treasurer of England, he wrote thus : "We have lived enough to our country, our fortunes, our sovereign : it is high time to begin to live to ourselves, and to our God."

This giving occasion for some facetious person to visit, and try to divert him : " Ah ! " said he, " while we laugh, all things are serious around us. God is serious who preserves us, and has patience towards us ; Christ is serious who shed his blood for us ; the Holy Spirit is serious when he strives with us ; the whole creation is serious in serving God and us ; all are serious in another world ; how suitable, then, is it for man to be serious ! and how can we be gay and trifling ? "

SALMASIUS was a man of most extraordinary abilities, his name resounded through Europe, and his presence was earnestly sought in different nations. When he arrived at the evening of life, he acknowledged that he had too much, and too earnestly, engaged in literary pursuits ; " O ! " said he, " I have lost an immense portion of time ; time, that most precious thing in the world ! Had I but one year more, it should be spent in studying David's Psalms, and Paul's Epistles. " " Oh ! sirs, " said he to those about him, " Mind the world less, and God more : ' The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom ; and to depart from evil, that is understanding. ' "

GROTIUS was a man of profound genius and wonderful learning ; yet his literary attainments seemed but dross when he drew near eternity. He is stated on one occasion to have made the following declaration : " I would give all my learning and honour for the plain integrity of John Urick, " a poor man of great piety, who spent eight hours of his time in prayer, eight in labour, and but eight in meals, sleep, and other necessities.

To one who admired his great industry, he returned an answer to this effect : " Ah ! I have wasted my life in laboriously doing nothing. "

Such were then his views respecting that learning which had attracted for him distinguished honour ; but he sought comfort from another source. He expressed

his faith in Jesus Christ, and declared that his hope rested upon him. When the publican spoken of in the Gospel was mentioned to him, he humbly replied, "I am that publican ;" and soon after expired.

COLLINS is well known as one of the most celebrated English Poets. In the latter part of his mortal career, he withdrew from study, and travelled with no other book than an *English Testament*, such as children carry to school. When a friend took it into his hand, out of curiosity to see what companion a *Man of Letters* had chosen—"I have only one book," said he, "but that is the best."

## MARTYRS OF VIENNE AND LYONS.

"Patriots have toil'd, and in their country's cause  
Bled nobly ; and their deeds, as they deserve,  
Receive proud recompense.—  
But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,  
And with it with more pain. Their blood is shed  
In confirmation of the noblest claim,  
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,  
To walk with God. to be divinely free  
To soar and to anticipate the skies.  
Yet few remember them. They liv'd unknown  
Till persecution dragg'd them into fame,  
And chas'd them up to heaven. Their ashes flew  
—No marble tells us whither. With their names  
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song :  
And history so warm on meaner themes  
Is cold on this."

COWPER.

THE Divine support, which the Gospel of Jesus imparts, has been manifested most gloriously, in the cheerfulness with which multitudes have undergone martyrdom itself on its account. Had Christianity been a cunningly devised fable, the early Christians had the best opportunity for detecting the imposture ; but so far was this from being the case, that they obtained the fullest conviction that their religion was from God. So firm was this conviction that, for the sake of the Gospel, thousands sacrificed all that was dear to them in life : and suffered such torments that death by the stroke of an axe would have been a comparative blessing. The name of Christian was frequently enough to insure their destruction ; and thus were the words of the Lord Jesus Christ fulfilled, Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake. Pains and penalties, and shame, and exile, and death, were the prospect presented to those who would embrace the Gospel ; yet with this dark scene before them did multitudes, as sensible as ourselves of earthly comforts, bid farewell to all the blandishments of



life, to meet its roughest storms, brave its severest dangers, and sink into the grave beneath them. The consolations of the Gospel yielded them support below ; and the crown of glory has, long since, made them an ample recompense above.

So rapid was the progress of Christianity, within the first century after our Lord's ascension, that it appears to have extended to India, and perhaps to China eastward of the place of its origin, and to Spain, France, and Britain westward. At Lyons and Vienne, in France, Christian churches were established at an early period. About A. D. 177, these churches endured a severe persecution ; and the history of the sufferings of the martyrs in those cities, has been pronounced, by the learned Lardner, the finest thing of the kind in all antiquity. Another celebrated scholar, Joseph Scaliger, observed, that he never met with any thing in ecclesiastical history, by which he was so transported as by this history, and that of the martyrdom of Polycarp. This history was sent in writing, by the churches at Vienne and Lyons to the churches in Asia and Phrygia. The following translation is the verbal one of Lardner, with a few slight alterations.

“ The servants of Jesus Christ, dwelling in Vienne and Lyons, to the brethren in Asia and Phrygia, who have the same faith and hope of redemption with us, peace and grace, and glory from God the Father and Jesus Christ our Lord. The greatness of the affliction in these places, and the excessive rage of the people against the saints, and what the blessed martyrs have endured, we are not able to describe in words, nor put down in writing : for the enemy at the very first invaded us with the greatest violence, showing from the beginning what severe evils we were to expect. Every thing was done to exercise his ministers, and to train them to the practice of the utmost cruelty against the servants of God. We were not only excluded from houses,” (of

friends, as it seems,) "and from the baths and the market, but we were forbidden to appear in any place whatever. However, the grace of God fought for us against the enemy; delivering such as were weak, and setting up the pillars, which were firm and stable, and able by their patience and fortitude to withstand all the force of the enemy. They therefore came to a near combat with him, undergoing all manner of reproach and suffering. Accounting the greatest affliction small, they hastened to Christ; thus showing, in fact, that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. First then they courageously endured the insults of the multitude gathered round them in crowds, their shouts and blows, and draggings about the pillaging of their goods, throwing of stones, confinement to their dwellings, and all those things which an enraged multitude is wont to practice against adversaries and enemies. Then being brought into the market by the tribune and the chief magistrates of the city, they were examined before all the people: and having made their confession, they were shut up in prison till the arrival of the president. Afterward when they were brought before the president, who exercised all manner of cruelty against us, Vettius Epagathus, one of the brethren, full of love towards God and his neighbour, whose course of life was so perfect that, though a young man, he might deserve the character of old Zacharias, that he walked in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless: and was unwearied in the performance of all good offices to his neighbour, being full of zeal for God, and fervent in spirit: he being such a one, was not able to bear these unjust proceedings against us; but, moved with indignation, requested that he might be allowed to make a defence of the brethren, and show that nothing impious and irreligious was done by us. But they who were near the tribunal cried out against him, (for he was

a person well known ;) and the president refused to grant his request, though so reasonable, and asked him whether he was a Christian. He, answering with a loud voice that he was a Christian, was put into the number of martyrs, and was called the advocate of the Christians. And indeed he had within him the advocate, the Holy Ghost, in a greater measure than Zacharias. Which he also showed by the abundance of his love, being willing to lay down his own life in defence of the brethren. For he was and is a genuine disciple of Christ, 'following the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.'

"After this others were chosen out ; and they proved to be illustrious and well prepared protomartyrs ; who with all alacrity of mind accomplished the solemn confession of martyrdom. They also were manifest who were unprepared, and unexercised, and still weak, and not able to bear the shock of so great a combat ; of whom about ten in number, fell away, causing us great grief and unmeasurable concern, and damping the alacrity of those who were not yet apprehended. Of whom however it must be acknowledged that they kept company with the martyrs, and did not forsake them though they suffered considerably in so doing. At that time we were all in great consternation, being uncertain about the event of this confession : not *dreading the torments that might be inflicted upon us*, but apprehensive of the issue, and that some might fall in the trial. However, from day to day such were apprehended as were worthy to supply the number of those who were gone : so that the most eminent men of the two churches, by whom good order had been settled among us, were selected and brought together. Some Gentile servants of our people were also apprehended, for the governor had given public orders for making strict inquiries after us. They, at the instigation of Satan, and dreading the torments which they saw the saints suffer, the soldiers also exciting them to it, falsely charged us with having the suppers of Thy-

estes,\* and the incestuous intercourse of Oedipus, and such other things, which it is not lawful for us to mention, nor to think of, nor to believe that they were ever done among men.

“ These stories being spread abroad, all men were incensed against us : insomuch that if there were any who before upon account of affinity or friendship, had been civil to us, they were then much offended, and exclaimed against us. And then was fulfilled what the Lord had said, ‘ That the time would come when every one who killeth you will think that he doth God service.’ After that the holy martyrs underwent such torments as are above all description ; Satan doing his utmost to make them also say such impious things ; (or to confess what had been declared by the heathen servants.) But the utmost excess of rage of the multitude, and of the president, and of the soldiers, fell upon Sanctus, deacon at Vienne ; and upon Maturus, newly baptized indeed, yet a most valiant champion ; and upon Attalus, a native of Pergamus, who always was a pillar and support of the churches here ; and upon Blandina, by whom Christ showed that those things which among men seem mean, base and contemptible, are by God accounted worthy of great honour, for their love toward him, which is evidently manifested in great power, and not boasted of in appearance only : for when we were all in pain for her, and especially her mistress according to the flesh,” (who likewise was one of the champions among the martyrs,) “ lest upon account of the infirmity of her body, she should not be able to make an open confession, she was furnished with such strength, that they, who by turns tortured her all

\* Thyestes is said to have eaten part of his own son, and Oedipus to have married his mother Jocasta. The primitive Christians were loaded with slanders of this description. Their enemies said that they murdered children and committed other abominable crimes in their religious assemblies. Thus was the word of their Lord fulfilled, that all manner of evil should be spoken against them falsely for his name's sake.

manner of ways from morning to evening, became feeble and faint, and acknowledged themselves overcome, there being nothing more that they could do to her. And they wondered that she had any breath left, her whole body having been torn and mangled : and declaring that any one kind of torture, used by them, was sufficient to deprive her of life, much more so many and so great. But that blessed woman and renowned champion renewed her strength in the midst of her confession. And it was a refreshment and ease to her, and an abatement of the torments inflicted upon her to say, 'I am a Christian : nor is there any wickedness practised among us.'

"Sanctus, likewise, in a most extraordinary manner, and beyond all human power, courageously endured all the tortures they could invent, the wicked wretches hoping, by the continuance and greatness of their tortures, to extort from him something unbecoming," (a confession of unbecoming practices among the Christians,) "he withstood them with such resolution that he would not tell them his own name, nor his country, nor the city whence he was, nor whether he was a slave or a free man. But to all their interrogatories, he answered in the Roman tongue, 'I am a Christian.' This he declared again and again, instead of his name, and city, and country : nor did the Gentiles hear any other word from him. Upon this account the rage both of the president and the tormentors was very great. And when there was nothing more that they could do to him, they at last clapt red hot plates of brass on the most tender parts of his body, and his members were burnt ; yet he stood firm without yielding at all, and continued steadfast and unshaken in his confession : bedewed and strengthened with the heavenly living water which flowed from Christ. His body showed what had been done, being all over wound and scar, contracted and drawn together, having lost the external shape of a man. In whom Christ suffering, performed great wonders, defeating the enemy,

and demonstrating, for an example to others, that nothing is formidable where there is the love of the Father, nor any thing painful where the glory of Christ is concerned. For when those wicked men, a few days after, began again to torture the martyr, supposing that, if they should make use of the same tortures whilst his body was swelled, and his wounds inflamed, they should master him, since he could not endure to be touched by the hand; or that he would die under the torments, which might strike terror into others. Not only no such thing happened to him, but, contrary to the opinion of all men, his body became erect by means of those repeated tortures, and he recovered his former shape, and the use of his limbs: so that, by the grace of Christ, the second torture became a remedy instead of a punishment. Moreover, the devil caused one Biblias to be brought out, being one of those who had denied the faith, and whom he considered as already devoured by him; but was desirous to accumulate her guilt by compelling her to utter reproachful things against us. And indeed she had shown herself weak and timorous: but now in the midst of her torture she recovered herself, and awaked as it were out of a profound sleep, being by these torments, which are but for a time, reminded of the everlasting torments of hell. She then contradicted the slanderous reports concerning us, saying, 'How should they eat infants to whom it is not lawful to eat the blood of brute animals!' And from that time she confessed herself a Christian, and was added to the number of the martyrs.

"But when these tyrannical measures were rendered ineffectual by Christ, through the patience of those blessed men, the devil tried other devices; such as imprisonment in dark and noisome dungeons; putting the feet into stocks and straining them to the fifth hole; and such other pains as enraged officers, and full of the devil, inflict upon those who are shut up in prison: so that many were suf-

located in their confinement, even as many as it was the will of the Lord should go out of the world in that manner, thereby showing forth his glory. Some others, who had been grievously tortured, so that it was thought they could not live, though the best methods of cure had been afforded them, continued to live in prison ; deprived indeed of the help of men, but corroborated by the Lord, and strengthened both in body and mind ; who also animated and comforted the rest. Others who were but young, and newly apprehended, and whose bodies were not accustomed to hardships, were not able to bear the inconvenience of confinement, and expired in the prison.

“ But the blessed Pothinus, who was entrusted with the administration of the pastoral office at Lyons, being more than ninety years of age, and very weak in body, and scarcely breathing by reason of his bodily infirmity, but strengthened in mind with a desire of the martyrdom now in view, was dragged to the tribunal. His body was worn out by age and distemper ; but his soul yet remained in him, that by it Christ might triumph. Being brought before the tribunal by the soldiers, the city magistrates also attending, and the multitude hooting him all along with loud shouts, as if he had been Christ himself, he exhibited a good testimony. Being asked by the president, ‘ who was the God of the Christians,’ he answered, ‘ If you are worthy, you shall know.’ After that, he was dragged about in an inhuman manner, and received many blows ; they who were near struck him with their hands and feet, without any respect to his age ; they who stood further off threw at him whatever came to hand : every one thinking himself guilty of an offence against religion, if he did not offer him some abuse : for thus they thought they should avenge their gods. And when there was scarcely any breath left in him, he was cast into prison, where after two days he expired.

“ And now appeared a wonderful dispensation of Divine providence, and the boundless mercy of Jesus Christ. It

was a rare instance indeed in the brotherhood, but not beyond the power or wisdom of Christ ; for they who, when first apprehended, had denied the faith, were also shut up in prison, and partook of the same sufferings with others ; for their denial was of no benefit to them at that time. They who confessed what they really were, were imprisoned as Christians, no other crime being laid to their charge ; but these were confined as murderers and malefactors, and therefore underwent a double punishment : for the joy of martyrdom, the hope of the promised happiness, and the Spirit of the Father comforted those ; but the conscience of the others was a torment to them, insomuch that, in their passage from the prison to the tribunal, the difference of their countenance was manifest to all. The others appeared cheerful, having in their countenance a mixture of gravity and pleasantness. Their fetters gave them grace and comeliness, like a bride adorned with tresses of gold, wrought with divers colours ; having also a sweet savour of Christ, so that some thought they were anointed with terrestrial ointment. The others appeared dejected and dispirited, and covered all over with deformity. They were also reproached by the Gentiles as unmanly and mean-spirited ; having brought upon themselves the accusation of being murderers, and lost the honourable, glorious, and reviving appellation (of Christians.) When the rest beheld these things, they were established. And if after this any were apprehended, they presently, without any doubt or hesitation, confessed, not admitting the least thought of a diabolical suggestion.

“ Henceforward the martyrdoms were divided into all sorts ; for, having platted one crown of different colours, they offered it to the father : and indeed it was fit that these generous champions, who had sustained various combats, and had gloriously overcome, should receive a glorious and incorruptible crown. Maturus, then, and Sanctus, and Blandina, and Attalus, were brought to the



wild beasts in the amphitheatre, to be a public spectacle to the inhumanity of the Gentiles : a day for combats of wild beasts having been purposely granted upon our account. And Maturus and Sanctus again underwent all sorts of torments in the amphitheatre, as if they had before suffered nothing. Or rather, having already overcome the adversary in many encounters, and being now to contend for the crown itself, they again endured in the way to it the accustomed blows of the place, and the tearings of wild beasts, and whatever else the mad multitude demanded : and after all these things the iron chair, upon which, when their bodies were broiled, they yielded the offensive smell of burnt flesh. Nor were they yet satisfied, but were still more enraged, being earnestly desirous to overcome the patience of the sufferers. However, they could get nothing from Sanctus more than the confession which he had made at first. These two therefore, (Maturus and Sanctus,) having undergone a severe combat, their life having continued a long while, they were at last slain, having been made throughout that day a spectacle to the world, instead of all that variety which is usually exhibited in the combats of gladiators. But Blandina, having been hung upon a stake, was left for a prey to wild beasts, which were let out upon her. And, as she seemed to hang upon a cross, and prayed to God earnestly, she infused great alacrity into the combatants, they seeing with their own eyes, in the person of their sister, Him who was crucified for us, that he might persuade all who believe in him, that all who suffer for his glory, shall have everlasting communion with the living God. None of the wild beasts touching her at that time, she was taken down from the stake, and sent again to prison, being reserved for another combat ; that, having overcome in many encounters, she might render the condemnation of the crooked serpent inexcusable ; and that she might be an encouragement to the brethren, when she, who was of little account, infirm, and despicable,

being clothed with the great and invincible champion, having often overcome the enemy, obtained an incorruptible crown of glory.

“Now Attalus was earnestly called for by the multitude ; for indeed he was an eminent person, and by reason of the clearness of his conscience, came forth as a champion prepared for the combat ; for he was well exercised in the Christian discipline, and was always a witness of the truth among us. He was led round the amphitheatre with a board carried before him, upon which was inscribed in the Roman tongue : This is Attalus, the Christian ; the people all the while expressing great indignation against him. The president, understanding that he was a Roman, commanded him to be taken away, and to be carried to the rest who were in prison ; concerning whom he had sent to Cæsar, and was in expectation of an answer. That interval of time was not idly nor unprofitably spent by them ; but through their patience the boundless mercy of Christ was manifested. By the living, the dead members of the church were revived. The martyrs obtained favour of those who were no martyrs. And there was great joy to the virgin mother, (the church,) when she received those alive which had been cast out as dead. For by the holy martyrs many of those who had denied the faith, had their vital heat rekindled in them, and learned to confess themselves Christians ; and, having recovered life and strength, came before the tribunal, that they might be again interrogated by the president. And God, who desireth not the death of a sinner, being propitious to them, put into them a better disposition.

“The rescript of Cæsar was, That they who confessed Christ should be put to death ; but that if any denied themselves to be Christians they might be set at liberty. The public assembly of this place being now begun, at which there is a vast concourse of people from all parts, the president ordered the blessed martyrs to be brought

before the tribunal, exposing them as a public show to the multitude. Having again interrogated them, as many as were found to be Roman citizens he ordered to be beheaded ; the rest he sent to the wild beasts. But Christ was greatly glorified in those who before had denied the faith : but who now, contrary to the expectation of the Gentiles, confessed themselves to be Christians. They were interrogated apart, as being now to be dismissed, and set at liberty ; but, making confession, they were added to the number of martyrs. However, they remained without, who never had the principle of faith, nor a regard to the wedding-garment, nor the fear of God in them, but who were sons of perdition, and who, by their conversation, had caused the way of truth to be blasphemed ; all the rest were added to the church. When the question was put to them, Alexander, a Phrygian by nation, and by profession a physician, who had lived in Gaul many years, and was known to almost all men for his love of God and boldness in preaching the word, encouraged them ; for he was not destitute of apostolic grace. He, standing near the tribunal, and by nods encouraging them to confess the faith, appeared to those, who stood round the tribunal, as if he endured the pangs of child-birth. But the multitude being greatly incensed that they, who before had denied the faith, should now be admitted to make confession, cried out against Alexander as the occasion of it. Whereupon the president caused him to be set before him, and asked him who he was. He confessing himself to be a Christian, the president in a great rage condemned him to the wild beasts. The day following he came into the amphitheatre, together with Attalus : for the president, to gratify the people, delivered up Attalus again to the wild beasts. These two having undergone all the instruments of torture in the amphitheatre, which were invented to torment them, and having endured a great combat, were run through with a sword. Alexander neither sighed, nor said any

thing, but in his heart conversed with God. Attalus, when he was set in the iron chair, and was scorched all over, and an offensive smell of burnt flesh proceeded from his body, spoke to the multitude in the Roman tongue :—This, says he, is to devour men, which is your practice. As for us, we neither devour men nor commit any other wickedness whatsoever.—Being asked what is the name of God, he answered : God has not a name as men have.

“After all these, on the last day of the shows, Blandina was again brought in, with a young man named Ponticus, about fifteen years of age ; who had also been every day successively brought in to see the sufferings of the others. They now were required to swear by their idols ; but, as they remained firm, and set their gods at nought, the multitude was greatly incensed against them so that they had no compassion on the age of the young man, nor any respect for the sex of the other ; but exposed them to all manner of sufferings, and made them go through the whole circle of tortures, at times calling out to them to swear, without being able to effect it. For Ponticus, animated and established by his sister, as the Gentiles also perceived, after having courageously endured every kind of torment, expired. But the blessed Blandina, the last of all, having, like a good mother, encouraged her children, and sent them before her, victors to the King ; after having again measured over the same course of combats that her sons had passed through ; hastened to them, rejoicing, and exulting at her departure, as if she had been invited to a wedding supper, and not cast to wild beasts. After she had been scourged, after she had been exposed to wild beasts, and after the iron chair, she was inclosed in a net, and thrown to a bull : having been often tossed by the beast (though she was all the while insensible, by reason of hope, and a firm assent to what she believed, and familiarly conversing with Christ,) she also was run through with a sword.

“ The Gentiles themselves acknowledged that there never had been any woman among them who had undergone so many and such great sufferings : nevertheless, their cruel rage against the saints was not yet satiated.— Their abuses began again in a new and peculiar manner against the bodies of the saints. They were not ashamed that they had been vanquished by them. And, as if destitute of human reason and understanding, their rage was further inflamed : and the governor, and the people, like wild beasts, manifested a like degree of hatred against us, that the Scripture might be fulfilled which saith, He that is unjust let him be unjust still ; and he that is righteous let him be righteous still. Those who had been suffocated in prison they cast to the dogs, carefully watching them day and night, lest any of us should inter them. Then they laid out the remainder of the bodies left unconsumed by the fire, partly torn, and partly burnt, and the heads of the rest, with the trunks of their bodies : all these they kept unburied with a guard of soldiers many days. Some were filled with indignation, and gnashed with their teeth at the dead, as if desirous to be further revenged upon them. Some insulted over them and derided them, at the same time extolling their idols, and attributing to them the punishment that had been inflicted on the martyrs. Some, who were more mild, and seemed in some measure to sympathise with us, nevertheless upbraided us, saying, Where is their God ? and of what benefit has their religion been to them, which they have preferred above their lives ? In the mean time we were greatly concerned that we could not bury the bodies in the earth ; for neither did the darkness of the night afford us any assistance, nor would money persuade, nor entreaties prevail ; but they continued to watch the bodies very carefully, as if some great matter were to be gained by their not being buried. The bodies therefore of the martyrs, having undergone all manner of ignominy, and having lain exposed in the air six

days, were burnt : and, having been reduced to ashes by those impious men, were by them thrown into the river Rhone, which runs near, that no remains of them might be any longer visible on the earth. Thus they acted as if they could be too hard for God, and prevent their reviviscence ; or, as themselves said, that they might have no hope of a resurrection ; trusting to which they had brought in among us a strange and new religion, and, despising the heaviest sufferings, were ready to meet death with cheerfulness. ‘ Let us now,’ said they, ‘ see whether they will rise again, and whether their God is able to help them, and to deliver them out of our hands.’ ”

Such were the sufferings that these patient followers of the Son of God endured. By faith they beheld with vivid perception an immortal crown, and welcomed the cross or the stake, the savage beasts or the burning iron chair, if by these they might be hastened to glory and to God. They fought the good fight of faith, they conquered when they fell, and, leaving their mangled bodies, their triumphant spirits ascended to become the associates of angels in the kingdom of heaven. Above sixteen hundred years have rolled away since the day of their sorrows, but those sixteen hundred years are less than the twinkling of an eye compared with the eternity of blessedness on which they entered when they died. O happy they, theirs was the good part, and none shall take it away from them !

## MARTYRDOM OF PERPETUA AND HER COMPANIONS.

THOSE who feel the value of religious blessings, behold with pleasure the triumphs of Christian fortitude over all the malice and enmity of earth and hell. While the eye of sense sees nothing beyond the dark cloud of evils which hangs over the conclusion of a martyr's course, the eye of faith beholds the Christian sufferer, the triumphant inhabitant of that world which is brighter than the noon-day sun, blissful as the presence of God can make it, and lasting as eternity. There they rest from their labours, and there

"The songs of everlasting years,  
That mercy will attend,  
Which led, through sufferings of an hour,  
To joys that never end."

One of the most interesting records of antiquity, respecting sufferers for the cause of Christ, is that which describes the martyrdom of Perpetua and Felicitas, which appears to have taken place at Carthage, about A. D. 202, of which history the substance has been given by a modern writer as follows.

"On this occasion, three young men, whose names were Saturninus, Secundulus, and Revocatus, were apprehended on a charge of being Christians, (probably occasioned by a rumour that they were all of them about to be baptized and added to the church) and along with them two females of the names of Felicitas and Perpetua; the latter a widow of the age of twenty-two, of a good family, and well educated, having a father and mother living, besides two brothers, and an infant at the breast. The father of Perpetua, who alone of all the family continued a heathen, no sooner heard that his

daughter was informed against, than he had recourse to every method of persuasion and even of compulsion, to induce her to desist from her purpose of suffering martyrdom ; so that she rejoiced when he left her ; and in this interval she and the rest were baptized. Some days afterward, they were all thrown into prison, where the treatment she met with very much affected her at first, particularly the darkness of the place, the heat occasioned by the number of prisoners, the rudeness of the soldiers, and especially her anxiety about her child. Two of the deacons of the church, however, Tertius and Pomponius, who ministered to their wants, procured by the influence of money, the removal of all the Christian prisoners into a more airy part of the prison ; where Perpetua had the opportunity of suckling her child, which was ready to die for want thereof. In this situation she comforted her mother, and encouraged her brother, intrusting to him the care of her infant son ; and was, according to her own expression, as happy as if she had been in a palace. At this time she had a remarkable dream, from which she inferred that she should certainly suffer ; but by which she was nevertheless greatly encouraged in her resolution.

A few days after this a report was prevalent, that these Christian prisoners would soon be called before the governor ; on which her father overwhelmed with grief, came to her entreating her to have compassion on his gray hairs, and on her mother, brothers, and child, which he said could not survive her. This he did, kissing her hands, and throwing himself at her feet, evincing stronger affection for her than he had before done. This much increased her concern ; add to which, that he was the only relative she had who would not think themselves, in reality, honoured by her conduct. To all his entreaties, however, she uniformly returned this answer, that she was not at her own disposal, but at that of God.



On the ensuing day, while she and her friends were dining, they were summoned to an audience in the public forum, where a prodigious crowd was assembled. Here all her fellow prisoners confessed that they were Christians ; but before Perpetua had an opportunity of doing it in the customary form, her father presented himself, holding her child in his arms, and supplicating her to have compassion upon him. In these entreaties he was joined by Hilarianus, the procurator, who besought her to think of her aged father and her own child, and to sacrifice for the safety of the emperor. She only answered, that she was a Christian, and could not do it.

After this the father was commanded to desist ; but showing a reluctance to retire, one of the lictors struck him with a rod, which affected her, she said as much as if she had herself been struck. However, having all made their confession, they were sentenced to be thrown to the wild beasts ; notwithstanding which they returned to the prison filled with joy. Perpetua now sent Pomponius the deacon, to request that her child might be sent to her, that as heretofore she might have the privilege of suckling it ; but that indulgence was denied her. She bore the disappointment, however, with fortitude, even greater than she herself could have expected.

After a few days, Pudeus, the jailor, being favourably inclined towards them, gave permission to their friends to visit them, and when the time of exhibition drew near, the father of Perpetua also renewed his visit. He now threw himself upon the ground, tore his beard, leaving nothing either to be said or done, which he thought could tend to move her ; but without any other effect than to excite her pity towards him."

The author of the narrative next proceeds to give an account of some of the other prisoners ; and the case of Felicitas is almost as interesting as that of Perpetua. Being eight months advanced in pregnancy, she was fearful lest her execution should be put off till another time:

and that then she should die in the company of ordinary malefactors. Her companions also were affected at the reflection of going without her. Three days before the exhibition, however, she was delivered; and being in great pain, those who were about her, asked how she would be able to endure the being exposed to wild beasts, when she was so much affected with the pains of childbirth. She replied, that in this case she was left to herself, but that in her other sufferings she should have another to support her, even Him for whom she suffered. Being delivered of a daughter, a sister of hers undertook to bring it up. Secundulus died in prison; but they had been joined by another of their friends called Saturus, who, after they were apprehended, had voluntarily surrendered himself.

The day preceding the execution, they all joined in a love-feast with their Christian friends who had permission to visit them, in the presence of many strangers whom curiosity had brought to the place. To those the prisoners expressed great joy in the idea of their approaching sufferings, and endeavoured to engage their attention to the great cause for which they were about to suffer. Saturus bade them observe their countenances, that they might know them all again the next day. From this extraordinary spectacle, the strangers retired with marks of astonishment, and many of them afterward became converts.

When the day of exhibition arrived, they all went from the prison with erect and cheerful countenances, trembling, says our author, with joy rather than with fear. In particular, Perpetua walked in such a manner as struck the spectators with particular respect: and Felicitas rejoiced that, being delivered of her child, she should accompany her friends to this glorious combat. On reaching the gate of the amphitheatre, the officers, according to custom, began to clothe the men in the dresses of the priests of Saturn, and the women in those of the priest-

esses of Ceres. But when they remonstrated against the injustice of being compelled by force to do that, for refusing which they were willing to lay down their lives, the tribune granted them the privilege of dying in their own habits.

They then entered the amphitheatre ; when Perpetua advanced singing hymns, and her three male companions solemnly exhorting the people as they went along. Coming in view of the proprætor, they said, " You judge us, but God will judge you." This so enraged the populace that, at their request, all the three were scourged ; but in this they rejoiced, as having the honour to share in one part of the sufferings of their Saviour.

When the wild beasts were let loose, Saturninus, according to the wish which he had previously expressed, died by the attack of several of them rushing upon him at the same time ; and Revocatus was killed by a leopard and a bear. Saturus was first exposed to a wild bull ; but while the attending officer was gored by the animal, so that he died on the following day, he himself was only dragged about, and not materially hurt. A bear too, to which he was next exposed, would not go out of its den to meddle with him. He was, however, thrown in the way of a leopard, towards the end of the exhibition, and so much blood gushed out at one of its bites, that the spectators ridiculed him, as being *baptized with blood*. Not being quite killed, he, when the animal was withdrawn, addressed Pudeus, the jailor, exhorting him to steadfastness in the faith, and not to be disheartened by his sufferings. He even took a ring from his finger, and dipping it in one of his wounds, gave it to him as a pledge.

Perpetua and Felicitas were first enclosed with a net, and then exposed to a wild cow. But this sight struck the spectators with horror, as the former was a delicate woman, and the breasts of the latter were streaming with milk after her delivery. They were therefore recalled, and exposed in a common loose dress. Perpetua was

first tossed by the beast ; and being thrown down, she had the presence of mind to compose her dress as she lay on the ground. Then rising, and seeing Felicitas much more torn than herself, she gave her her hand, and assisted her to rise ; and for some time they both stood together, near the gate of the amphitheatre. Thither Perpetua sent for her brother, and exhorted him to continue firm in the faith, to love his fellow Christians, and not to be discouraged by her sufferings.

Being all in a mangled condition, they were now taken to the usual place of execution, to be despatched with a sword ; but the populace requesting that they should be removed to another place, where the execution might be seen to more advantage, they got up of their own accord to go thither. Then, having given each other the kiss of charity, they quietly resigned themselves to their fate. In walking, Saturus had supported Perpetua, and he expired the first. She was observed to direct a young and ignorant soldier, who was appointed to be her executioner, in what manner he should perform his office."

Who can behold a young and tender woman passing unmoved through these sufferings without exclaiming, 'The heroes whose bravery the world extols, are cowards compared with this patient conqueror. Yes, Perpetua is a conqueror, doubtless a conqueror in the realms of light, and could she and her fellow sufferers descend from those bright regions to converse with man, they would represent all their tortures as not worthy of a thought compared with the glory which they now possess. O how great is the value of that religion which was their support ; how great the worth of those blessings which form their eternal reward. O let the young readers of this volume implore grace to imitate Perpetua, and to make her God and Saviour theirs.

## JOHN LAMBERT.

THE two preceding histories present a specimen of what the early disciples of the Son of God endured from their heathen persecutors. In these ways, and by a multitude of other torments as dreadful as these, did immensè multitudes suffer martyrdom during those ten persecutions, some of which continued for years to devastate the church of Christ. At length paganism fell, but ere long rose again under another name, and popery, justly described by the late Mr. Cecil, as Satan's masterpiece, began to persecute the church of God. Papal Rome is represented in the Revelations as drunken with the blood of the saints and of the martyrs of Jesus. The cruelties exercised by the most bloody heathen persecutors were fully equalled, if not outdone, by those of popish ones. Those of Bonner, in our own native land, are well known ; but though his cruelties appeared infernal, even he did not exceed his brethren in guilt. In sober truth, it may be affirmed, that popery has produced millions of Bonners, and were it again to triumph, would no doubt produce millions more. The cant of false liberality in the present day, would represent this monster, drunk with the blood of martyrs, as harmless ; but its harmlessness is like that of a sleeping volcano. The Rev. T. Scott observes, " No computation can reach the numbers who have been put to death in various ways on account of their maintaining the profession of the Gospel, and opposing the corruptions of the church of Rome. A million of the poor Waldenses perished in France ; nine hundred thousand orthodox Christians were slain in less than thirty years after the institution of the Jesuits ; the duke of Alva boasted of having put thirty-six thousand to death in the Netherlands, by the hands of the common executioner during the space of a few years. The Inquisition destroyed

by various tortures one hundred and fifty thousand Christians within thirty years. These are a few specimens and but a few of those which history hath recorded ; but the total amount will never be known till " the earth shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain." Scott on Rev. xiii. 7. To these dreadful statements may be added the massacre of the Protestants in France, when one hundred thousand are said to have been murdered in a few days. The news of which gave such pleasure to the pope of Rome that a jubilee was granted, the people were commanded to go to church and bless God for the success of the action, and it was decreed that the pope and his cardinals should march in procession to church, and give God thanks for so great a blessing. Afterward followed the massacre in the reign of Charles I. of the Protestants in Ireland, when as many as two hundred thousand, are by one computation stated to have been inhumanly murdered in a great variety of shocking ways.

Of these innumerable victims to popish cruelty, the history of two will be presented to the reader, in which we shall see the value of religion and the supports of the Gospel illustriously displayed.

John Lambert was born in Norfolk, he studied at the University of Cambridge, and became preacher to the English merchants at Antwerp, but being ensnared by popish cunning, was conveyed to London about 1532, and was examined before archbishop Warham, and confined in prison, from whence he was released soon after the death of the archbishop. In 1538 a circumstance occurred which made his Scriptural opinion of the nature of the Lord's Supper a subject of public notoriety.

Stephen Gardiner, a man of infamous memory, was at that time bishop of Winchester. Anxious to hinder the progress of the Gospel, he took occasion to instill into the mind of the king, Henry VIII. that he had now an opportunity for clearing himself from the aspersions

which his opposition to the Romish hierarchy had brought upon him, if he would proceed vigorously against John Lambert for heresy. The king hearkened to this advice, and sent out a general commission, commanding his nobles and bishops to assemble in London to assist him against heretics, and heresies, upon which he himself would sit in judgment. When all things were prepared, a day was appointed for Lambert's appearance, many of the nobility were there, and all the scaffolds were filled with spectators. At length the faithful servant of Christ was brought from prison with a guard of armed men, and was placed opposite the king's seat, who came as the judge of that controversy : on his right hand sat the bishops, behind the lawyers ; and on the left hand the peers of the realm. Henry turning to his counsellors, commanded the bishop of Exeter to declare to the people the cause of their assembling. He informed the multitude, that though the king had abolished the authority of the bishop of Rome, yet that he would not have any suppose he intended to extinguish religion, or to give liberty to heretics to disturb the church's peace ; and that his purpose was to refute the heresies of the prisoner then before them and other similar heretics, and openly to condemn them in the presence of them all.

The bishop having ended his oration, the king stood up, and with bent brows looking upon Lambert, demanded of him what was his name ? Kneeling down, he meekly said, " My name is John Nicholson, though ordinarily I am called Lambert." After various questions and answers, Henry ordered him to declare his opinion about the sacrament of the altar : he then gave God thanks, who had inclined the heart of the king himself to hear, and understand the cause of religion : but the king with an angry voice interrupted him, saying, " I came not hither to hear mine own praises, therefore briefly go to the matter, without any more circumstances." Alarmed by these angry words, he paused awhile, consi-

dering whither he might turn in this extremity : the king still more incensed, said, " Why standest thou still ? Answer what thy judgment is about the sacrament of the altar ?" Lambert first quoted Augustine's opinion, and then plainly denied it to be the body of Christ : the king commanded archbishop Cranmer, who at that time did not favour the Scripture doctrine respecting the Lord's Supper, to confute his assertion : the archbishop made a short preface, and then argued the point modestly. The prisoner answered him in so acute and learned a manner that the king seemed greatly moved, the archbishop entangled, and the people amazed : but Stephen Gardiner filled with malice, without Henry's command, interposed, and urged his argument, which Lambert easily refuted, though he was interrupted and insulted for doing so. Tonsal, bishop of Durham, and Tokesly, bishop of Lincoln, took up the subject ; to both of whom, Lambert gave such answers that the king and bishops were exceedingly enraged, and he was forced to silence. After this other bishops, ten in all, pressed him with their arguments : but he, afflicted with taunts, tired with standing, having continued five hours together, and seeing no hope that truth would prevail, resolved to be silent. When they began to light up torches, the king said to him, " What sayest thou after all this pains taken with thee ? Wilt thou live or die ? What sayest thou ? Thou hast yet free choice." He answered, " I submit myself wholly to the will of your majesty ;" the king replied, " Commit thyself into the hands of God, not of me." To which the martyr answered, " I commend my soul into the hands of God, but my body I wholly submit to your clemency ;" then said the king, " If you commit yourself to my judgment, you must die, for I will be no patron to heretics ;" and turning to Lord Cromwell, he bade him read the sentence of condemnation. Cromwell was at this time the great patron of the professors of the truth, but was thus employed through the malice and subtilty of Winchester.



Upon the day appointed for this holy martyr to suffer, he was brought out of prison by eight o'clock in the morning, to Lord Cromwell's house, and carried to a private chamber, where Cromwell desired forgiveness of him, for what he had done. When the hour of death came, he found much joy and comfort in his soul. Coming out of the chamber into the hall, he saluted the gentlemen, and sat down to breakfast with them, after which he was soon conveyed to Smithfield, the place of execution, where he was very cruelly treated. When his legs were burned to the stumps, the wretched tormentors withdrew the fire from him, leaving but a small fire, and coals under him : after this two of them thrust their halberts into his sides, with which they lifted him up as far as the chain would permit. At this time of extreme misery the holy sufferer lifting up his hands, while his fingers' ends were flaming with fire, said, "*None but Christ None but Christ.*" Being let down, he fell into the fire, where he ended his sorrows, and his spirit fled to the joy of his Lord.



## ANN ASKEW.

SIR WILLIAM ASKEW, of Kelsay, in Lincolnshire, was blessed with several daughters. His second, named Ann, had received a genteel education, which, with an agreeable person and good understanding, rendered her a very proper person to be at the head of a family. Her father, regardless of his daughter's inclination and happiness, obliged her to marry a gentleman who had nothing to recommend him but his fortune, and who was a most bigoted papist. No sooner was he convinced of his wife's regard for the doctrines of the reformation from popery, than, by the instigation of the priests, he violently drove her from his house, though she had borne him two chil-

dren, and her conduct was unexceptionable. Abandoned by her husband, she came up to London in order to procure a divorce, and to make herself known to that part of the court who either professed or were favourers of Protestantism ; but as Henry VIII, with consent of parliament, had just enacted the law of the Six Articles, commonly called the Bloody Statute, she was cruelly betrayed by her own husband, and upon his information taken into custody, and examined concerning her faith. The act above-mentioned denounced death against all those who should deny the doctrine of transubstantiation, or that the bread and wine made use of in the sacrament were not converted, after consecration, into the *real* body and blood of Christ : or maintained the necessity of receiving the sacrament in both kinds ; or affirmed that it was lawful for priests to marry ; that the vows of celibacy might be broken ; that private masses were of no avail ; and that auricular confession to a priest was not necessary to salvation.

When apprehended for her religion she was examined before one Christopher Dare, an inquisitor, who asked her if she did not believe the sacrament of the altar to be the real body of Christ ? This question she refused to answer. He then accused her of reading that God dwelt not in temples made with hands, and of having said that she would rather read five lines in her Bible than hear a mass. She replied that the reason was because the one greatly edified her, and the other did not, and in answer to the former accusation, she referred to the 17th chapter of the Acts. After this she was examined by the lord mayor of London and the bishop's chancellor, and was then committed a close prisoner to the compter, where she was left to ruminate on her alarming situation. After undergoing an examination before Bonner, through the importunity of her friends, she was at length liberated upon bail.

Some time after she was again apprehended, and carried before the king's council. The lord chancellor asked her opinion about the sacrament : she answered, that she believed that so often as she received the bread in remembrance of Christ's death, she received the fruits of his most glorious passion. The bishop of Winchester ordered her to give a more direct reply. She answered, she would not sing the Lord's song in a strange land. The bishop told her she was a parrot ; after much other debate she was imprisoned till the next day, when they again inquired what she said to the sacrament : she answered, that she had said what she could say. Gardiner with some others, earnestly persuaded her to confess the sacrament to be the flesh, blood, and bone of Christ ; she told two of them, that it was a great shame for them to counsel her contrary to their own knowledge : after much other arguing, they dismissed her. The Sabbath following she was very ill, and seeming likely to die, she desired to speak with Mr. Latimer, but instead of granting this small request, ill as she was, they sent her to Newgate.

She was afterward brought to trial in Guild-hall. where she was required to recant, or be condemned as a heretic ; she answered that she was no heretic ; they asked her if she would deny the sacrament to be Christ's body and blood ? She said, " Yea, for Christ that was born of the blessed Virgin is now in heaven, and will come from thence at the latter day." " That," said she, " which you call your god, is but a piece of bread, and after a time will grow mouldy, and turn to nothing that's good : therefore it cannot be God." They wished her to confess to a priest : she said she would confess her faults to God, for she was sure that he would hear her with favour. She was then condemned.

Soon after this she was conveyed from Newgate, and again brought before Bonner, who endeavoured in vain

to draw her from God. One Nicholas Shaxton, an apostate, advised her to recant. She told him it had been good for him if he had never been born. She was then sent to the tower. It was strongly suspected that Mrs. Askew was favoured by some ladies of high rank, and that she carried on a religious correspondence with the queen ; so that the chancellor Wriothesley, hoping that he might discover something that would afford matter of impeachment against that princess, the earl of Hertford, or his countess, who all favoured the reformation, ordered her to be put to the rack. The rack was placed in a dismal dungeon, down into which she was led and stretched on the infernal instrument of torture. But her fortitude in suffering, and her resolution not to betray her friends, were proof against that diabolical invention. Not a groan, not a word could be extorted from her. After she had endured these horrid torments, the lieutenant of the tower was about to take her out, but the chancellor bade him rack her again, which he refused to do on account of her weakness. The chancellor threatened to complain of him to the king, and he and Mr. Rich, throwing off their gowns, with their own hands, augmented her tortures with dreadful violence. She, quietly and patiently praying to God, endured their infernal cruelty till her joints and bones were pulled out of place. When taken from the rack she fainted away, but being recovered, passed above two hours on the bare floor, reasoning with the chancellor, who wished her to renounce her faith. She said, " My Lord God, I thank his everlasting goodness, gave me grace to persevere, and I hope will do so to the end." She was returned to Newgate, and condemned to the flames. While there she wrote a confession of her faith, which she concluded with the following prayer : " O Lord, I have more enemies now than there are hairs of my head ; yet, Lord, let them never overcome me with vain words ; but fight, Lord, thou, in my stead, for on thee cast I my care. With

all the spite they can imagine, they fall upon me which am thy poor creature : yet, dear Lord, let me not set by them which are against me, for in thee is my whole delight. And Lord, I heartily desire of thee, that thou wilt of thy merciful goodness, forgive them that violence which they do and have done unto me. Open thou also their blind hearts, that they may hereafter do that thing in thy sight which is acceptable before thee, and to set forth thy truth aright, without the vain fancies of sinful men : so be it, O Lord, so be it."

The day for her execution having arrived, she was carried in a chair to Smithfield, her bones being so dislocated that she was unable to walk. She was there fastened round the middle with a chain to the stake. While at it, letters were brought her from the lord chancellor, offering her the king's pardon if she would recant ; but she refused to look at them, telling the messenger, " that she came not thither to deny her Lord and Master." The same letters were also tendered to three other persons condemned to the same fate, and who, animated by her example, refused to accept them : whereupon the lord mayor commanded the fire to be kindled, and with savage ignorance cried out, *Fiat Justitia*—Let justice take its course. The fagots being lighted, she commended her soul, with the utmost composure, into the hands of her Maker, and like the great Founder of the religion she professed, expired, praying for her murderers, July 16, 1546, about the twenty-fifth year of her age.

" I do not know," observes a good writer, " if all circumstances be considered, whether the history of this or any other nation can furnish a more illustrious example than this now related. To her father's will she sacrificed her own inclinations ; to a husband unworthy of her affections, she behaved with prudence, respect, and obedience. The secrets of her friends she preserved inviolable even amidst the tortures of the rack. Her

constancy in suffering, considering her age and sex, was equal, at least, if not superior, to any thing on record; and her piety was genuine and unaffected, of which she gave the most exalted proof, in dying a martyr for the cause of her religion and liberty of conscience."



## ZIEGENBALG.

It is probable that the Gospel of the Son of God was conveyed to India, within a century after his ascension into heaven. But though the seed was sown thus early, the harvest has been comparatively small. The greater part of the inhabitants of that country, even to the present day, remaining under the power of the prince of darkness. After the lapse of seventeen centuries from the Redeemer's birth, during which idolatry had reigned in India with little opposition, Ziegenbalg, with one fellow-labourer, left Europe with the design of conveying to the wretched millions of that country, the tidings of salvation. They landed at Tranquebar in July, 1706. They soon commenced their important labours, and though they toiled in the midst of discouragement and opposition, yet they succeeded in their benevolent design. After several years of active labour, the time drew near when Ziegenbalg should enter his eternal rest. About six months before his death, he was seized with excruciating pains, and with a troublesome cough, but notwithstanding these distressing complaints, he did not desist from the duties of his office. For a short time before his death he seemed something better, and on the day of his death he rose early and united with his wife in prayer. Perceiving that his last hour was at hand, he called his Hindóo congregation and partook of the Lord's supper amidst ardent prayers and many tears, and afterward addressing them in a solemn manner, took an affectionate

leave of them. Being reminded by his colleague, Grundler, of the faith of the apostle of the Gentiles in the prospect of death, who desired to be with Christ as being far better, he said, "That also is my desire. Washed from my sins in his blood, and clothed with his righteousness, I shall enter into his heavenly kingdom. I pray that the things which I have spoken may be fruitful. Throughout the whole warfare, I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a *crown* of righteousness;" which words having spoken, he desired that the Hindoo children about his bed, and the multitude filling the verandahs, and about the house, might sing the hymn beginning "Jesus my Saviour, Lord." Soon afterward he yielded up his spirit, amidst the rejoicings and lamentations of a great multitude; some rejoicing at his triumphant death, and early entrance into glory, and others lamenting the early loss of their faithful apostle, who had first brought the light of the Gospel to their dark region of the eastern world. He died February 23, 1719, in the 36th year of his age.



## JOHN ELLIOT.

Among those who have shone in the church of Christ, with almost apostolic lustre, John Elliot, the apostle of the American Indians, appears conspicuous. He lived beloved; he died lamented; and doubtless now lives a far nobler life, beloved by multitudes, to whom Divine Providence made him the instrument of conveying the glad tidings of pardon, peace, and heaven.

He was born in England about the year 1604. In early life he sought his God, and having found the way of peace, devoted himself to the ministry of the Gospel. Being driven from England by that enmity to real piety,

and that persecuting spirit, which have stamped indelible disgrace on the reign of Charles the first, he emigrated in 1631, to what were then the dreary wildernesses of America ; with Moses, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. In America, for almost sixty years, he pursued his journey towards heaven. After the long pilgrimage of 86 years on earth, in 1690, he left that land, which had become a refuge for the Saviour's suffering church below, to go and join the happy and triumphant church, in that better, far better country, which he will never, never leave.

The piety of this eminent man was the piety of youth ; and the happy effects of his early acquaintance with religion, appeared in his becoming a burning and a shining light, as a Christian, a minister, and a missionary. Prayer was his delight ; in this respect he led a life of intimate communion with God. The writer of his life observed, " Could the walls of his old study speak, they would ravish us with a relation of the many hundreds and thousands of fervent prayers which he there poured out before the Lord." It was not merely his daily practice to pray to his Father in secret, but he frequently devoted whole days to the exercises of devotion. He thought that when we have any great things to accomplish, the best policy is to work by an engine of which the world sees nothing. If he heard any news of importance, his usual remark was, " Brethren, let us turn all this into prayer." If he visited the house of a friend, he would often say, " Come let us not have a visit without a prayer, let us pray down the blessing of heaven on your family before we go." When associating with his brethren in the ministry, he would remind them that the Saviour takes much notice of what is done and said by his ministers, and would invite them to pray before they parted.

He was not less eminent for a heavenly frame of mind, which he manifested amidst the common occurrences of



life. On one occasion, when walking in his garden, he plucked up some of the weeds which grew there, a friend said to him, "Sir, you tell us we must be heavenly-minded;" he immediately replied, "It is true, and *this* is no impediment to *that*; for were I sure to go to heaven to-morrow, I would do what I do to-day." On another occasion, visiting a merchant, and seeing, in his counting-house, books of business only on the table, but all the books of devotion on the shelf; he said to him, "Sir, here's earth on the table and heaven on the shelf; pray do not sit so much at the table as altogether to forget the shelf; let not earth by any means thrust heaven out of your mind." At another time in the hearing of a friend who wrote while he spoke, he made the following striking paraphrase on those words, "Our conversation is in heaven." Perhaps some of the expressions may not please the taste of a modern reader; but if the passage be allowed to give a description of what was PURITAN piety, it must be acknowledged that it describes piety of no ordinary degree.

"Behold," said he, "the ancient and excellent character of a true Christian; 'tis that which Peter calls holiness in all manner of conversation; you shall not find a Christian out of the way of godly conversation. For, first, a seventh part of our time is all spent in heaven, when we are duly zealous for, and zealous on the Sabbath of God. Besides, God has written on the head of the Sabbath, Remember; which looks both forwards and backwards: and thus a good part of the week will be spent in sabbatising. Well, but for the rest of our time! Why, we shall have that spent in heaven, ere we have done. For, secondly, we have many days for both fasting and thanksgiving, in our pilgrimage; and here are so many Sabbaths more. Moreover, thirdly, we have our lectures every week; and pious people will not miss them, if they can help it. Furthermore, fourthly, we have our private meetings, wherein we may pray, and

sing, and repeat sermons, and confer together about the things of God ; and being now come thus far, we are in heaven almost every day. But a little further, fifthly, we perform family duties every day ;—we have our morning and evening sacrifices, wherein having read the Scriptures to our families, we call upon the name of God, and every now and then carefully catechise those that are under our charge. Sixthly, we shall also have our daily devotions in our closets ; wherein, unto supplication before the Lord, we shall add some serious meditation upon his word ; a David will be at this work no less than thrice a day. Seventhly, we have likewise many scores of ejaculations in a day ; and these we have, like Nehemiah, in whatever place we come into. Eighthly, we have our occasional thoughts, and our occasional talk, upon spiritual matters ; and we have our occasional acts of charity, wherein we do like the inhabitants of heaven every day. Ninthly, in our callings, in our civil callings, we keep up heavenly frames, we buy and sell, and toil ; yea, we eat and drink, with some eye both to the honour and command of God in all. Behold, I have not now left an inch of time to be carnal : it is all engrossed for heaven. And yet, lest here should not be enough, lastly, we have our spiritual warfare. We are always encountering the enemies of our souls, which continually raises our hearts unto our helper and leader in the heavens. Let no man say, 'tis impossible to live at this rate : for we have known some live thus ; and others that have written of such a life, have but spun a web out of their own blessed experience. New England has example of this life : though alas, 'tis to be lamented, that the distractions of the world, in too many professors, becloud the beauty of a heavenly conversation. In fine, our employment lies in heaven. In the morning, if we ask, where am I to be to-day ? Our souls must answer, in heaven. In the evening, if we ask, where have I been to-day ? Our souls may answer, in heaven. If thou

art a believer, thou art no stranger to heaven while thou livest ; and when thou diest, heaven will be no strange place to thee ; no, thou hast been there a thousand times before."

Where the Sabbath is loved and improved, religion flourishes ; where that sacred day is undervalued, religion, if it appear at all, will be found languishing and dying. Elliot loved that day ; it was his endeavour that his words and thoughts should be suited to it. He improved its holy hours himself ; and assisted others in doing so. Before he left England he had promised some of his pious Christian friends, that he would devote himself to them and their service, if they should emigrate to America, before he undertook the pastoral care of any other congregation. A number of them soon afterward did so ; and settled at Roxbury, where a church was formed, of which he became the pastor ; and to which he faithfully ministered for nearly three-score years. While he laboured for the eternal good of the more mature part of his flock, he was anxious for the welfare of their children. He took almost incredible pains in catechising them ; and the success of his exertions was proportioned to his indefatigable industry. At the ordination of a minister he once said, " Brother, art thou a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ ? Then, I pray, feed his lambs."

The present age is esteemed distinguished, by the intelligent and zealous spirit manifested for the diffusion of religion ; it may justly be thought such, as far as exertion is concerned, but in no other view. Elliot in the west, and, not long after him, Ziegenbalg in the east, pursued the very same plans for promoting Christianity, that are pursued now. They preached to the heathen ; brought the printing press into action ; established schools, and translated the Scriptures. Had their zealous labours in the propagation of the Gospel, been followed by subsequent correspondent exertions, none can tell what would probably, ere this time, have been the blessed result.

The former of these eminent men was even more distinguished as a missionary, than as a minister. Being anxiously concerned for the immortal welfare of those miserable savages, (the Indians in his neighbourhood) in 1646 he began preaching the Gospel to them. Many were the discouragements he encountered; the hardships he endured; the dangers to which he was exposed. Yet he pursued his work till the wilderness rejoiced, and the desert was glad. Alluding to a journey among the Indians, in one of his letters, he said, "I have not been dry night nor day, from the third day of the week until the sixth, but so travelled. At night I pull off my boots, wring my stockings, and on with them again, and so continue. But God steps in and helps. I have considered the word of God, 2 Tim. ii. 3, Endure hardship as a good soldier of Christ." He translated the Bible, and various other books, into the Indian language; among which was Baxter's Call to the Unconverted. A young Indian prince when he lay dying, continued with floods of tears to read that book while he had strength to do so. Some of the Indian chiefs became the open enemies of the Gospel: and Mr. Elliot, when in the wilderness, without the company of any other Englishman, was, at various times, treated in a threatening and barbarous manner by some of those men; yet his strong Protector inspired him with such resolution that he would say, "I am about the work of the great God; and my God is with me; so that I fear neither you, nor all the Sachems (or chiefs) in the country. I will go on, and do you touch me if you dare." They heard him and shrunk away.

The happy conversion of many of the Indians, was the reward which God gave to such patient and persevering exertions. They learned to pray; they renounced their vices; the profligate became pious; the savage was civilized; the Ethiopian changed his skin; and the leopard his spots. The self-conceited philoso-

pher of the present day, or in other words, the masked or open infidel, scoffs at such labours as enthusiasm ; but let him know that the truths he scorns, civilized his own ancestors and millions of other savages ; the philosophy he glories in, never civilized one. The wise man derides the Gospel and its fruits, and devils well pleased behold their dupe swelling to the stars in the pride of fancied wisdom ; but upon the change which he derides, angels gaze with joy, and see in the converted savage, a new companion for themselves, in those regions of eternal day, to which the doctrines of the cross have conducted many, but vain philosophy none.

The word of God, in a passage which, though it had a more immediate reference to one class of persons, may justly be applied to all professors of the Gospel, says, " Let them learn first to show piety at home." The faithful apostle of the Indians showed it there. In 1632 he married a young English lady, who had emigrated from England ; and with her, for more than fifty years, he walked with God. She was eminent for piety and usefulness ; and was a rich blessing to her family, and neighbourhood. When she died, her aged husband, who seldom shed a tear, weeping over her coffin, before a vast concourse of people, exclaimed, "*Here lies my dear, faithful, pious, prudent, prayerful wife ; I shall go to her, and she not return to me*!"\* She and her beloved

\* Perhaps the younger readers of this volume, may be pleased with the following lines, which were written on passing through a village, in whose church yard several of the writer's friends lay interred. They contain the sentiment here expressed, though there was no designed reference to the words of Elliot, or those of *David*.

" Return, beloved friends, to earth return ;  
Cheer with your love once more life's weary day ;  
Come back to those, who your departure mourn,  
O come to us ! and chase our griefs away."

" We cannot come," a heavenly voice replies,  
" Nor *would* we come to your abodes of wo !  
'Tis you must seek us in the blissful skies,  
Not we return to you, and grief below."

partner became the parents of six children. In their family the worship of God was constantly maintained. The Scriptures were read ; and the younger part of the family were frequently invited to make some observations of their own, on what had been read. Thus was their attention engaged, and their understandings improved. Their father made his house a school of piety. Several of the sons became ministers of the Gospel ; and all the six gave such decided proof of their real piety, that after the death of some of them, their aged father would sometimes say, " I have had six children, and bless God for his free grace ; they are all either with Christ or in Christ, and my mind is now at rest concerning them." After losing some of them, being asked how he could bear the death of such excellent children, he replied, " My desire was that they should have served God on earth ; but if God will have them serve him in heaven I have nothing to object against it : his will be done."

His charity was eminent. He felt for those who suffered : and in various ways laboured for their relief. Though possessed of but a small estate, he gave many hundreds of pounds away to the poor. Where his neighbours afflicted, he was ready to visit them ; and cheer them with fraternal sympathy. He prevailed on others to keep many days of prayer and fasting with himself, for those whose distresses touched his compassionate heart. He had few enemies ; and in one instance where a person, who had been one of his hearers, became such, he conquered him with kindness. If he heard ministers complain of any individuals in their respective flocks, the purport of his answer still was, " Brother, compass them."—" Brother, learn the meaning of these three little words, Bear, Forbear, Forgive." On an occasion when a bundle of papers, referring to some disputes, was laid before an assembly of ministers, he threw the whole into the fire, and said, " Brethren, wonder not at what I

have done ; I did it on my knees this morning, before I came among you."

Thus he spent a long life, employed in promoting the glory of God, and the temporal and eternal welfare of man. He walked in the light of God's countenance, all the day long ; and it was believed, for many years, enjoyed an assurance of the Divine love. He had no fear of dying. When suffering from a fever and an ague a visiter said to him, " Sir, fear not." He replied to this effect. " Fear ! no, no, I am not afraid. I thank God I am not afraid to die." Age, at length, weakened his powers for usefulness. When asked how he did, he would sometimes answer ; " Alas, I have lost every thing ; my understanding leaves me ; my memory fails me ; my utterance fails me ; but I thank God my charity holds out still ; I find that rather grow than fail." When he conceived himself incapacitated by old age, from promoting the welfare of his own congregation, he turned his attention to some negroes in the neighbourhood, to whom he thought he might still be useful : and when no longer able to go from his house to instruct them, he became the teacher of a poor blind boy.

For many months before he died, he would often cheerfully tell those around him, that he was shortly going to heaven ; and that he would carry a deal of good news thither with him ; referring to the then prosperous state of the New England churches. His frequent theme was the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. Of this he talked ; for this he prayed ; for this he longed ; and, whatever might be the subject of discourse, this was sure to be introduced. At length his Lord came to fetch him home. When dying, he said to a friend, " Brother, thou art welcome to my very soul. Pray retire to thy study for me, and give me leave to be gone ;" meaning that he should not by prayer strive to prolong his life. Referring to the progress of the Gospel among the Indians, he said, " The Lord revive and prosper that work,

and grant it may live when I am dead. It is a work which I have been doing long : but what was that word I spoke last ? I recall that word ; my doings, alas ! they have been poor and small ; and I will be the man, that shall throw the first stone at them all.” One of his last expressions was, *WELCOME JOY !* and he expired, saying *Pray, pray, pray.*

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace. Compare with this benevolent and holy life, and this peaceful death, the life and death of a Hobbes, or a Hume, a Rousseau, or a Voltaire, or a Paine, and surely the unprejudiced mind will see so vast a contrast, that one may almost seem the life of an angel, the other that of a devil. Which will the reader imitate ?



## THOMAS TREGOSS.

THIS faithful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, was one of the ministers who were ejected from the Church of England, on Bartholomew-day, 1662. Cornwall and Devonshire were the principal scenes of his labours and sufferings. He was repeatedly imprisoned for preaching the Gospel of his Lord. At length he resolved to preach to the number allowed by the persecuting laws of the age. He now preached five times every Lord's day, besides engaging in a variety of other public exercises at other times. Such exertions his constitution could not endure. He was soon worn out and hurried into the eternal world. When his dissolution drew near, he took a solemn farewell of his friends. After he had spoken some time, his physician interrupted him, lest he should exhaust himself too much ; he then said :—

“Give me leave to speak, for I am upon the borders of eternity ; and I think you all look upon me as a dying man. You may therefore suffer me to speak, as much as I can. I am going to my great, to my dear Father ; to



my best friend ; to him in whom I have believed. His face I hope to see ; in his bosom I hope to lie down this day. O what unspeakable glory is it to see the glory of my everlasting God !”

“ My friends, I must tell you, that through many tribulations, you must enter into the kingdom of God. Some of you have told me your thoughts concerning me, that I have walked in all good conscience towards God and man. O friends ! whatsoever things you have seen in me that were honest, whatsoever things were just, whatsoever things were of good report, pursue those things. Rely not upon the world ; for the world will leave you cold and helpless. I must go to see the Lord ; and this body of mine must be laid in the dust, and never rise more until the resurrection day. O friends ! if there be any hope, if there be any love, if there be any consolation in you, think of these things. You know I have. Flesh and blood will say, it is hard to part with dear friends, with a dear wife, with dear children, but as the Lord hath given them to me, so I now leave them with the Lord.”

“ I call you to witness, that I leave this dear wife of mine with the Lord : and these dear children of mine with the Lord ; to be protected by him, to be maintained by him, to be kept blameless to the day of his appearance. Though men may prove unkind to them, as I suppose they will, yet the Lord I know will not.”

“ And now, O friends ! I tell you I shall come again with my Lord in most excellent glory ; and you then must come before him ; but I fear that then some of you will be in a very poor and miserable condition. Well, I commend you to the love and grace of God, the eternal Father, in Jesus Christ. I pray you get your hearts full of the love of God, and of the grace of God, and of the Holy Ghost. Think on these things, that I have delivered unto you in the name of the Lord. I must go and deliver up my accounts to God. O that I may deliver them up freely ! that I may be able to say, I have run my race ; I have finished my course ; I have

fought the good fight; I have kept the faith! What remains but that I receive the crown, which the Lord the righteous Judge, hath prepared for me. And now I commit myself to the Lord; and my wife and children to the Lord. I commit my spirit to thee, O Father of spirits! I commit my soul to thee, O dearest Lord! Keep these that do believe in thee."

Soon after he had finished speaking he expired, January 18, 1670.



## JOSEPH ALLEINE.

THE Scriptures assert that, the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace. Perhaps this assertion has seldom received a more striking confirmation, than when the disciples of Jesus have been seen treading a thorny or even a bleeding way to heaven; and yet peaceful, yet happy. Where trials for religion have peculiarly abounded, the comforts of religion seem to ~~have been~~ peculiarly enjoyed. The experience of the subject of this short narrative justifies this observation.

Joseph Alleine, well known as the author of that excellent publication, "An Alarm to the Unconverted," was born at Devizes, in 1633. His father was a humble and experienced Christian, of whose death the following account has been preserved. On the morning before he died, he rose at four o'clock; about eleven he went down from his closet, and called for refreshment. When this was prepared, he gave thanks, but could not eat any thing. Mrs. Alleine perceiving a sudden change in him, advised him to lie down. He replied, "No, but I will die in my chair; I am not afraid to die." He sat down and said, "My life is hid with Christ in God;" then closed his eyes and breathed his last.

His son early manifested a pious and peculiarly sweet disposition. When about eleven years old it was perceived, that he was constant and very devout in private prayer. From that time, the remainder of his life displayed the influence of religion, rendered still more amiable by his pleasing deportment. In him this best ornament of man shone with peculiar lustre. Love and joy dwelt within his heart; and from his lips flowed prayer and praise, and thanksgiving for Divine mercies, especially for those most precious blessings, the Saviour, the Holy Spirit, and heaven. His sweetest comforts were divine and heavenly. His soul often took a delightful prospect of eternity, contemplating the regions of glorious bliss, and looking wishfully to his Father's house, in a comfortable persuasion that he would ere long be there.

His early love to prayer continued in after life. He had a strong affection for that sacred privilege. He often dwelt with admiration and praise, on the Divine power and wisdom, in the works of creation: but particularly extolled the wonders of redeeming love. He delighted to praise God in the open air, in the private retirement of some field or wood, that the scene around and above him might impress his heart. He despised not a broken heart, nor was he negligent in confessing sin, which he did with real grief; but praise and thanksgivings appeared more suited to the state of his soul. In some of his letters, after speaking of the grace of God, he would use such expressions as these; "I am full of the mercies of the Lord; O love the Lord for me! O praise the Lord for my sake! O help me, help me to praise the Lord!"

Jesus Christ was his happiness. In a letter to some Christian friends, he said; "My relation to Christ is above all; he is my life and my peace; my riches and my righteousness: he is my hope and my strength, and my inheritance, and my rejoicing. In him will I please myself for ever, and in him will I glory. I esteem my-

self most happy and rich, and safe in him, though of myself I am nothing. In him I may boast without pride, and glory without vanity. Here is no danger of being over much pleased ; neither can the Christian exceed in overvaluing his own riches and happiness in Christ." He often commended the Saviour's love, and by it excited himself and others to holy obedience.

His views of the Saviour's love were highly exalted ; " When," said he, " shall I end, if I suffer my soul to run out its length, and my running pen to enlarge according to the dimensions of this boundless field of Divine love ? If the pens of all the world were employed to write volumes of love ; if the tongues of all the living were exercised in nothing else but talking of this love ; if all the hearts that be, were made up of love ; and all the powers and affections of the mind were turned into one, to wit, the power of love, yet this were no less than infinitely too little, either to conceive or to express the greatness of Christ's love."

On another occasion, referring to the love of God, he exclaimed, " O infinite love, never to be comprehended ; but ever to be admired, magnified, and adored by every creature ! O let my heart be filled, let my mouth be filled, let my papers be filled ever, ever filled with the thankful commemoration of this matchless love." At another time he said, " I bless the Lord I delight in nothing in this world, further than I see God in it."

It is not designed, in this little volume, to enlarge on all the traits in his character. It may be sufficient to add the following. A most observable feature in his piety was, a sincere and absolute consecration of himself to God, through Jesus Christ. He loved the souls of men. He was prudent and courageous ; just and peaceful ; patient and humble ; very liberal, distributing largely to the necessities of others ; and very active. While young he devoted himself to the ministry of the Gospel. During the season of previous preparation, he studied hard ; and

acquired a considerable portion of learning. Then, and in subsequent life, he highly valued time. Four in the morning was his hour of rising ; and from that time till his breakfast hour, he was employed in prayer, meditation, and singing of psalms. If he heard workmen pursuing their business, before he was engaged in his religious exercises, he would say, " O how this noise shames me ! doth not my Master deserve more than theirs ;" and often said, " Give me that Christian, that accounts his time more precious than gold." The same spirit appeared in various other expressions which he used ; for instance, at the beginning of a week ; " Another week is before us, let us spend this week for God !" In a morning—" Come now let this day be spent for God. Let us live this one day well. Could we resolve to be more than ordinarily circumspect for one day at a time, we might live at extraordinary rates." He gave this advice to a friend, " Value precious time while time doth last, and not when it is irrecoverably lost. Know the worth of things to come before they are present ; and the worth of things present before they are past. Value no mercy but as it is serviceable for God, and things eternal."

At other times he said, " O come let us make haste, our Lord will come shortly ; Let us prepare for him."

" If we long to be in heaven let us hasten our work ; for when that is done away we shall be fetched."

" O this vain foolish world ! I wonder how reasonable creatures can so dote upon it ! What is in it worth looking after ! I care not to be in it longer than my Master hath work for me. Were that done, then farewell to the earth."

In 1655 being 21 years of age, Mr. Alleine became assistant to an aged minister at Taunton. In this work he laboured with no small portion of assiduity and success. Besides his public services he was indefatigable in private exertions, to promote the benefit of the congregation. He taught from house to house. His practice was to spend five afternoons in the week, from about two o'clock till

seven, in visiting the different families of his flock. He let them know before-hand when they might expect him, and at these interviews, by religious conversation, adapted to their state, he endeavoured to instruct the ignorant, to warn the careless, to comfort the desponding, and to animate the pious. By these private labours, he thought as much good was done, as by his public ministry. Mrs. Alleine perceiving that his excessive exertions were too much for his strength, besought him to spare himself; his reply was, "What have I strength for but to spend for God? What is a candle for but to be burnt?" When she requested him to spend more of his time with her, he answered, that if he had ten bodies and souls he could employ them all in and about Taunton; and would say, 'Ah! my dear, I know thy soul is safe; but how many that are perishing have I to look after! O that I could do more for them!'

At length the day arrived, which spread a black and dismal cloud over the interests of religion in England; a cloud that still darkens many parts of this favoured island. Laud's faction, that, in the reign of Charles the first, had striven to banish true piety from the land, and to introduce in its stead popish mummeries and irreligion, triumphed in the reign of Charles the second. In August, 1662, upwards of two thousand conscientious ministers of the Gospel were expelled from their pulpits, by the act of uniformity. A distinguished member of the establishment in the present day, Mr. Wilberforce, has observed that they were shamefully ejected, in violation of the royal word, and of the clear principles of justice. Yet probably these holy sufferers would have made few complaints of this, if they had been permitted, without further molestation, to pursue their sacred work; but fines, imprisonments, and banishment from their places of residence, with law, or without, were their subsequent portion. Yet they had a Friend to uphold them, who did support them to the end, and at length rescued

them from every foe. When one of them, to whom the king had a peculiar antipathy, was in danger of death, in Newgate, through close imprisonment, a petition was presented to Charles for his release. The answer was, "Jenkyn shall be a prisoner as long as he lives." He died soon after. A nobleman having heard of his death, said to the king, "May it please your majesty, Jenkyn has got his liberty." "Aye," said the king, "Who gave it him?"—"A greater than your majesty, the King of kings." Charles appeared much struck, and remained silent. He himself seems to have been a witty, and good-natured, but immoral man, in secret a papist; and the dupe of wicked men high in rank and power. Lord Clarendon, one of these, received, in this world, some punishment for his cruelties; being through righteous judgment deprived of the king's favour, and driven into exile.

Joseph Alleine was one of the many sufferers at this time. When banished from the pulpit he had occupied, he still resolved to pursue his beloved work of preaching, and visiting from house to house; till imprisonment or exile should stop his labours: and he sold his goods to be better prepared for either event. He often expressed a desire to enjoy three months liberty, before he went to prison; and God so gratified his desire, that, though often threatened, he pursued his work, without interruption, from August till the following May. He was then apprehended on a Saturday evening, and taken before three justices, who charged him with holding a riotous assembly, at a meeting, where the only employment had been prayer and preaching. Innocence being no protection where *piety was the crime*: after he had received some insulting treatment, a mittimus was made out to send him to Ilchester gaol. He passed the Lord's day in Taunton, in custody of an officer, who had orders to prevent his preaching. Many of his friends visited him, with whom he conversed and prayed, and whom he

exhorted to perseverance ; assuring them that he was going to prison, full of joy, being confident that the glory of God would be promoted by his trials.

Though he had been hindered preaching in the day, he invited his friends to meet him in the night. Many hundreds of the old and young did so, with whom he spent about three hours in religious exercises.

On Monday morning, accompanied by two or three friends, he set out for Ilchester ; and himself carried the warrant for his commitment to prison. The streets of Taunton were lined with people, many of whom, with bitter lamentations, followed him for several miles. The scene on this occasion was so affecting, that it seemed more than he could bear. When himself and his friends arrived at Ilchester, the gaoler was not at home. He therefore embraced this opportunity, and preached again before he entered the prison. He was then committed to a chamber, in which were six other ministers, and fifty Quakers. His fellow-sufferers in the ministry, and himself, preached once or twice a day, and many resorted to them, even from places eight or ten miles distant. In July he was indicted at the sessions. The grand jury threw out the bill ; yet he was kept in prison. In August he was again indicted on the same evidence as before. The grand jury now found a bill against him ; and he was brought to trial. The indictment was, that on May 17, 1663, "He, together with twenty others, to the jurors unknown, did riotously, routously and seditiously assemble themselves together, contrary to the peace of our sovereign lord the king ; and to the great terror of his subjects ; and to the evil example of others," &c. He replied that he was guilty of praying and preaching ; and owned them for his duty ; but that he abhorred riotous and seditious assemblies ; and pleaded that he was not guilty of the charge of attending one. The jury however convicted him, and he was sentenced to pay a fine of 100 marks, (£66 13s. 4d.) and to be imprisoned till



this fine was paid. To this he replied, that he was glad he had appeared before his country ; that whatever he was charged with, he was guilty of nothing but doing his duty ; that all which appeared from the evidence, was only that he had sung a psalm, and instructed his family in his own house, while some other persons were present ; and that he should cheerfully receive whatever sentence might be pronounced upon him, in so good a cause.\* He was remanded to prison. In the following winter, his fellow sufferers and himself were favoured with a more convenient room, and hundreds flocked to them to hear the word of God. The justices raged, and threatened him with exile ; but their threats were not put into execution. At length he was liberated ; but sickness soon overtook him. When his health was in some measure restored, he again laboured to promote the sacred cause of religion. A second imprisonment speedily interrupted his labours ; and contributed to the ruin of his constitution. When liberated a second time, it was not for much active exertion. His strength was weaken-

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\* At that period it was no difficult matter to accuse the most peaceful ministers of the Prince of peace, of riot and sedition. A Mr. George Fownes, who had been minister at High Wycomb, was apprehended on the road at Kingswood, it being suspected that he had been at a meeting. He was committed to Gloucester Castle, for six months ; and attempts were made to suborn witnesses to swear a riot against him. Upon his trial, when the witness came to swear, he looked back on the justices of the sessions, and said, " Lord ! gentlemen, what would you have me do ? I cannot swear any thing against this person." They impannelled a jury and proceeded. He pleaded his own cause very pleasantly ; telling them that, " He and his horse could not be guilty of a riot without company." The jury went out, and soon returning, the foreman gave in the verdict, *Not Guilty*. The bishop's chancellor being one of the justices on the bench, said with an emphasis, " What, not guilty ?" The foreman replied, " No, not guilty : for can George and his horse be guilty of a riot without any company ? I say not." However, he was remanded back to prison. After six months, he demanded his liberty of the jailor, who told him that he had orders not to let him go. A bond was insisted on for good behaviour, with sureties ; but as he knew that preaching would be a forfeiture of it, he refused to come under such bonds, and so was continued in prison, where he lingered till he died.

ed ; his health was ruined ; and his constitution broken by labours and imprisonment. During these seasons of suffering, he sometimes said to Mrs. Alleine, " Though we have not such attendants as the great ones of the world have, yet we have God's blessed angels to minister to us, to watch over us while sleeping, to go with us in our journeys, and to preserve us from the rage of men and devils." He had now, by his example, to teach others how to bear sickness, and encounter death. After his release, he lingered on upwards of a year ; his health, like an expiring taper, sometimes brightening, then declining. During this season of trial he enjoyed inward peace, and said, that God had not tried him in any thing, but in laying him aside from his work ; and in keeping him out of heaven. He had not those rapturous joys of which some partake ; but had a sweet serenity of heart and conscience ; a confidence in God, grounded on the promises of the Gospel ; and a belief that it would be well with him to all eternity.

In his illness he had so entirely lost the use of his limbs that he could not move a finger ; when asked how he could be so well contented to lie so long, as he had lain in great weakness ; he replied, " What ! is God my Father, Jesus Christ my Saviour, the Spirit my friend, and comforter, and sanctifier, and heaven my inheritance, and shall I not be content without limbs and health ? Through grace I am fully satisfied, with my Father's good pleasure."

When another person asked him the same question, he answered, " I have chosen God, and he is become mine ; and I know with whom I have trusted myself. He is an unreasonable wretch, that cannot be content with a God, though he have nothing else. My interest in God is all my joy."

To some Christian friends, who visited him, he said ; " You see my weak estate. Thus have I been for many weeks, but God has been with me ; and I hope with you.

Your prayers for me have been answered many ways, The Lord return them into your own bosoms! My friends, life is mine, death is mine; in that covenant I was preaching of, to you, is all my salvation, and all my desire. I have lived a sweet life by the promises; and I hope, through grace, I can die by a promise. The promises of God are everlasting. Nothing but God in them, will stand you in stead in a day of affliction."

"I feel the power of the doctrines I preached to you. It is a shame for a believer to be cast down under afflictions, who has so many glorious privileges; justification, adoption, sanctification, and eternal glory. O live like believers! Trample this world under your feet. Be not taken with its comforts, nor disquieted with its crosses. You will be out of it shortly." He prayed with them before they parted, and afterward said, "Farewell, farewell, my dear friends. Remember me to all Taunton. I beseech you and them, if I never see your faces more, go home and live over what I have preached to you; and the Lord provide for you, when I am gone. O let not all my labours and sufferings; let not my wasted strength, my useless limbs, rise up in judgment against you, at the great day of the Lord."

At another time, when some of his former flock visited him, he said to them, "Let your conversation be as becometh the Gospel of Christ. Live what I have spoken to you. Behold me; I cannot move a finger. It is for Christ and you that I have thus spent myself. Many professors who can pray and talk well we shall find at the left hand of Christ, another day. You have your trades, your estates, your relations, be not taken with these, but with God. For the Lord's sake, take heed of the world, of worldly cares, worldly comforts, worldly friends."

When he heard that warrants were out for his apprehension, on the five-miles act, lifting up his eyes to heaven, and with a cheerful countenance, he thanked God,

saying, "Blessed be the Lord ! I shall now give up two lives for Christ. The one in doing, the other in suffering for him. I am worn out in doing for him, and now I can do no more, shall I not suffer for his sake ? I bless the Lord I look not for happiness in this world. I am content to stay for it till I come into the other world. I forgive my enemies with all my heart."

He lived some time in expectation of death. Every night after prayer, he used to bid the family farewell, observing that he might die before the morning. When he lay down to rest, he often said to Mrs. Alleine, "We shall shortly be in another bed. Farewell, my dear, the Lord bless thee." When he awoke in the morning, his usual expressions were, "Now we have one day more ; here is one more for God ; let us live well this day ; for we have but few to live."

After his illness had continued several months, there appeared much probability of his recovery ; but the delusive appearance soon vanished ; he grew worse. Seeing some friends weeping around him, he said, "Weep not for me ; my work is done." Some prospect of recovery again appeared ; and he was conveyed to Bath. Here, notwithstanding his weakness, he strove to promote the interests of religion, by catechising children ; distributing religious publications ; and having himself carried to the houses of the pious poor, to whom he gave money, and with whom he conversed and prayed.

A visible change for the worse soon appeared in his countenance ; and he observed to some friends, that his time would be very short. Not many days before he died, Mrs. Alleine being present with him, he offered to God many most affectionate requests for her, and said to her, "Well, now, my dear, my companion in all my tribulations and afflictions, I thank thee for all thy pains and labours for me, at home and abroad, in prison and liberty, in health and in sickness." After mentioning the places at which they had been in the days of afflic-

tion, he concluded with many holy aspirations to God in her behalf; beseeching the Most High to requite her, and never forget her: but to fill her with all manner of consolation and grace; and to support her through all difficulties.

The hour of his departure now drew on apace. He was seized with strong and terrible convulsions, which continued with little intermission for two days and nights. Prayers were offered that his sufferings might be mitigated, and prayer prevailed. He again became able to converse with his sorrowing friends. "O," said he, "how sweet will heaven be." Looking upon his hands, he said, "These shall be changed. This vile body shall be made like unto Christ's glorious body." "O what a glorious day will the day of resurrection be. Methinks I see it by faith. How will the saints lift up their heads and rejoice!"

At length his work was finished. His Master called, and he entered into rest. He is gone to that country where his sun will never set, and God shall be his everlasting light.

**MARGARETTA KLOPSTOCK.**

THE gay followers of the present world would deem it impossible for any to contemplate death and eternity with satisfaction, unless perhaps they might do so whom affliction had rendered weary of life. The following narrative, however, presents a memorial of one, who, in the midst of youth and comfort, looked forward with delight to the scenes beyond the grave, and who, though blessed with tender friends below, still desired that unseen world, where dearer, better friends are enjoyed.

This lady's maiden name was Moller. In 1751 she became acquainted with the celebrated German poet, Klopstock, and they were married in 1754. Both of them appear to have been partakers of real religion. Klopstock, in early life, had made the Bible his constant companion; not perusing its sacred pages, merely as a duty, but as a pleasure. She is represented to have been a highly amiable and intelligent woman. The following extracts from her correspondence with Klopstock, express the pious fervours of her heart.

“The holiest thoughts harmonize with my idea of you; of you who are more holy than I am, who love our great Creator not less than I do, more I think you cannot love Him; not more, but in a more exalted manner!

“Before I was beloved by you, I dreaded my greatest happiness, I was uneasy lest it should withdraw me from God. How much was I mistaken! It is true that adversity leads us to God; but such felicity as mine cannot withdraw me from him, or I could not be worthy to enjoy it, on the contrary it brings me nearer to him. The sensibility, the gratitude, the joy, all the feelings attendant on happiness, make my devotion the more fervent.”

The union between her and her husband, was one of the most affectionate possible; alluding to her marriage,

in a letter to a friend, she said, "We married, and I am the happiest wife in the world. In some few months it will be four years that I am (have been) so happy, and still I dote upon Klopstock as if he were my bridegroom." He said of her, "O she was all the happiness of my life."

Affection thus fervent, and earthly happiness thus exalted and pure, could not bind down her soul to this terrestrial scene. She still looked forward to eternity. Among her compositions were some letters as from the dead to the living. A few passages from these may display her views of this world, and of some of the most important truths of religion. In one of these, addressed as from her husband in the eternal world to herself, sorrowing for his departure, the following thoughts occur.

"The hour was come that took me from thee, from your world *for ever*; but how short is the *for ever* of your world!"

"Fear not on account of the sins which now disturb thy peace. I will not call them trifling—what we term *failings*, are before the HOLY ONE, *great crimes*; but the love with which he pardons is unspeakable."

In another of these compositions she represents the departed writer as saying to his living friend,

"Feel only that thou art a sinner, and that He, Jesus of Nazareth, a name so many of thy brethren in vain endeavour to debase;—He, the God, whom I now worship, is thine Atoner, thy Redeemer."

In another, the writer is represented as describing the conduct of a faithful minister to himself, once a profligate, and afterward sunk in wretchedness.

"He came, and O may God reward him, he led me up to my Redeemer. Long indeed had I still to combat with despair, for he did not make my sin appear light, but he showed me the means of obtaining pardon."

Four short years of connubial happiness with her beloved Klopstock flew swiftly away, and she was not permitted to complete a fifth. In a letter to him a little

more than two months before her death, she said, "God will give us what in his wisdom he sees good, and if any thing be wanting to our wishes he will teach us to bear that want."

In 1758 she had the prospect of becoming a mother. In September of that year, when writing to her husband, who for several weeks was absent from her, she expressed some apprehensions of being removed from the present world; he replied—"God is where you are. God is where I am. We depend entirely on him, much more entirely than is generally supposed. We depend on him in all those things which least call our thoughts towards him. His presence preserves our breath, he has numbered the hairs of our head. My soul is now in a state of sweet composure, though mixed with some degree of sadness. O my wife, whom God has given me, be not careful—be not careful for the morrow."

She replied, "You must not think any thing more than that I am as willing to die as to live; and that I prepare myself for both, for I do not allow myself to look on either with certainty. Were I to judge from circumstances, there is much more probability of life than of death, but I am perfectly resigned to either; God's will be done. I often wonder at the indifference I feel on the subject, when I am so happy in this world.\* O what is our religion! What must that eternal state be of which we know so little, while our soul feels so much! More than a life with Klopstock! It does not now appear to me so hard to leave you and our child, and I only fear that I may lose this peace of mind again, though it has already lasted eight months. I well know that all hours are not alike, and particularly the *last*; since

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\* She was very grateful for this happiness, but it did not at all diminish her desire for a better world. In the last of her confessions, which she always used to write, she prays, "May God continue to me the readiness which he has given me to exchange a life full of happiness, for a still happier eternity!"



death, in my situation, must be far from an easy death; but let the last hour make no impression on you. You know too well how much the body then presses down the soul. Let God give what he will, I shall still be happy. A longer life with you, or an eternal life with him! But can you as easily part from me as I from you? You are to remain in this world, in a world without me! you know I have always wished to be the survivor, because I well know it is the hardest to endure; but perhaps it is the will of God that you should be left, and perhaps you have most strength.—O think where I am going; and as far as sinners can judge of each other, you may be certain that I go there: (the humble hopes of a Christian cannot deceive) and there you will follow me. There shall we be for ever, united by love, which assuredly was not made to cease. So also shall we love our child. At first, perhaps, the sight of the child may add to your distress, but it must afterward be a great comfort to you to have a child of mine. I would wish it to survive me, though I know most people would be of a different opinion. Why should I think otherwise? Do I not entrust it to you and to God? It is with the sweetest composure that I speak of this, yet I will say no more, for perhaps it may affect you too much, though you have given me leave to speak of it. How I thank you for that kind permission! My heart earnestly wished it, but on your account I would not indulge the wish. I have done, I can write of nothing else. I am perhaps too serious, but it is a seriousness mixed with tears of joy.”

Not long after she wrote this letter, her beloved husband returned home; but he did not long enjoy her society. The solemn event she had anticipated took place, and she entered eternity, November 28, 1758. In giving some account of her departure her sister said, “She died as she had lived, with firm courage. She took leave of her husband, I prayed with her, and she departed in

the gentlest manner. Her best her dearest only friend, her guardian angel on earth (as her heart overflowing with the tenderest love, called him even in her last moments) was all she wished for here. He felt it, and made her happy, and the remembrance of her will be his greatest earthly happiness as long as he remains behind. In the midst of those blissful days, she passed into the infinitely superior glory of her Father and Redeemer: and her departure is mourned by many excellent friends who loved her, and who now support themselves with the hope of seeing her again. In the hour of dissolution only she seemed to feel the lot of mortality: but, praised be the God of mercy! after the sun had a few times run his daily course, the scene of her trials closed; and then those short sufferings must have rendered her entrance into the land of bliss the more enchanting.

‘For when the short repose of death is past,  
Then transport follows;—bliss—eternal bliss.’

In like manner the short separation from her friend, will make his reunion with her so much the more delightful.”

A week after her death, Klopstock, in a letter to a friend, gave the following narrative of the affecting scene through which he had passed.

“This is my Meta’s dying day, and yet I am composed. Can I ascribe *this* to myself, my Cramer? certainly not. Thanks be to the God of comfort for all the favours he has shown me. Thank our God with me, my Cramer. I will now try to give you a more circumstantial account. Her sufferings continued from Friday till Tuesday afternoon about four o’clock, but they were the most violent from Monday evening about eight. On Sunday morning I supported first myself and then her, by repeating, that without our Father’s will not a hair on her head could fall; and more than once I repeated to her the following lines from my last ode. One time I was so much

affected as to be forced to stop at every line. I was to have repeated it all to her, but we were interrupted.

Though unseen by human eye,  
My Redeemer's hand is nigh ;  
He has pour'd salvation's light  
Far within the vale of night ;  
There will God my steps controul.  
There his presence bless my soul.  
Lord, whate'er my sorrows be,  
Teach me to look up to Thee !

When I began to fear for her life (as I did this sooner than any one else,) I from time to time whispered something in her ear concerning God, but so as not to let her perceive my apprehensions. I know little of what I said ; only in general I know that I repeated to her how much I was strengthened by the uncommon fortitude graciously vouchsafed to her : and that I now reminded her of that to which we had so often encouraged each other—perfect resignation. When she had already suffered greatly, I said to her with much emotion, “ The Most Merciful is with thee.” I saw how she felt it. Perhaps she now first guessed that I thought she would die. I saw this in her countenance, I afterward told her (as often as I could go into the room and support the sight of her sufferings) how visibly the grace of God was with her. How could I refrain from speaking of the great comfort of my soul ?

I came in just as she had been bled. A light having been brought near on that account, I saw her face clearly for the first time after many hours. Ah, my Cramer, the hue of death was on it ! But that God who was so mightily with her supported me too at the sight. She was better after the bleeding, but soon worse again. I was allowed but very little time to take leave of her. I had some hopes that I might return to pray with her. I shall never cease to thank God for the grace he gave me at this parting. I said, “ I will fulfil my promise,

my Meta, and tell you that your life, from extreme weakness, is in danger."—You must not expect me to relate every thing to you. I cannot recollect the whole. She heard perfectly, and spoke without the smallest difficulty. I pronounced over her the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. "Now the will of him who inexpressibly supports thee, his will be done!" "Let him do according to his will," said she, "He will do *well*." She said this in a most expressive tone of joy and confidence. "You have endured like an angel. God has been with you. He *will* be with you. His mighty name be praised. The Most Merciful will support you! Were I so wretched as not to be a Christian, I should now become one." Something of this sort, and yet more, I said to her in a strong emotion of transport. Eliza (Mrs. K's sister) says, we were both full of joy.—"Be my guardian angel, if our God permit." "You have been mine," said she. "Be my guardian angel, repeated I, if our God permit." "Who would not be so?" said she. I would have hastened away. Eliza said, "Give her your hand once more." I know not whether I said any thing. I hastened away—then went into my own room and prayed. God gave me much strength in prayer; I asked for perfect resignation; but how was it, my Cramer, that I did not pray for her, which would have been so natural? Probably because she was already heard above all that I could ask or think!

When I was gone out, she again asked Eliza whether it was likely she might die, and whether her death was so near? Once she told her that she felt nothing. Afterward she felt some pain. She said to Eliza that God had much to forgive in her, but she trusted in her Redeemer. On another occasion Eliza said to her, that God would help her. She answered, "Into heaven." As her head sunk on the pillow, she said with much animation, "It is over!" She then looked tenderly on Eliza,

and with yet unfixed eyes, listened while she thus prayed, "The blood of Jesus CHRIST cleanse thee from all sin." O sweet words of eternal life ! After some expressions of pain in her countenance, it again became perfectly serene,—and thus she died.

I will not complain, I will be thankful that in so severe a trial, God has strengthened me.

At parting, she said to me very sweetly, "Thou wilt follow me !" May my end be like thine ! O might I now for one moment weep on her bosom ! For I cannot refrain from tears, nor does God require it of me."

To another friend Klopstock wrote,—“ I went (to Altona) the evening after my Meta's death, after having seen my dead son, but not my wife : I dreaded too much the return of that image.

Twice or thrice my Meta looked at me without speaking a word, and then to heaven, in such a manner that it is utterly impossible for me to describe it—I understood her *perfectly*. I cannot tell you with what a mixture of sorrow, of confidence in God, and of certainty that she was dying, she looked from me to heaven. Never, never,—though often in sorrow and in joy have I looked up with her to heaven,—never did I see her *so* ! The situation of a dying person is so *singular*, it seems to belong neither to this world nor the next.—I should have much to repeat if I could with any degree of accuracy remember what from time to time I whispered to her, though in a very few words ; knowing that she understood my meaning. Had not her sufferings so pierced my soul, I should have been more master of myself, I should have been able to act more on design, and have remembered more. What I said to her from time to time was chiefly from a stronger feeling of comfort, which conquered the feelings of pain.

My Meta left a paper with Eliza, on which, besides some other directions, she had written what she would

have on her coffin. It consists of two passages from the eleventh book of the Messiah. The soul of the penitent thief speaks ;

“ Was this then death ?

O soft yet sudden change !—What shall I call thee ?  
No more—no more thy name be death—And thou  
Corruption's dreaded power, how chang'd to joy !  
Sleep then, companion of my first existence,  
Seed sown by God to ripen for the harvest.”

The soul of the thief continues speaking while the ætherial body forms around it—

“ O what new life I feel !

Being of beings how I rise ! Not *one*,  
A thousand steps I rise ! And yet I feel  
Advancing still in glory, I shall soar  
Above these thousand steps.—Near and more near  
(Not in his works alone, these beauteous worlds,)  
I shall behold the Eternal face to face.”

I too wished to put something on the coffin, and I chose the following lines from the second stanza of my ode.

“ Though unseen by human eye,  
My Redeemer's hand is nigh ;  
He has pour'd salvation's light  
Far within the vale of night.”

One of Klopstock's sisters, in writing to a friend on the subject of the preceding letter, gives the following account of what she witnessed on this occasion, of the triumphs of religion.

“ Eliz. Schmidt to Giesecke.

“ I have now first learnt the full power of religion. But I will to-day write nothing but a circumstantial account of our beloved friend's last hours.—She endured her sufferings with fortitude and resignation seldom equalled. Klopstock, who had determined not to leave

her, could not support it. He went out and came in again all night long. About ten in the morning, from extreme fatigue, no doubt, she had some faintings ; but they lasted only a short time, and then she came to herself again. She was always patient. She smiled on Klopstock, kissed his hand, and spoke quite cheerfully.

Now the trying scene began. Klopstock went in and informed his wife that her life was in danger. She answered with perfect composure, "What our God wills is right." They took leave of each other ; but that I will not describe. Klopstock shall do it himself after a while. When he was gone, I went to the bed and said, "I will stay with you." "God bless you for it, my Eliza," said she ; and she looked at me with the calm serene smile of an angel. She then said to me, "Is my death then so near ?" "I cannot pronounce that," I answered. "Yes, my husband has told me all that may happen, I know all." "I know too that you are prepared for all ; you will die tranquil and happy." "Oh, God must then forgive me much ; but I think of my Redeemer in whom I trust."

At one time she said, "I do not feel much, Eliza ; very little." "O that is well ! God will soon help you." "Yes, to heaven," said she. Now she was still, but appeared to feel pain. Soon after she laid her head back, and said, "It is over." And at the same moment her face became so composed that the change was observable to every one. A moment before it expressed nothing but pain, now nothing but peace. I began to pray, in short exclamations such as she had taught me, and thus, after a few minutes, she died ;—so soft, so still, so calm !"

The same lady, writing to Klopstock's mother, said, "The night before her death I was alone with her. She suffered much, but with great composure. She talked a good deal to me. O happy hours which God gave me with her, even then though deeply tinged with sorrow ! Amongst other things, she said, "O Eliza, how should I now feel if I had not employed the whole nine months in

preparing for my death ! Now my pains will not suffer me to pray so continually, to think so worthily of God as I am at other times accustomed, and would now most gladly wish to do."

On Monday following her death she was buried with her son in her arms.

The following consolatory lines from Giesecke, one of Klopstock's friends, deserve attention on account of the sentiment with which they conclude.

"Yours is a heavy trial, but, my dear friend, God who lays it upon you will not leave you without support. A—— has given me great pleasure by the assurance that God has already begun to glorify himself in you ; for you have said, " She is not far from me." Indeed, to a Christian, the distance is not great between heaven and earth."

After Mrs. Klopstock's decease her husband appears to have striven to beguile some of the hours of his affliction, by several small compositions, in which, as if writing to her, he describes what his feelings were. The consoling influence of religion is so strongly visible in some of these, that a few extracts from them are subjoined.

"Thou must have seen in my face the joy which God gave me. Dost thou know how I felt, my Meta. Yes, I will still call thee by that sweet name. My soul was highly exalted. I no more saw death in thy face. I felt not the clammy coldness of thy hand.

"I will now tell thee something of what befel me after I left thee—I had before prayed with much uneasiness ; I could now pray with quite different feelings. I entreated perfect submission. My soul hung on God. I was refreshed. I was comforted and prepared for the stroke that was already so near, nearer than I thought ; I believed that thou wouldst yet live some hours, that was my only hope, and that, according to thy wish expressed not long before I left thee, I might once more be permitted to pray with thee, but how often are our thoughts not as God's thoughts—I said soon after thy death, She is



not far from me,—and thou wast not far from me; we are both in the hand of the Almighty.”

“After some time I wished to see what I had just before called my Meta. They prevented me—I said to one of our friends, “Then I will forbear. She will rise again.”

“The second night came the blessing of thy death. Till then I had considered it only a trial. The blessing of such a death in its full power came on me. I passed above an hour in silent rapture. Only once in my life did I ever feel any thing similar, when in my youth I thought myself dying, but the moments of my expected departure then were somewhat different. My soul was raised with gratitude and joy, but that sweet silence was not in it. The highest degree of peace with which I am acquainted was in my soul. This state began with my recollecting that thy Accomplisher and my Advocate said, He who loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me.”

“It is impossible to describe all the blessings of this hour. I was never before with such certainty convinced of my salvation.”

“For this world, for ever, my Meta. Yes, it is short, very short, the for ever of this world. How soon wast thou taken from me.—But never, never will I complain. Not even that the for ever of this world often appears to me far from short. How can I complain. How can I forget the comfort, the gracious refreshment which restored my soul when my path was the roughest, when the wilderness of my pilgrimage most resembled that shadowy vale which thou didst pass.”

“Thou who couldst not endure a single day's absence from me, (Oh well I know how ill thou couldst endure it,) thou didst contentedly see me leave thee, and didst not send for me to return, though I had promised to pray with thee again. What a change in thee. Thou wast quite detached from this world. It was the beginning of

eternal life. Though I know thou hast never ceased to love me, yet this thought would be painful to me, had it not been for the sake of the great object of our worship, that thou didst tear thyself even from me."

Klopstock survived his amiable wife many years, and to the end of life cherished the remembrance of her. He died in Christian triumph. In his last and severest conflict, he raised himself on his bed, folded his hands, and with uplifted eyes pronounced the cheering words, "Can a woman forget her child, that she should not have compassion on the fruit of her womb : yes, she may forget, but I will not forget thee." He sunk down, fell into a gentle slumber, and awoke in eternity, March 14, 1803.

The following pleasing anecdote may show how far he differed from the pretended philosophers of the present day, who neglect the Saviour, or at least strip him of all his glories. A Mr. Eaton, who was consul at Bas-sora, and who was skilled in Arabic, attempted to translate to an Arabian priest, as accurately as the difference in the language would permit, a passage of his in a hymn to Christ. He said it was impossible to describe the attention with which this Mahometan listened. At length the blood rose in his face ; he stood up and exclaimed with vehemence, "Excellent ! but Allah pardon him for having so highly exalted the Son." He then begged Mr. Eaton to proceed, and again rose hastily, with a sort of indignant admiration, continually repeating, "Allah pardon him for having so highly exalted the Son !"

**DAVID SIMPSON.**

THE following brief account of the last hours of this pious and learned man, is taken from the memoirs of his life, attached to his well-known "Plea for the deity of Jesus."

He was born October 12th, 1745, in the parish of Ingleby Arncliffe, near Northallerton, in the county of York, England. He had five sisters, two of whom died in infancy, and a brother, who died the day he was born. To his name the highest titles of earthly distinction can add no importance. The character he maintained in the world as a Christian, his usefulness in the church of God as a minister, and his labours as an author, rendered him a burning and a shining light while living, and will perpetuate his memorial now he is numbered with the dead.

His biographer, after noticing his course of education, and his entrance into St. John's College, Cambridge, introduces his conversion as follows :—

"The circumstance which proved subservient to the accomplishment of this great and happy change, deserves to be particularly remarked. While residing with his father, during his first vacation, he visited the late Theophilus Lindsey, then in his vicarage of Catterick, who had requested Mr. Simpson to spend some time with him at his house. (If Mr. Lindsey had imbibed, he had not at that time broached, his Socinian errors.) Before the termination of this visit, Mr. Lindsey, in a spirit which reflected so much honour upon that period of his ministry, took occasion to inquire of our young collegian as to the nature of his studies, and the manner in which he employed his time.

"Although engaged in pursuits connected with that office, the chief design of which is to explain the meaning, and to enforce the importance of the Scriptures, his

answer to these seasonable and solemn inquiries, afforded the most melancholy evidence of his total inattention to that sacred book. Mr. Lindsey was much affected by this discovery, and, in a very emphatical and pointed manner, urged him to turn his immediate and serious attention to his impiously neglected Bible.

“From this conversation at the vicarage of Catterick, we date the decisive revolution that took place in his sentiments and feelings, and which determined the character of his future studies, and issued in a life of eminent usefulness to the cause of evangelical religion. The expositions of his friend came with effectual power to his mind. He felt the criminality of his former indifference and inattention to the Divine writings, and was filled with corresponding remorse. The awful concerns of eternity so powerfully impressed his mind, that all other concerns dwindled into insignificance, and were almost wholly forgotten. Till the memorable day when it pleased God thus to illuminate his benighted understanding, this *candidate for the ministry had no Bible!* The book of God had no place in his library. However, he now purchased a quarto Bible with marginal references, and devoted himself to the study of it, with full purpose of heart. From this time Biblical knowledge became the supreme object of his ambition and delight; he pursued it with that degree of avidity which proved the deep sense he entertained of its importance to the work before him; and few have excelled him, either in the extent of his attainments, or in the useful application of sacred literature. At first, indeed, as he afterward acknowledged, he was, rather ashamed that his new Bible should be seen by his companions, lest he should incur the imputation of Methodism. But the glories he discovered in the doctrines of it, soon raised him above the fear of reproach, and inspired him with unshaken confidence and courage. —In full assurance of the truth of the Gospel, and of his personal acceptance with God, he soon became settled

and happy in mind, and longed for the period when he should proclaim to others, the salvation he had obtained himself. His supreme affection for the Scriptures he had so criminally neglected, before he was renewed in the spirit of his mind, is strikingly displayed in the following abstract of a letter from him to one of his friends: "If a book was professedly to come from God to teach mankind his will, what should we expect its contents to be? Should we expect to be told the nature and perfections of God? The nature and perfections of God are in the Bible alone made known. Should we expect to know how all things came into being at first? The Bible declares it. Should we wish to know what the Lord God requires of his creatures? This the Bible makes known—*supreme love*. Should we want to know the reward of obedience? The Bible points out eternal joys. Would curiosity lead us to inquire the reward of disobedience? The Bible reveals extreme, everlasting misery. Should we inquire, what is our duty to each other? In the Bible it is written as with a sun-beam—love all men as yourselves. Would we know the original of those miseries and disorders we observe in the world; and how a merciful God can permit them? The Bible points to the cause, and proclaims death, and every evil, to be the wages of sin. Would we know, whence are those strange disorders we each of us feel in our own natures? The Bible informs us we are in a state of ruin—we are fallen creatures. Would we discover how sin is pardoned, our natures restored, and God's perfections glorified? Though this was hid from ages and generations of the heathen, the Bible makes it clear as the sun—by the death of Christ, and the operations of the Spirit. What, then, could we require in a book from God, that is not to be found in the Bible? Secret things, indeed, are therein concealed; but essential and useful things are clearly revealed.

"View the Bible in another light. Do we want history? The Bible is the most ancient, the most concise,

the most entertaining, and the most instructive history in the world. Do we want poetry? The book of Job is an epic poem, not inferior to Homer, Virgil, or Milton. Does the lyric muse invite us? The Psalms of David stand foremost in the list of fame. Are we in a melancholy mood? Let us read David's lamentation over Saul, and Jeremiah's Lamentations. Do we want strains of oratory? The prophets, and Paul, are yet, amongst mortals, unrivalled. In short, the Bible 'is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto every good work.'"

Having completed his academical course, he entered upon his ministerial career, buoyed up with the delightful thought of publishing the Gospel to a ruined world. But, without detailing the various events of his life, we shall hasten to its "final scene." A few days before his own dissolution, he was called to a severe trial in the death of his wife.

"They were married in October, 1776, and had three children, one of whom died in infancy, and the eldest surviving, a daughter, died after a lingering illness, a few months before her parents, giving good evidence of her personal interest in the salvation of the Gospel. On this occasion, Mr. Simpson wrote the following interesting letter to his brother:--

"My dear brother,

"I have now to inform you, that my dear Betsy took her leave of mortal things on the 25th of last month, at eight o'clock in the evening, after a severe affliction of five months, during the whole of which time, she was patient and resigned, beyond what I have almost ever seen or known. Towards the latter part of her illness, however, she was much more than resigned; she was all on the stretch for mercy and salvation. You may be sure it has been a severe trial to her mother and myself, and

the more so, as we are now left childless at home, and as she was the only daughter of her mother.—It has been a time of much fatigue to Mrs. Simpson, because she scarcely ever could be prevailed upon to leave our poor dear child by day, and never by night, for all the five months. She is however pretty well, thank God, and bears our loss with remarkable fortitude and firmness of mind. Indeed we have much reason to be both resigned and thankful, because we have no reason to sorrow as those who have no hope.

‘ I am, my dear brother,

‘ Yours affectionately,

‘ D. S.’

“ Mrs. Simpson’s attentions to her daughter were so assiduous and unremitted, that they very materially shook her own constitution. A change of air was tried, but without effect. She gradually became worse and worse, till she was unable to move out; and at length her dissolution appeared to be fast approaching. On the 27th of February, 1799, a physician was called in, who pronounced her complaint a fever of a dangerous nature. On hearing this, she said, ‘ God is faithful, and has promised never to forsake them that trust in him :’ and from that time she gave up all desire of life, and requested nothing of a worldly nature might be mentioned to her. She saw that her time was short, and felt the importance of an habitual and actual readiness for the decisive hour of her approaching dissolution. On the 7th of March, she was peculiarly exercised in mind, with harassing temptations from the powers of darkness, and, under the influence of these temptations, she was hurried to the gloomy regions of despondency, and refused to be comforted; saying, she had deceived herself, that she had been in a deep sleep all her life, and was but just awakened to a sense of her misery. But the next morning, in answer to her fervent and importunate prayers, the consolations of her Saviour’s love were shed abroad in

her heart, and she was restored to the joyful assurance of her right and title to the inheritance of the saints in light. From that time, although her bodily sufferings increased, the tempter obtained no further advantage over her. On the 10th of March, she was collected and happy, and spent the whole day in prayer. At the close of the day she repeated the following lines, with peculiar ardour :—

‘ Give me a place at thy saints’ feet,  
Or some fall’n angel’s vacant seat ;  
I’ll strive to sing as loud as they,  
Who sit above in brighter day.’

From the 10th to the 13th of March, she was very delirious ; but, on the morning of that day, she was blessed with returning reason, and though in the agonies of death, spent her few remaining hours in prayer and praise. At six o’clock, she fell into a deep sleep, from which, at the close of the hour, she awoke in a blessed eternity.

“ While Mrs. Simpson was in the state of affliction above described, and two days before her departure, Mr. Simpson addressed the subjoined affecting letter to his son David, now of Bishopsgate-street, London :—

‘ My dear son,

‘ Your mother and I have both been confined to our beds for above a fortnight. I can hardly tell you what my complaint is, but I am brought very low. Your mother’s complaint is a fever of the most dreadful kind. Her fate must be decided for life or death in two or three days. I would not have you come over, till you hear from me again, which shall be by to-morrow’s post, God willing. If you were upon the spot you could have no communication with her, nor even be permitted to see her, as she is generally delirious. The Lord bless you, my dear son : you shall hear again to-morrow.

‘ Your affectionate,

‘ But deeply afflicted father,

‘ DAVID SIMPSON.’



“ Not many days after Mrs. Simpson was confined, Mr. Simpson himself was taken ill, and complained of a hectic cough, accompanied with a slow fever, which daily increasing, at length brought him to the house appointed for all living. But he was not unprepared for the event. All his affairs had been settled and wound up by the predisposition of a gracious Providence. The paralytic affections, with which he had been for some time afflicted, now returned so frequently, and had so much impaired his health, that, as he himself expressed it, his work as a minister appeared to be done. As a writer, he had just finished his last intended publication. He had brought to a close the numerous executorships in which he had been engaged, with only one exception of inconsiderable moment. His wife and younger daughter had been just removed to a better world ; his elder daughter had shortly before been married ; and his son was happily fixed in a situation very congenial to his wishes.

“ But, in other respects, his situation was affecting in the extreme. Mrs. Simpson lay in the helpless and dangerous condition we have described, in an adjoining room, while he was unable to afford her the least consolation by his presence. He had, nevertheless, the satisfaction of hearing that, as she approached her last hour, her confidence in God increased ; and, finally, that she closed an useful and exemplary life, rejoicing in the God of her salvation. At this painful juncture, he felt acutely ; but his expressions evidenced the most perfect submission to the will of God. The religion which he had so many years zealously and successfully propagated, was his support. He said, ‘ All is well.—All *will* be well. These dispensations of God are right and just. I have every reason to praise him.’ After he had taken finally to his bed, he was quite calm and happy, excepting that now and then he discovered some anxiety for Mrs. Simpson. ‘ God,’ said he, ‘ is going to close up the scene

at once, and end our lives and our labours together. It is an awful providence, but it is the will of God.'

"On Saturday the 16th, on being asked how he was, he replied, 'very poorly.' A hope being expressed that he would get better, he said, 'No, I shall never get better in this life. I have no desire to come back to life. Our work is done. We leave the great scene of things now passing in the world to you. Why should I wish to live?' That excellent hymn which has so often brought comfort to the afflicted, was then read to him :—

'Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,' &c.

When he appeared much affected with the verse beginning, 'Other refuge have I none,' &c. and said, it was very true of himself, and that he was a poor creature. The next day he desired a friend to read to him, saying, 'I want some comfortable portion from the blessed Scriptures; all human supports now fail me. Read some comfortable portion.' The text was then repeated to him, 'When my flesh and my heart fail me, God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.' He said 'That, and other comfortable passages, frequently occur to my mind and support me.' He afterward said, 'I consider all my eternal concerns as settled. All my dependence rests upon the great atonement. I have committed all my concerns into the hands of my Redeemer.' He then called to the person who attended him: 'Peter,' said he, 'Tell the people I am not dying as a man without hope;' and expressed his strong assurance of the happiness that awaited him, and a desire to depart. In the evening he said, 'This is a very serious dispensation. It appears severe, very severe; first the shepherdess is taken away, and then the shepherd, and both as by one stroke. But I am perfectly satisfied respecting it; and I know that this light affliction, which is but for a moment,

shall work out for *me* a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'

"His fever continued to increase, and his recovery became extremely doubtful. Every one but himself was, beyond expression, anxious for his life. Prayer meetings were appointed, and numerous attended. Many strong cries and tears were offered up; but the decree was gone forth. The supplications of the flock could not prevail for the recovery of the pastor. The approach of an enemy, which every one around him dreaded, he hailed with composure and joy. One day, after a severe fit of coughing, he said to his attendant, 'The way seems hard, but it is the way the children of God all go; and I do not wish to be exempted from it. I know that my Redeemer liveth. I feel him precious. He supports me under all. O that I was able to express all I feel.' The doctor coming in soon afterward, asked him, how he was? He replied, 'Partly here and partly elsewhere.' Another day he said to the person who attended him, 'How awful a thing it is for a man to be brought to his dying bed, and to have no hope beyond the grave. It is truly awful—but, blessed be God, this is not my case.'

"On Tuesday morning, March 19th, he gave his most affectionate blessing to his son. 'I hope,' said he, 'the Lord will bless you when I am gone. I trust he will; and I commend you to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. The Lord bless you—the Lord bless you.'

"As his strength declined apace, he was soon unfit to see any of his friends but his immediate attendants, who had now given up all hope of his recovery. The violence of the fever acting on his enfeebled system, had left only the ruins of what he had been; but they were the ruins of a noble mind. He spoke much of the glories of heaven, and the happiness of separate spirits; of their robes of righteousness, and their palms of victory;

then, breathing his ardent wishes for the happiness of all who were present, he added, ' Pardon, peace, and everlasting felicity, are desirable things.' At length the thread of life was spun out, and, after a day of apparent suffering, on Saturday, the 24th of March, 1799, he fell asleep in Jesus, a little after midnight, and spent his Sabbath in the regions of bliss. Thus, after an active and laborious life, of which twenty-six years were spent in the town of Macclesfield, this eminent servant of Christ finished his course, and went to receive his reward."



## PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

" Live, while you live, the epicure would say,  
And seize the pleasures of the present day.  
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,  
And give to God each moment as it flies ;  
Lord, in my views let both united be ;  
I live in pleasure, when I live to Thee."

SUCH were the sentiments of Doddridge ; a name most justly dear to the friends of vital piety. Perhaps no biographical memoir in the English language is so instructive, for young persons devoted to the ministry, as Orton's life of this most amiable and excellent man. Possessed of talents, not naturally superior to those of many others, but animated by a flame of ardent piety, and singularly indefatigable in the improvement of time, he did more to advance the Redeemer's glory, in a life of less than fifty years, than many professed ministers of the Gospel would do in five hundred.

The 26th of June, 1702, was the day on which Doddridge entered this transitory world. His father was a London tradesman, and his grandfather one of the sufferers on Bartholomew day, 1662. He was minister of Sheperton, in Middlesex, and a serious and judicious

preacher. He had a family of ten children unprovided for ; but he quitted his living, which was worth to him about two hundred pounds a year, rather than violate his conscience, by submitting to the subscriptions and declarations required, and the usages imposed, by the Act of Uniformity. His mother was the daughter of a Mr. John Bauman, a native of Bohemia, who in 1626, left a considerable estate for the sake of religion. Thus both his parents were the descendants of those faithful confessors, of whom the world was not worthy. His pious mother early endeavoured to fix Divine truths in his infant mind ; and such impressions were then made on his heart, as were never effaced. Those seeds of vital piety were sown betimes in his breast, which sprung up and brought forth fruit, not merely thirty, or sixty, but a hundred fold. Soon after he had completed his thirteenth year his father died, on which mournful occasion he made this reflection, " God is an immortal Father. My soul rejoiceth in him. He has hitherto helped me and provided for me. May it be my study to approve myself a more affectionate, grateful, and dutiful child !" His mother also having died while he was young, he became an orphan. God however raised him up a friend, in Mr. Samuel Clarke, the well known compiler of a little volume of Scripture promises. who acted the part of a father to him. In a funeral sermon for this excellent person, which he preached not many months before his own departure to eternal rest, he said, " I may probably call him my friend and father, if all the offices of paternal tenderness and care can merit that title. To him, I may truly say, that, under God, I owe even myself, and all my opportunities of public usefulness in the church ; to him, who was not only the instructor of my childhood and youth in the principles of religion ; but my guardian, when a helpless orphan, as well as the generous, tender, faithful friend of all my advancing years."

The conduct of this early and faithful friend of Doddridge forms a striking contrast with that of another minister, eminent in his day, but whose advice, if it had been followed, would have deprived the world of one of the most brilliant lights of modern ages. For some time he was considerably distressed in his mind, from an apprehension that he should not be able to prosecute his studies for the ministry, on which sacred employment his heart was set. At this period, "I," said he, "waited upon Dr. Edmund Calamy to beg his advice and assistance, that I might be brought up a minister, which had always been my great desire. He gave me no encouragement in it, but advised me to turn my thoughts to something else. It was with great concern, that I received such advice ; but I desire to follow providence, and not force it. The Lord give me grace to glorify him in whatever station he sets me : then, 'here am I, let him do with me what seemeth good in his sight.' " About three weeks after this discouragement, he had thoughts of entering on the study of the law, to which he was encouraged by the celebrated Mr. Horseman. He recommended him to a counsellor, Mr. Eyre, who made him some very good proposals ; and he was just on the point of determining to settle with him. But before he returned his final answer, he devoted one morning solemnly to seek to God for direction ; and while he was actually engaged in this suitable exercise the postman called at the door with a letter from Dr. Clarke, in which he told him that he had heard of his difficulties, and offered to take him under his care, if he chose the ministry on Christian principles ; and there were no other that in those circumstances could invite him to such a choice. " This, he observed, I looked upon almost as an answer from heaven ; and, while, I live, shall always adore so seasonable an interposition of Divine Providence. My only view in my choice hath been that of more extensive service ; and I beg God would make me an instru-

ment of doing much good in the world." Thus was he led into the ministry, and a foundation laid for his eminent usefulness. He continued some months at St. Albans under the instruction of his generous friend, who furnished him with proper books, directed him in his studies, and laboured to cherish religious dispositions and views in his heart.

During the season of his preparatory studies for the ministry, he was extremely diligent in improving that most precious, but most neglected treasure, time. He wrote the following rules for his conduct in his interleaved Testament, that he might often review them.

1. Let my first thoughts be devout and thankful. Let me rise early, immediately return God more solemn thanks for the mercies of the night, devote myself to him, and beg his assistance in the intended business of the day.
2. In this and every other act of devotion, let me recollect my thoughts, speak directly to him, and never give way to any thing internal or external that may divert my attention.
3. Let me set myself to read the Scriptures every morning. In the first reading let me endeavour to impress my heart with a practical sense of Divine things, and then use the help of commentators; let these rules with proper alterations be observed every evening.
4. Never let me trifle with a book, with which I have no present concern. In applying myself to any book, let me first recollect what I may learn by it, and then beg suitable assistance from God; and let me continually endeavour to make all my studies subservient to practical religion and ministerial usefulness.
5. Never let me lose one minute of time, nor incur unnecessary expenses, that I may have the more to spend for God.
6. When I am called abroad let me be desirous of doing good and receiving good. Let me always have in readiness some subject of contemplation, and endeavour to improve my time by good thoughts as I go along. Let me endeavour to render myself agreeable and useful to

all about me, by a tender, compassionate, friendly behaviour, avoiding all trifling, impertinent stories ; remembering that imprudence is sin. 7. Let me use great moderation at meals, and see that I am not hypocritical in prayers and thanksgivings at them. 8. Let me never delay any thing, unless I can prove that another time will be more fit than the present, or that some other more important duty requires my immediate attendance. 9. Let me be often lifting up my heart to God in the intervals of secret worship, repeating those petitions, which are of the greatest importance, and a surrender of myself to his service. 10. Never let me enter into long schemes about future events, but in the general refer myself to God's care. 11. Let me labour after habitual gratitude and love to God and the Redeemer, practise self-denial, and never indulge any thing that may prove a temptation to youthful lusts. Let me guard against pride and vain glory, remembering that I have all from God's hand, and that I have deserved the severest punishment. 12. In all my studies let me remember, that the souls of men are immortal, and that Christ died to redeem them. 13. Let me consecrate my sleep and all my recreations to God, and seek them for his sake. 14. Let me frequently ask myself what duty or temptation is now before me ? 15. Let me remember that through the mercy of God in a Redeemer, I hope I am within a few days of heaven. 16. Let me be frequently surveying these rules, and my conduct as compared with them. 17. Let me frequently recollect which of these rules I have present occasion to practise. 18. If I have grossly erred in any one of these particulars, let me not think it an excuse for erring in others."

In 1722 he entered on the ministry ; in 1723 was fixed at Kibworth : and in 1729 made his final settlement at Northampton. His first sermon was preached at Hinckley, it is supposed in a chapel, from which the glorious Gospel has now been long banished. Two persons



ascribed their conversion to the Divine blessing on this sermon. The text was, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ let him be anathema maranatha."

He was remarkably solicitous to redeem his time, and with this view generally rose at five o'clock, through the whole year, and to this he used to ascribe a great part of his learning. On this subject, some years afterward, he made the following important remark.

"I will here record an observation, which I have found of great use to myself, and to which, I may say, that the production of this work and most of my other writings is owing; viz. that the difference between rising at five and at seven o'clock in the morning, for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of ten years to a man's life: of which (supposing the two hours in question to be so spent) eight hours every day should be employed in study and devotion." *Fam. Expos.* vol. iv. p. 165, note (k.) The manner of expression here is a little ambiguous; but his meaning is, that they would amount to ten years, made up of days of eight hours each, which is as much as most persons would be able, or choose, to spend in study and devotion; so that it is the same as if the studying hours of ten years were added to a man's life.

It is not designed in this little volume to attempt a full delineation of his various excellencies as a Christian, or to describe his labours and success as a minister, and a tutor of young men, designed for the ministry. A highly instructive view of these subjects is presented in the memoir already mentioned. Here it may be sufficient to observe, that as a minister of the everlasting Gospel he shone with peculiar lustre, and was truly a burning and a shining light. As a writer, he left monuments of his piety, industry, and zeal, which have been a blessing to many in the present and past age, and which will, doubtless, prove a blessing to many in ages yet to come.

As a Christian, few have appeared with less defect, and few have reached similar heights of glowing piety. The prime and leading feature of his soul was that of devotion. He said, "When I pray and meditate most, I work most." This was the pervading principle of his actions, whether public or private. He was diligent; anxious to do good; humble; patient; zealous; full of love to God, to his adored Redeemer, and to man. The following striking narrative, in his own words, gives so pleasing an exemplification of some of these Christian graces, and at the same time so displays his views of the nature and greatness of redeeming love, that even in this short sketch of his life, it deserves insertion.

"April 5, 1741. At our assizes last month, one Bryan Connell, an Irish papist, was convicted of the murder of Richard Brymley, of Weedon, about two years ago. The evidence at his trial seemed full and strong; but it chiefly depended on the credit of an infamous woman, who owned she had lived with him in adultery some years. There were some remarkable circumstances in the course of the trial, in which I thought the 'providence of God' wonderfully appeared. The prisoner told a long story of himself; but it was so ill supported, that, I imagine, no one person in court believed it. I visited him after his conviction, with a compassionate view to his eternal concerns; but instead of being able, by any remonstrances, to persuade him to confess the fact, I found him fixed in a most resolute denial of it. He continued to deny it the next day with such solemn, calm, but earnest appeals to heaven, and fervent cries that God would inspire some with the belief of his innocence, that I was much impressed. As he desired to leave with me, at the time of his execution, a paper, in which he would give an account of the place where, and the persons with whom, he was, when the murder was committed, I was so struck with the affair.

that I obtained time of the under-sheriff to make inquiry into the truth of what he had told me. Having sent a wise and faithful friend to Whitechurch and Chester, to examine the evidence he appealed to, I found every circumstance which the convict had asserted proved ; and the concurrent testimony of five credible persons attested, that he was in Cheshire, when the murder was committed. These testimonies I laid before the judge by whom he was condemned, for the deliverance of what in my conscience I believed, and do still believe, to be innocent blood. But the judge did not think himself warranted to reprieve him ; as the evidence given against him by the wicked woman was materially confirmed by two other witnesses ; and because he thought the most dangerous consequences might attend such an examination of the affair as I proposed. The convict was accordingly executed. I had laboured with unwearied pains and zeal, both for the deliverance of his life and the salvation of his soul. What made the case more affecting to me was, that nothing could be more tender than his expressions of gratitude, and nothing more cheerful than his hope of deliverance had been. Among other things I remember he said, ' Every drop of my blood thanks you, for you have had compassion on every drop of it.' He wished he might, before he died, have leave to kneel at the threshold of my door to pray for me and mine ; which indeed he did on his knees, in the most earnest manner, as he was taken out to be executed. ' You, saith he, are my redeemer in one sense (a poor impotent redeemer !) and you have a right to me. If I live, I am your property, and I will be a faithful subject.' The manner in which he spoke of what he promised himself for my friendship, if he had been spared, was exceeding natural and touching. Upon the whole, I never passed through a more striking scene. I desire it may teach me the following lessons : 1. To adore the awful justice of God in causing this unhappy

creature thus infamously to fall by her, with whom he had so scandalously sinned, to the ruin of a very virtuous and loving wife. Thus God made his own law effectual, that 'the adulterer should die.' 2. To acknowledge the depths of the Divine counsels ; which, in this affair, when I think of all the circumstances of it, are to me impenetrable. 3. To continue resolute in well-doing, though I should be, as in this instance I have been, reproached and reviled for it. Some have said, that I am an Irish papist ; others have used very contemptuous language, and thrown out base censures for my interposing in this affair ; though I am in my conscience persuaded, that to have neglected that interposition, in the view I then had of things, would have been the most criminal part of my whole life. 4. May I not learn from it gratitude to him, who hath redeemed and delivered me ? In which, alas, how far short do I fall of this poor creature ! How eagerly did he receive the news of a reprieve for a few days ! How tenderly did he express his gratitude ; that he should be mine ; that I might do what I pleased with him ! that I had bought him : spoke of the delight with which he should see and serve me ; that he would come once a year from one end of the kingdom to the other to see and thank me, and should be glad never to go out of my sight ! O, why do not our hearts overflow with such sentiments on an occasion infinitely greater ! We were all dead men. Execution would soon have been done upon us : but ' Christ has redeemed us to God with his blood.' We are not merely reprieved but pardoned ; not merely pardoned but adopted ; made heirs of eternal glory, and near the borders of it. In consequence of all this, we are not our own, but 'bought with a price.' May we 'glorify God in our bodies and spirits which are his !' "

In one of his excellent works, he bears his testimony to that weighty truth, that the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace.

"The experience of many years of my life hath established me in a persuasion, that one day spent in a devout religious manner, is preferable to whole years of sensuality and neglect of religion. The most considerable enjoyments which I expect to desire, in the remaining days of my pilgrimage upon earth, are such, as I have directed you to seek in religion. Such love to God, such constant activity in his service, such pleasurable views of what lies beyond the grave, appear to me, God is my witness, a felicity infinitely beyond any thing else, which can offer itself to our affections and pursuits: and I would not, for ten thousand worlds, resign my share in them, or consent even to the suspension of the delights which they afford, during the remainder of my abode here."

On other occasions, speaking of his own experience, he observed, "I want, above all things in the world, to be brought to a greater nearness to God, and to walk more constantly and closely with him. I am one of the least of his children, and yet a child; and that is my daily joy. Indeed I feel my love to Him increase: I struggle forwards toward Him, and look at Him, as it were, sometimes with tears of love, when, in the midst of the hurries of life, I cannot speak to him otherwise than by an ejaculation."

As he drew near the end of his course, he grew more and more meet for the inheritance of the saints in light; and his Divine comforts, when sickness was leading him down, step by step, into the awful grave, display the inestimable value of that early knowledge of the Saviour, which he enjoyed.

In December, 1750, he went to St. Albans to preach a funeral sermon for his friend and patron, Dr. Samuel Clarke. In that journey he unhappily contracted a cold, which hung upon him the remainder of the winter. On the advance of the spring, it considerably abated, but returned again with great violence in the summer. His

physicians and friends advised him to lay aside his public work for awhile, and apply himself entirely to the use of proper medicines and exercise for the removal of his complaint. But he could not be persuaded to comply with the former part of their advice. To be useless was worse than death to him. His correspondents, and friends at home, plainly observed his great improvement in spirituality and a heavenly temper, the nearer he approached to his dissolution. He seemed to rise above the world ; his affections were more strongly than ever set upon heaven, and he was daily breathing after immortality. In some letters to his friends, about this time, he thus expressed himself, " I bless God, earth is less and less to me ; and I shall be very glad to have done with it once for all, as soon as it shall please my Master to give me leave. Yet for him I would live and labour ; and I hope, if such were his will, suffer too."—" I thank God, that I do indeed feel my affection to this vanishing world, dying and vanishing every day. I have long since weighed it in the balances and found it wanting ; and my heart and hopes are above. Fain would I attain more lively views of glory. Fain would I feel more powerful attractions towards that world, where you and I, through grace, soon shall be ; and in the mean time would be exerting myself more and more, to people that blessed, but neglected region."—" I am now intent upon having something done among the Dissenters, in a more public manner for propagating the Gospel abroad, which lies near my heart. Should God spare my life, many opportunities of doing good in this respect may arise : but to depart and be with Christ, is far, far, infinitely better. I desire the prayers of my friends in my present circumstances. O that I had wings like a dove ! You know whither they would carry me. I feel nothing in myself at present, that should give me reason to apprehend immediate danger. But the obstinacy of my cough and its proneness to return upon every little provocation, gives

me some alarm. Go on to pray for me, that my heart may be fixed upon God ; that every motion and every word may be directed by love to him and zeal for his glory ; and leave me with him as cheerfully as I leave myself. He will do well with his servant according to his word. ‘Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without him ;’ and, though I am indeed, I think, ‘less than the least of all saints,’ I am nevertheless of more value than many sparrows. May you increase, while I decrease : and shine many years as a bright star in the Redeemer’s hand, when I am set.”

He began his last will thus : “Whereas, it is customary on these occasions, to begin with commending the soul into the hands of God, through Christ, I do it ; not in mere form, but with sincerity and joy ; esteeming it my greatest happiness, that I am taught and encouraged to do it, by that glorious Gospel, which, having most assuredly believed, I have spent my life in preaching to others ; and which I esteem an infinitely greater treasure than all my little worldly store, or possessions ten thousand times greater than mine.”

The last time he administered the Lord’s supper to his congregation at Northampton, was on June 2, 1751. At the conclusion of that service, he mentioned, with marks of uncommon pleasure, that view of Christ given in the Revelations, as ‘holding the stars in his right hand, and walking among the candlesticks ;’ expressing his authority over ministers and churches, his right to dispose of them as he pleaseth, and the care he taketh of them. After this he spent some weeks in London, and the hurries and labours he went through there, contributed to increase his disorder. Immediately after his return from London, on July. 14, 1751, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of his friends, he was determined to address his beloved flock once more from the pulpit. His discourse was well adapted to be, as he imagined it probably might be (and as indeed it proved) a farewell sermon.

His subject was Romans xiv. 8. 'For whether we live, we live unto the Lord ; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord : whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.'

The last public service in which he was engaged, was at the ordination of the Rev. Mr. Adams, at Bewdley, in Worcestershire, July 18. His pale countenance and languid trembling voice, showed how unfit he was for the service at that time. He wrote to a friend concerning his intended journey thither : " I am at present much indisposed. My cough continues, and where it may end God only knows. I will however struggle hard to come to Bewdley, that I may be fitter to serve Christ, if I live, or to go and enjoy him if I die. I can write but little ; help me with your prayers. My unworthiness is greater even than my weakness, though that be great. Here is my comfort, the strength of Christ may perhaps be made perfect in weakness."

Soon after this he received the following most interesting letter from Mr. Barker, a minister in London.

" Lessingham, Neal, and Barker, are too nearly interested in that precious life, which now appears in danger of being cut off in the midst of its days, to hear of its waste and languishing without great concern and fervent prayer to God. How your letter affected my heart in public, your friends are witnesses : but what I felt for my dear brother and the ministers and churches of Christ, God and myself only know. I will not now say, why did you spend so fast ? Why did you not spare yourself a little sooner ? I will rather heartily thank you, that you use all the means you can to repair your frame, and restore and prolong your usefulness. It is the kindest thing that you can do, and the highest instance of friendship you can show us ; and I acknowledge your goodness to us in this point with tears of joy. Consent and choose to stay with us a while longer, my dear friend, if it please God. This is not only needful to Northampton and its ad-



jacent towns and villages, but desirable to us all, and beneficial to our whole interest. Stay, Doddridge, O stay and strengthen our hands, whose shadows grow long. Fifty is but the height of vigour, usefulness, and honour. Do not take leave abruptly. Providence hath not directed thee, yet, on whom to drop thy mantle. Who shall instruct our youth, fill our vacant churches; animate our associations, and diffuse a spirit of piety, moderation, candour, and charity through our villages and churches; and a spirit of prayer and supplication into our towns and cities, when thou art removed from us? Especially, who shall unfold the sacred oracles, teach us the meaning and use of our Bibles, rescue us from the bondage of systems, party opinions, empty, useless speculations, and fashionable forms and phrases; and point out to us the simple, intelligible, consistent, uniform religion of our Lord and Saviour? Who shall—But I am silenced by the voice of him who says, ‘Shall I not do what I will with my own? Is it not my prerogative to take and leave as seemeth me good? I demand the liberty of disposing of my own servants at my own pleasure. He hath laboured more abundantly. His times are in my hand. He hath not slept as do others. He hath risen to nobler heights than things below. He hopes to inherit glory. He hath laboured for that, which endureth to eternal life; labour, which, the more it abounds, the more it exalts and magnifies its object, and the more effectually answers and secures its end.—It is yours to wait and trust,—mine to dispose and govern. On me be the care of ministers and churches.—With me is the residue of the Spirit.—Both the vineyard and the labourers are mine.—I set them to work, and when I please, I call them and give them their hire.’ With these thoughts my passions subside,—my mind is softened and satisfied—I resign thee, myself, and all to God, saying, Thy will be done. But now for the wings of faith and contemplation.—Let me take thy hand, my dear brother, and walk a turn or two in yonder spacious regions. Yes, it is so;

we read it in the book of God, that word of truth, and Gospel of our salvation—that ‘as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.’ The one ruined his posterity by sin; the other raised his seed to immortality. This poisoned the dart and inflamed the wound of death; but Jesus Christ redeemeth us from this captivity. See, thou Christian minister, thou friend of my bosom, and faithful servant of God, see the important period, when the surprising signs and descending inhabitants of heaven, proclaim the second coming of our divine Saviour! The heavens open and disclose his radiant glory—Hear the awakening trump.—See, the dead in Christ arise glorious and immortal—leave corruption, weakness, and dishonour behind them, and behold their Lord and head seated on his throne of judgment, attended and surrounded with the ministers of his power and pleasure, and shining in all the fulness of celestial glory:—and not only see, but share his victory and lustre,—partake of his image and influence. And behold the demolished fabric reared again, stately and ornamented—shining and illustrious—permanent and durable—to demonstrate how entirely death is vanquished, all its ruins repaired; and what was once meat for worms, is now a companion for angels: for when ‘this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal, immortality,’ every eye will be fastened on the mighty conqueror, and every voice and harp be tuned for that transporting song, ‘O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?’ Yes, Doddridge, it is so. The fruit of our Redeemer’s sufferings and victory, is the entire and eternal destruction of sin and death. And is it not a glorious destruction? A most blessed ruin? No enemy so formidable—no tyranny so bitter—no fetters so heavy and galling—no prison so dark and dismal—but they are vanquished and disarmed;—the unerring dart is blunted and broken—the prison pulled down and razed. Our Lord is risen as ‘the first fruits of them that slept.’ How glad should I be to hear, that God is pleased to prolong thy life on earth, to

declare these glorious truths, and to teach us to improve them ! In this your friends with you, and many more in every place, join, and make it our common petition to the great Disposer of all events. Use every means you can for the recovery of your health, for the sake of your friends, among whom is

“ Your faithful and affectionate

“ J. BARKER.”

The friendship displayed in this letter, and the divine consolations it administered, were almost too much for his tender frame.

His physicians judged it proper for him to make trial of the Bristol waters. He removed there, and received many marks of affection from persons with whom he had no previous acquaintance.

While he continued at Bristol, some of the principal persons of his congregation came to visit him, with an affection not to be expressed ; they brought him an assurance of the high esteem and tender sympathy of his people and friends at home, and informed him that prayer was made by the church for him three evenings in every week ; and that some other churches were engaged in the same work on his account. This afforded him great satisfaction and refreshment. He knew their prayers would not be, upon the whole, vain ; though he considered his own case as desperate, and said, that unless God should interpose in such an extraordinary manner as he had no reason to expect, he could not long continue in the land of the living. He ascribed to the efficacy of the prayers of his friends, the composure and joy he felt in his own soul, and the preservation of Mrs. Doddridge's health, amidst incessant fatigue and concern, which he acknowledged as a singular blessing. But while the outward man was so sensibly decaying, that he used to say to his friends, ‘ I die daily,’ yet the ‘ inward man was renewed day by day.’ The warmth of his devotion, zeal, and friendship, was maintained and increased. His

physicians had directed him to speak and write as little as possible ; but he could not satisfy himself without sometimes writing a few lines to some of his friends, to whom he could write in short-hand without much fatigue : and the frame of his heart, in the views of death, will appear by these extracts from them. “ I bless God, I have the powerful supports of Christianity ; nor is it any grievance of heart to me, but on the contrary, an unspeakable pleasure, that I have spent my life among the Protestant Dissenters, and sacrificed to honour, liberty, and conscience, those considerations, which persons devoted to avarice and ambition think great and irresistible.”

To another friend he wrote, “ I see indeed no hope of my recovery ; yet my heart rejoiceth in my God and in my Saviour ; and I call him, under this failure of every thing else, ‘ its strength and everlasting portion.’ God hath indeed been wonderfully good to me. But I am ‘ less than the least of his mercies ;’ less than the least of his children. Adored be his grace for whatever it hath wrought by me ! And blessed be you of the Lord, for the strong consolations you have been the instrument of administering ! What a friend will you be in heaven ! How glad shall I be to welcome you there, after a long, a glorious course of service, to increase the lustre of your crown ! May you long shine, like a sun upon the earth, with your light, warmth and influence, when there remain not any united particles of that poor, wasting, sinking frame, which enables this immortal spirit to call itself, your friend in everlasting bonds ! P. D.”

As the last means that could afford a hope of restoring his health, he was advised to try a warmer climate. Before his departure from England, a friend who visited him, gave the following relation of his state, and of some of the expressions that dropped from his almost dying lips. ‘ He coughs much, is hoarse, speaks inwardly with a low voice. He is affected with the loss of his voice, being desirous to preach Christ, and speak for him, while

he lives. He is preparing for a journey, through roads rendered exceedingly bad by much wet, to embark at Falmouth. My soul, saith he, is vigorous and healthy, notwithstanding the hastening decay of this frail and tottering body. It is not for the love of sun-shine or the variety of meats, that I desire life, but if it pleased God, that I may render him a little more service. It is a blessed thing to live above the fear of death, and I praise God, that I fear it not. The means I am about pursuing to save life, so far as I am solely concerned, are, to my apprehension, worse than death. My profuse night-sweats are very weakening to my emaciated frame ; but the most distressing nights to this frail body have been as the beginning of heaven to my soul. God hath, as it were, let heaven down upon me in those nights of weakness and waking. I am not suffered once to lose my hope. My confidence is, not that I have lived such or such a life, or served God in this or the other manner : I know of no prayer I ever offered, no service I ever performed, but there has been such a mixture of what was wrong in it, that instead of recommending me to the favour of God, I needed his pardon, through Christ, for the same. Yet he hath enabled me in sincerity to serve him. Popular applause was not the thing I sought. If I might be honoured to do good, and my heavenly Father might see his poor child attempting, though feebly and imperfectly, to serve him, and meet with his approving eye and commending sentence, ' Well done, good and faithful servant,'—this my soul regarded and was most solicitous for. I have no hope in what I have been, or done. Yet I am full of confidence ; and this is my confidence ; there is a hope set before me : I have fled, I still fly for refuge to that hope. In him I trust ; in him I have strong consolation, and shall assuredly be accepted in this beloved of my soul. The spirit of adoption is given me, enabling me to cry, Abba Father. I have no doubt of my being a child of God, and that life and death, and all my present exer-

cises are directed in mercy, by my adored heavenly Father."

His principal objection to going to Lisbon was the expense ; but a friend in London, who had for many years generously managed his small temporal concerns, the late Mr. Nath. Neal, thus wrote to him upon this occasion : " Your friends here will think there is cause either to blame themselves, or you, if the expense of your present expedition (so unavoidable as it seems to be) should create you an hour's uneasiness. Many of them you are sensible, desire to be ranked among the disciples of Christ ; and it exceeds not the humility he hath prescribed to the meanest of them, to aim at a share in a prophet's reward. Instead of selling what you have in the funds, I believe I shall be able, through the benevolence of your friends, to add to it, after having defrayed the expense of your voyage. Besides this, you go with a full gale of prayer ; and I trust we shall stand ready, as it were, on the shore, to receive you back with shouts of praise : but it becomes us also to be prepared for a more awful event. O, sir, the time is hastening, when these ways of the Lord, which are now so unsearchable, shall appear to have been marked out by the counsels of Infinite Wisdom ; and we, who may be left longest to lean upon one another by turns, in this weary land, shall fix our feet on those everlasting hills, where our joys nor our vigour shall ever leave us."

He had to travel from Bristol to Falmouth, over roads rendered bad by the wet, yet during all his fatigue of travelling, wearisome nights, and weeks of languishing, patience had its perfect work. No complaining word was uttered by him ; no mark of an uneasy discontented mind seen in him. A heavenly calm dwelt in his breast. He seemed continually pleased and cheerful ; expressed in obliging terms his thankfulness to the meanest servant that showed any kindness or gave him any assistance, and dropped some pious hints, that might be serviceable to

them in their best interests. No one, however fond of life, could be more punctually observant of the regimen prescribed to him ; and in this he acted from a principle of duty, and a conviction that in past instances he had been too regardless of his life and health. He acknowledged this to a young minister of a tender constitution, with whom he had an interview at Bristol ; and earnestly recommended to him the care of his own health, in order to prolong his usefulness. The most painful circumstance in all his illness was, that, as speaking was hurtful to him, his physicians had forbidden him conversation. He submitted as much as possible to this piece of self-denial, and seldom opened his lips, but to express his gratitude and affection to his friends, and his thankfulness to his heavenly Father, for all those blessings, with which he was so richly furnished both for body and soul. He never, in his most painful and declining state, expressed any regret, but what arose from that generous ardour, which filled his soul, and the strong desire he felt to testify, by longer and more distinguished services, his gratitude and love to his Divine Master. In this view he would sometimes express his desires of the recovery of his health ; but these desires were bounded by the meekest and most entire submission to the Divine will. When his friends reminded him of his fidelity, diligence, and zeal, in his Master's service, even to his power, and as he then felt and they saw, beyond his power, he used to reply, "I am nothing ; all is to be ascribed to the free grace of God." He often told them, that he could not be sufficiently thankful for the honour and happiness God had conferred upon him, in that he had been enabled sincerely to endeavour, though, very imperfectly, to do him and his glorious cause some little service in the world ; that this, when compared with his delightful hopes of that future eternal reward, with which he had been so often animated and cheered, filled him with such a sense of his infinite obligations to his heavenly Father,

and to the dying love of his blessed Redeemer, that all he had done, or ever could do, to serve his cause in the world, appeared to him as nothing, yea, less than nothing. Nor did the meanest and most useless Christian, with greater humility, renounce all self-dependence, and every shadow of merit. He often professed that his only hope and joyful expectation of pardon and acceptance were absolutely founded on the mercy of God, through the merits and intercession of his Redeemer ;—that it was a great satisfaction to him to reflect, that, through the whole course of his ministry, it had been his constant concern to direct and recommend to his hearers this only foundation, on which, he then felt, he could so safely and joyfully trust his own soul. He often professed his cordial belief of the truth, importance, and excellency of those doctrines which it had been the business and delight of his life to explain, illustrate, and enforce : and it was his fervent prayer, that God would, by his Spirit, lead the minds of ministers into a just knowledge of them ; and cause their eyes to see, and their hearts to feel, the reality, power, and sweetness of these truths as he did.

He left Bristol, September 17th, and after a fatiguing journey of ten days, occasioned partly by the badness of the season and roads, and partly by his great weakness, he arrived at Falmouth. His most painful and threatening symptoms had been suspended during his journey and stay at Falmouth, but returned with greater violence the night before he sailed ; so that Mrs. Doddridge thought it necessary to propose that he should return home, or stay a while there ; to which, having some hope from a change of climate, he returned this short answer, “ The die is cast, and I choose to go.” It showed no small degree of faith and courage in him to venture, amidst such weakness, and through so many dangers, on such a voyage, especially into so bigoted a country as Portugal ; where, if his profession were known, and his writings



had been seen, by any of the Romish priests (as they probably might, being in several hands at Lisbon) it might have been attended with deplorable consequences to him and his friends.

He had some feeble hope that the voyage and change of climate would be efficacious. From Falmouth he wrote to a friend. "I am upon the whole better than could be expected after such a journey. Let us thank God and take courage. We may yet know many cheerful days. We shall at least know (why do I say at least?) one joyful one, which shall be eternal." And to another friend. "Oh, when shall we meet in that world, where we shall have nothing to lament, and nothing to fear, for ourselves or each other, or any dear to us! let us think of this as a momentary state, and aspire more ardently after the blessings of that. If I survive my voyage, a line shall tell you how I bear it. If not, all will be well; and (as good Mr. Howe says) I hope I shall embrace the wave, that, when I intended Lisbon, should land me in heaven. I am more afraid of doing wrong than dying."

On September 30th, 1751, he went on board the packet, which conveyed him to the spot where his mortal remains rest till the resurrection of the just. Mrs. Doddridge was his faithful and affectionate companion.

No sooner had the vessel sailed, but the new and wonderful scene which opened upon him, the soft air, and the fresh breezes of the sea, gave him new life and spirits. The sea sickness, which almost incapacitated his wife and servant from giving him any attendance and assistance, was so favourable to him that he needed them less than before. The captain's cabin was to him, as 'the house of God and the gate of heaven.' There, in an easy chair, he generally sat the greatest part of the day. He several times said to Mrs. Doddridge, "I cannot express to you what a morning I have had: such delightful and transporting views of the heavenly world is my

Father now indulging me with, as no words can express." There appeared such sacred gratitude and joy in his countenance as often reminded her of those lines in one of his hymns,

"When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all its powers of language fail,  
Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break,  
And mean the thanks I cannot speak."

The vessel was becalmed some days in the Bay of Biscay ; and the weather proved so intensely hot, that his sweats returned, attended with such faintness, as threatened his speedy dissolution. But Providence yet lengthened out the feeble thread of life. When the vessel came to the desired haven, and was waiting for the usual ceremonies before it could enter, the fineness of the day, the softness of the air, and the delightful prospects that surrounded him, gave him a fresh flow of strength and spirits. He went on deck and stayed about two hours, which afforded him such sensible refreshment, as raised a flattering hope of his recovery.—He landed at Lisbon on Lord's day, October 13th. The next day he wrote to his assistant at Northampton, and gave him a short account of his voyage, the magnificent appearance of Lisbon from the sea, and what he observed in passing through it ; which showed the composure and cheerfulness of his mind : and, after mentioning his great weakness and danger, he adds ; " Nevertheless I bless God, the most undisturbed serenity continues in my mind, and my strength holds proportion to my day. I still hope and trust in God, and joyfully acquiesce in all he may do with me. When you see my dear friends of the congregation, inform them of my circumstances, and assure them that I cheerfully submit myself to God. If I desire life may be restored, it is chiefly that it may be employed in serving Christ among them ; and that I am enabled by faith to look upon death as an enemy that

shall be destroyed ; and can cheerfully leave my dear Mrs. Doddridge a widow in this strange land, if such be the appointment of our heavenly Father. I hope I have done my duty, and the Lord do as seemeth good in his sight !”

At Lisbon he was kindly received and entertained at the house of Mr. David King, an English merchant. Still his mind enjoyed a delightful calm, full of joy and thankfulness, which was often expressed by his words, and always by his looks. The rainy season, which in that climate usually sets in about the end of October, coming on with uncommon violence, cut off every hope his friends had entertained from air and exercise ; and by the manner in which it affected him, seemed the appointed instrument of Providence to cut short his remaining days. The night of Thursday, October 24th, seemed the last of rational life, his mind continued in the same vigour, calmness, and joy, which he had felt and expressed during his whole illness. Mrs. Doddridge still attended him ; and he said to her, “ That he had been making it his humble and earnest request, that God would support and comfort her ;—that it had been his desire, if it were the Divine will, to stay a little longer upon earth to promote the honour and interest of his beloved Lord and Master ; but now, the only pain he felt in the thought of dying was, his fear of that distress and grief, which would come upon her in case of his removal. After a short pause, he added, but I am sure my heavenly Father will be with you.—It is a joy to me to think, how many friends and comforts you are returning to. So sure I am that God will be with you and comfort you, that I think my death will be a greater blessing to you, than ever my life hath been.” He desired her to remember him in the most affectionate manner to his dear children, his flock, and all his friends ; and tell them of the gratitude his heart felt, and the blessings he

wished for them all, on account of their kindness and goodness to him ; nor was the family where he lodged, nor even his own servant, forgotten in these expressions of his pious benevolence. Many devout sentiments and aspirations he uttered ; but her heart was too much affected with his approaching change, to be able to recollect them. After lying still some time, and being supposed asleep, he told her he had been renewing his covenant engagements with God ; and though he had not felt all that delight and joy, which he had so often done, yet he was sure the Lord was his God, and he had a cheerful, well-grounded hope, through the Redeemer, of being received to his everlasting mercy. He lay in a gentle doze the following day, and continued so till about an hour before he died : when in his last struggle, he appeared restless, fetched several deep sighs, and quickly after obtained his release from the burthen of the flesh, on Saturday, October 26th.

Thus lived and died Philip Doddridge. How glorious, how animating a conclusion to a life of humble piety ! How wide, almost infinitely wide, is the difference between the real Christian and the infidel, or the mere man of the world ! One soars to God ; the other grovels as low as the basest reptile of the dust. One grasps as his portion the realities of eternity, the other seeks nothing but the shadows of time. Well might angels announce the birth of a Saviour, who thus elevates fallen man, with the triumphal song, " Glory to God in the highest ! " And, " Glory to God in the highest ! " is an anthem suited for the millions of the blest, through an eternal day. For O,

" Dear Saviour, who can sufficiently praise,  
In life's little span, thy wonderful grace !  
Thy love, which engages, shall heighten our song,  
While infinite ages are gliding along."

O, have you, who read these lines, a well-founded hope of joining, like Doddridge, in that everlasting hymn of

praise? Are you young, then mark his early piety, the piety even of childhood, and implore grace to copy him.



## RICHARD CECIL.

THE eminent minister who is the subject of the following lines, was born in London, November 8, 1748. His mother was a Dissenter, and a woman of real piety. Her family for several preceding generations were pious characters; one of them, a friend of the suffering non-conformists, used to employ his daughter, Mr. Cecil's grandmother, in conveying relief to those faithful disciples of the Son of God. How much is England indebted to them! They were those of whom the world was not worthy; learned, devout, pious, and in the midst of sufferings, faithful unto death. They were instruments in the Divine hand to preserve the sacred flame of religion from expiring in their ungrateful country. They laid the foundation of many Dissenting churches, in which thousands, through subsequent generations, have been ripening for the church above. And various eminent friends of religion, not of their communion, have been their descendants. Among these was the celebrated John Wesley; he too was much indebted to a pious mother, whose father was one of the non-conformist ministers.

Mr. Cecil's mother laboured to impress his mind with Divine truth. She furnished him with Janeway's Token for Children, which at an early age much affected him. Afterward he broke through all the restraints of a pious education, and became almost an infidel. Yet his mother's admonitions, which he affected to scorn, were not lost. They fixed themselves in his heart, and would draw tears from his eyes as he passed along the streets,

from the impressions left on his mind. Lying awake one night, he contemplated his mother's case. I see, said he within himself, two unquestionable facts. First, my mother is greatly afflicted in circumstances, body and mind, and yet I see that she cheerfully bears up under all, by the support she derives from constantly retiring to her closet and her Bible. Secondly, that she has a secret spring of comfort of which I know nothing; while I, who give an unbounded loose to my appetites, and seek pleasure by every means, seldom or never find it. If, however, there is any such secret in religion, why may not I attain it as well as my mother? I will immediately seek it of God." He now rose in bed and began to pray, but was soon damped by recollecting how he had ridiculed the Saviour. He, however, persevered in inquiring for the way of life, and at length happily found it.

Mr. Cecil, in alluding to the time that preceded his conversion, has made some observations derived from what he experienced, which are so happily illustrative of the effect of pious example and instruction, as to deserve the most serious attention from every Christian parent.

"The spirit and tone of your house will have great influence on your children. If it is what it ought to be it will often fasten conviction on their minds, however wicked they may become. I have felt the truth of this in my own case. I said, *"My father is right, and I am wrong! O let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"* The bye-conversations in a family are in this view of unspeakable importance.

"Arguments addressed to the heart, press more forcibly than those addressed to the head. When I was a child and a very wicked one too, one of Dr. Watts' hymns sent me into a corner to weep. The lives in Janeway's Token had the same effect. I felt the influence of faith in suffering Christians. The character of young Samuel

came home to me, when nothing else had any hold on my mind.

"The implantation of principles is of unspeakable importance, especially when culled from time to time out of the Bible.—A man can very seldom get rid of these principles, they stand in his way, he wishes to forget them, perhaps, but it is impossible.

"Where parental influence does not convert it hampers. It hangs on the wheels of evil. I had a pious mother who dropped things in my way. I could never rid myself of them. I was a professed infidel, but then I liked to be an infidel in company rather than alone. I was wretched when by myself. These principles, maxims, and data, spoiled my jollity. With my companions I could sometimes stifle them : like embers we kept one another warm. Besides I was here a sort of hero. I had beguiled several of my associates into my own opinions, and I had to maintain a character before them. But I could not divest myself of my better principles. I went with one of my companions to see "The Minor," (a profane play.) He could laugh heartily at mother Cole—I could not. He saw in her the picture of all who talked about religion—I knew better. The ridicule on regeneration was high sport to him—to me it was none : it could not move my features. He knew no difference between regeneration and transubstantiation—I did. I knew there was such a thing. I was afraid and ashamed to laugh at it. Parental influence thus cleaves to a man—it harasses him—it throws itself continually in his way."

"My mother would talk to me, and weep as she talked—I flung out of the house with an oath—but wept when I got into the street. Sympathy is the powerful engine of a mother."

"It is of incalculable importance to obtain a hold on the conscience. Children have a conscience, and it is not seared, though it is evil. Bringing the eternal world into

their view—planning and acting with that world before us—this gains at length such a hold on them, that with all the infidel poison which they may afterward imbibe, there are few children who at night in their chamber—in the dark—in a storm of thunder—will not feel. They cannot cheat like other men. They recollect that ETERNITY which stands in their way. It rises up before them. It goads them : it thunders in their ears. After all they are obliged to compound the matter with conscience, if they cannot be prevailed on to return to God without delay, —‘ I must be religious one time or another. That is clear. I cannot get rid of this thing. Well, I will begin at such a time. I will finish such a scheme and then !’

“ After all, in some cases, perhaps every thing seems to have been done and exhibited by the pious parent in vain. Yet *he casts his bread upon the waters*. And perhaps after he has been in the grave twenty years, his son remembers what his father told him.”

There is great reason for believing that pious instruction, whose effects Mr. Cecil so well describes, was a principal instrument in the Divine hand, for producing that important change in his heart and life, of which he now became the subject. Though for a while the seed seemed lost, it at length sprung up and brought forth an abundant harvest. His father perceiving his serious turn, threatened to cast him off if he went among the Dissenters, but offered to provide for him if he chose to become a minister in the established church, which, after some consideration, he accepted.

When about 28 years of age, he entered on the ministry of the Gospel. He laboured in various places, but the principal scene of his exertions was St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row. There for many years he was employed in dispensing the word of life. “ Faith,” he observes, “ is the master spring of a minister. Hell is before me, and thousands of souls shut up there in everlasting agonies—Jesus Christ stands forth to save men



from rushing into this bottomless abyss—He sends me to proclaim his ability and love: I want no fourth idea!—every fourth idea is contemptible!—every fourth idea is a grand impertinence!”

In the latter part of the year 1798, he was attacked by a severe illness. During its continuance he found the Saviour his only support, he said, “If God should restore me again to health, I have determined to study nothing but the Bible—All important truth is there, and I feel that no comfort enters sick curtains from any other quarter—I have been too much occupied in preparing to live, and too little in living. I have read too much from curiosity, and for mental gratification. I was literary when I should have been active. We trifle too much. Let us do something for God. The man of God is a man of feeling and activity. I feel, and would urge with all possible strength on others, that Jesus Christ is our *All in all*.”

On one occasion he said to a friend, “It has been a night of great pain, but it was a night appointed me by Jesus Christ, and sure it must be a good one that he appoints! Had I laid down my life for you, your good nights would have been my anxious care. At another time; “I have great peace—not a ruffled breeze—night nor day—and this is all grounded on the doctrine of Jesus Christ. Give up that and I should have no sleep to-night. All is pitch darkness without it—dark as a Socinian—dark as a moralist. There is no light but what Christ brings.” At another time he said to Mrs. Cecil, “It is an extraordinary statement, that though God love me much better than you do, yet he does not relieve me. I am to partake as a member of Christ, the sufferings of Christ. It pleased the Lord to bruise him for the good of man, and he afflicts man for his good. I am now often thankful for five minutes ease, and I wonder I was not much more so for that of fifty years.”

To one who spoke of his illness, he said, “It is all

CHRIST. I keep death in view. If God does not please to raise me up, he intends me better. I know whom I have believed—I find every thing but religion vanity. I am ready even on this sick bed to preach to preachers. I ask myself, what is my hold and support, what will remain with me when every thing else is washed away? To recollect a promise of the Bible—this is substance. Nothing will do but the Bible.”

Previously to this confinement, when writing to a friend, on the conduct of God, he observed, “What can he take away that he cannot make up to me? Pain, loss, solitude—What are ye? The way home—He knows the way; that is enough—He has promised to be with me in the way; that is more than enough.—He can make the dying and peaceful way, the way of life—the way of comfort—the way of joy as well as holiness. He has done it ten thousand times. I have seen it done. *What child is he whom his father chasteneth not?*”

After this severe attack he in some measure recovered, and several years were added to his life. He again pursued his great work, and still experienced his heavenly Father’s care. He often used to say, “I set out with nothing but dependance on God—resolving to do his work, and leaving all the rest to him. I know that he will take care and provide for me.”

A considerable time before his death, illness again removed him from the field of active labour, and in August, 1810, he was called to his eternal rest.

An apoplectic seizure was the appointed means for removing Mr. Cecil into the eternal world, but previous to this he had endured a long and distressing illness—an illness whose depressing nature at times occasioned much mental distress. The great object of his hope and faith has however the same place in his affections and esteem. “Should it,” said he, “please God ever to raise me up to preach again, Christ would be my only subject.”—To

a friend he said, "In your preaching hold up Christ. This should be your great subject and aim in your sermons. Some have objected that I have preached too much on faith, but were I to preach again, they should hear much more of it."

As he drew nearer to death, Jesus Christ was his only topic. His apprehensions of the work and glory of Christ, and of the unspeakable importance of a spiritual union with him, grew, if possible, more distinct. He spoke of his Saviour to his family with the feeling and seriousness of a dying believer.

His successor at St. John's Chapel, who preached his funeral sermon, observes, "About a year before his death, when his powers of mind had for a long time been debilitated, but still retained some remnants of their former vigour, his religious feelings were at times truly desirable. His intellectual powers were indeed too far weakened for joy; but there was a resignation, a tranquillity, a ripeness of grace, a calm and holy repose on the bosom of the Saviour, that quite alarmed, if I may so speak, his anxious family, under the impression that there appeared nothing left for grace to do, and that he would soon be removed from them." A few weeks before his death, he spoke to the following purport, to the friend who makes the preceding statement. "I know myself to be a wretched and worthless sinner, having nothing in myself but poverty and sin. I know Jesus Christ to be a glorious and Almighty Saviour. I see the full efficacy of his atonement and grace; and I cast myself entirely on him, and wait at his footstool. I am aware that my diseased and broken mind makes me incapable of receiving consolation; but I submit myself wholly to the merciful and wise dispensations of God."

He often repeated with the martyr Lambert, "None but Christ—none but Christ," and a short time before his death, he requested one of his family to write down for him in a book the following sentence: "None but Christ

none but Christ, said Lambert dying at the stake ; the same, in dying circumstances, with his whole heart, saith Richard Cecil." To this he affixed his signature, though, through infirmity, in a manner hardly legible.

His affection to his family and hope of future happiness are pleasingly expressed in some lines written by him on a leaf in an old common place book.

" Blessed God ! how does nature cleave to a family ! How shall I leave them destitute—in weakness—in sin—and in the world ! Blessed be thy name, ' Thou hast overcome the sharpness of death, and opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers.' There shall I find all that I wish to find—my wife, if thine, in perfect love unspeakably united—my children, if thine, without cause of anger or grief—my children that are now thine. Our views—joys—and praises—object and state eternally the same ?—Our sins, sorrows, and sighings for ever fled away ! "

In his last hours he dictated a letter to his son, in the east, in which were the following lines. " I am only able now in a dying state to send my blessing and prayers for your welfare. I wish to say, that Christ is your all in time and eternity. I have been in a most affecting state by a paralytic stroke—but Christ is all that can profit you or me—a whole volume would not contain more or so much. O pray day and night for an interest in him !—and this is all I can say—it being more than haying the Indies. "

Thus regarding the Lord Jesus Christ he lived, and thus he died. Mrs. Cecil, after his decease, observed, that they might say of him as he once said in a letter to a friend, after burying a pious member of his congregation, " After I had put her into the grave the rest went away. I stood looking in : every body had lamented and said, ' How sad.' I, though I cannot now write for tears, looked in again, and said, ' *How well !* ' "

The preceding brief account of this excellent man,

may perhaps induce some readers to peruse the volume of his remains, to which his memoirs are prefixed—a volume well deserving attention, as it is fraught with serious and important instruction.

## CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN.

CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN was born at Cambuslang, near Glasgow, March the 12th, 1766. By both his parents, he appears to have been carefully trained, from his earliest years, in religious principles and habits. For a time their pious instructions seemed lost upon him, but in the end, he appears to have derived from them essential benefit.

In his 14th year he appeared the subject of serious religious impressions ; spending much time in devotion, amidst the rocks on the sea shore, near which he then resided ; but this hopeful prospect soon vanished, in consequence of his associating with an irreligious companion ; and he turned to folly and the world.

At the age of seventeen he conceived the romantic design of making the tour of Europe on foot ; and near four years afterward actually entered on this wild but favourite plan. Here he acted a guilty part, by deceiving his pious parents, as to his motives and expectations in leaving Scotland.

The way of transgressors is commonly hard. Long before he reached London, he was tired of his favourite project ; yet being too proud to return to his friends, and own his faults, he went forward to the metropolis ; where he at length arrived, with his spirits nearly exhausted by distress and poverty. Here he was soon reduced to the lowest extreme of wretchedness and want ; and sometimes had not even bread to eat ; but even then, though he saw his folly, he saw not his sin. At length

he obtained a situation as clerk to an attorney, but his salary was small, and he frequently felt the pressure of poverty.

At this period he does not appear to have led what is esteemed a profligate, but a careless, irreligious life. He formed salutary resolutions, which were soon broken. On one occasion he wrote, "I *swear* I'll do so no more. O! that I knew how to persevere in good resolutions as well as to make them! this has been my failing from my infancy." What a picture is here of those who are irritated by a consciousness of their weakness, yet ignorant of *Him* from whom all strength is derived.

Sometime afterward a few traces of pious feelings appeared, but it was in the year 1790 that his heart was first effectually impressed. The following account of the important change, which then took place, was written by himself. "Since my coming to London, until June last, I led a very dissipated irreligious life. Some gross sins I avoided, but pride was in my heart; I profaned the Lord's day without restraint; and never thought of any religious duty. But the period was now arrived when the mercy of God, which had always accompanied me, was to be manifested to me in a singular manner. I had a very strong sense of religion, when I was about the age of 14; and I used often to reflect on that period, but I had not the least idea of the nature of the Gospel.

"In the month of June last, (1790,) on a Sunday evening, a gentleman of my acquaintance called upon me. I knew him to be a serious young man, and out of complaisance to him I gave the conversation a religious turn. Among other things, I asked whether he believed there was such a thing as divine grace; whether or not it was a fiction by grave and austere persons from their own fancies. He took occasion from this inquiry to enlarge much upon the subject; he spoke with zeal and earnestness, and chiefly in Scripture language, and concluded with a very affecting address to the conscience and the heart. I had

not the least desire, that I recollect; of being benefitted by this conversation, but whilst he spoke I listened to him with much earnestness; and before I was aware, a most powerful impression was made upon my mind; and I conceived the instant resolution of reforming my life. On that evening I had an engagement, which I could not now approve; notwithstanding what had passed however, I resolved to go; but as I went along, and had time to reflect on what I had heard, I half wished that it might not be kept. It turned out as I desired: I hurried home, and locked myself up in my chamber; I fell on my knees and endeavoured to pray; but I could not. I tried again, but I was not able; I thought it was an insult to God for me to pray; I reflected on my past sins with horror, and spent the night I know not how. The next day my fears wore off a little, but they soon returned: I anxiously awaited the arrival of Sunday: but when it came I found no relief. After some time I communicated my situation to my religious friend; he prayed with me, and next Sunday I went with him to hear an eminent minister. This was a great relief to me; I thought I had found a physician: but alas! though I prayed often every day, and often at night, listlessness and languor seized me. Sometimes hope, sometimes fear, presented itself, and I became very uncomfortable. Going one morning to a bath, I found on a shelf Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul. This book I thought just suited me. I accordingly read it with deep attention and prayed over it. I next procured Alleine's Alarm to the Unconverted, and dwelt on it for some time. My religious friend then gave me Boston's Fourfold State, this I read carefully, and I hope it did me some good. I now secluded myself entirely from my companions on Sunday; and during the week the moment business was done, I went home to my studies; and have since wholly withdrawn myself from pleasure and amusement. In this manner have I passed the seven last months, continually praying for a

new heart, and a more perfect discovery of my sins. Sometimes I think I am advancing a little. At others I fear I am further from heaven than ever. O the prevalence of habit! It is not without reason that it has sometimes been called a second nature. Nothing but the hand of the Almighty who created me, can change my heart."

Soon after his mind was thus awakened to a sense of the importance of the blessings of salvation, he became a hearer of the pious Mr. Newton. In a letter to that venerable servant of God, he said, "when you spoke I thought I heard the words of eternal life; I listened with avidity, and wished that you had preached till midnight." For a time he felt disappointed that his mind was not relieved from its oppressive burden so soon as he had hoped. "But," said he, "I have now learned how unreasonable was such an early expectation: I have been taught to *wait patiently* upon God who waited so long for *me*."

"You say," he continues, "many things that touch my heart deeply, and I trust your ministry has been in some degree blessed to me; but your subjects are generally addressed to those who are already established in the faith, or to those who have not sought God at all. Will you then drop one word to me? If there is any comfort in the word of life for such as I am, O shed a little of it in my heart. And yet I am sensible that I am not prepared to receive that comfort. My sins do not affect me as I wish. All that I can speak of is a strong desire to be converted to my God. O sir, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? I see clearly I cannot be happy in any degree even in this life, until I make my peace with God: but how shall I make that peace? If the world were my inheritance I would sell it to purchase that pearl of great price.

"How I weep when I read of the prodigal son as described by our Lord! I would walk many miles to hear



a sermon from the 12th and 13th verses of the 33d chapter of the 2d book of Chronicles."

Soon after this Mr. Buchanan became acquainted with Mr. Newton, and under his friendly instructions and counsel learned the way of peace ; and was gradually introduced into a state of "righteousness, and peace, and joy, in the Holy Ghost." He felt the powerful influence of the love of Christ, and resolved to live no longer to himself, but, "unto him that died for him and rose again."

He soon after informed his mother, at that time his sole surviving parent, of his proceedings and situation. The conclusion of his letter affectingly describes the misery of a sinful course, and the extent of the change which divine grace had made in him. "The vail," says he, "which was between us is at length rent, and I am in peace ; for believe me, I have not till now, enjoyed a day of peace since I left my father's house. I once thought I would rather suffer torture than betray my secret ; but my 'sinews of iron' are become like those of a child. Nothing less than what I have suffered, could have softened so hard a heart as mine ; and not even that, unless accompanied by the power of God."

His mother had almost began to lose her fond hope of his becoming at length a follower of the Lamb ; and received with delight the account of his conversion.

It would be a departure from the plan of this little volume, to detail the scenes through which he passed in his progress, from the period in which he occupied the place of an attorney's clerk, to that in which he appeared the learned and pious minister of the Gospel. These are represented with much interest in his life, by Mr. Pearson.

The following extracts from his letters, give some account of his views and feelings.

"What an enviable frame of spirit does he possess who walks with God ! About a fortnight ago, a dawn

of that light, with which, I suppose, the Lord irradiates the souls of those that walk with him, shone upon my mind, and by its lustre showed me some things I had not seen before. I prayed often that this impression might not leave me. But alas! it did leave me; no doubt it was my own fault. I would walk three times round the globe to attain it again: but no such great thing is required of me; I have only to believe; 'Lord I believe, help thou my unbelief.'

"I have been assaulted of late from various quarters, both from without and from within; but I bless God that while I pray over the Bible, I am enabled to triumph over my enemies. I delight in the Bible. When my heart is melted within me, and my soul sick with the combat between the contempt of the ungodly and the remains of my own pride, then the Bible affords a comfort no other book can give.

"At present I can read the Bible when I can read nothing else.

"I dare not tell you what I am, but I can tell you what I pray for.

"I pray that I may be content to be of no reputation among men, knowing that if I am truly wise, I must become a fool amongst the ungodly; that I may patiently submit to indignity and reproach for Christ's sake, and that my whole life may be devoted to his service; that for this purpose I may diligently improve the talent committed to me, however little it may be, and that when I go forth into the ministry I may not seek self, but Christ; content to be unnoticed, dead to the censure or applause of men, alive to God and his concerns, and chiefly solicitous that my preaching may be powerful in awakening souls.

"The summit of my ambition, if I know my own mind, is to be daily more conformed to Christ, to be enabled to follow that great sufferer, and to rejoice to be counted worthy to suffer shame for his sake.

“I am equally ready to preach the Gospel in the next village or at the ends of the earth.”

Soon after leaving Cambridge, Mr. Buchanan went out as a chaplain to India; which became the theatre of his most distinguished labours. For some time after his arrival there, he seemed fixed in such a situation as almost laid him aside from active service, but at length was called into the field of exertion. The compiler refers those who would know how distinguished a part he acted in India, to the interesting work already mentioned. In him were shown the firmness of the unshaken Christian, and the zeal of the pious minister. His different labours were abundant. During the administration of the Marquis of Wellesley, religion was favoured, and the cause which lay near the heart of Buchanan was fostered under the protection of that distinguished nobleman, whom the real friends of religion should ever respect; for his attention to that cause which is dearer than life to them. When, under his successor, religion was discouraged, and that favour granted to heathenism and Mahometanism, which was denied to Christianity, Buchanan stood firm as a rock in his opposition to the conduct of an infidel court, and boldly, but respectfully, remonstrated with the supreme government of India on the measures then pursued.

It is not improbable that some regarded the varied labours in which Mr. Buchanan was at this time engaged, as excessive; but with that humility which distinguishes the faithful Christian, he viewed their deficiency as a matter of regret and remorse.

—“What I have been at any period of my life, is so little like what I would wish to be, that I cannot contemplate it without remorse.

—“One thing urges me to press forward with hope; and that is, that all I hear and all I say, appears to me to be so very unlike what it ought to be, that I imagine something better might be attempted.”

The manner in which his mind aspired above earthly objects, is pleasingly displayed in the conclusion of one of his letters to Mrs. Buchanan, in which he had been giving her some account of the chequered scenes of his life.

“Such, my dearest Mary, has been my varied life, and such the wonderful providence which has watched over me during so long a period. I pray that now I am settled, I may be enabled to show a heart fixed on my Saviour, and on the ministration of his word. I feel that nothing in this world can afford me any delight equal to what I hope to find in the labour of the everlasting Gospel. No fortune or rank in life, can ever, I think, give any solid comfort to my soul; nothing but heavenly draughts can quench my thirst.

“My infirm constitution admonishes me not to expect to enjoy life, as some speak; and I am thankful for every barrier which God erects against my taking up my rest in this wilderness. Let us then, my dear Mary, live for the day, seeking that heavenly peace which is always attainable. We have learnt from our past experience, that our times are in His hands; and we shall confess at the end that ‘he hath done all things well.’

“I feel a deep sense of the importance of my present situation, and of the necessity of using the talent committed to my charge; the uncertainty of having such a useful sphere of action much longer, or my health continued, or my reputation supported; these things excite to greater exertions while it is called ‘to-day.’”

His filial affection was manifested by his allowing £300 a year to his mother, when an increase of income enabled him to do this: and his benevolent zeal for the promotion of religion appeared in the gift of several munificent prizes, amounting to above £2600, for essays or dissertations on subjects of a religious nature.

In the month of August, 1805, he endured an alarming illness, and conceived that his mortal course was drawing

to its conclusion. His feelings and sentiments at that time displayed the powerful effect of the Gospel he had preached. A memorial of his illness was preserved in the hand-writing of his coadjutor, Mr. Brown, who appears to have attended and watched over him with fraternal anxiety. When he was actually summoned from this world, the warning was so short that there was little opportunity for perceiving what his views and feelings were, we may however justly suppose that we have them exhibited here.

“On the evening of the 20th of August, Buchanan spoke much to his friend of his state and views ; told him that he had been looking for his hope in the Bible, and that he had found it in the 51st Psalm, and in the history of the penitent thief upon the cross.

“The next day he adverted to his experience and views as a Christian ; declared his entire renunciation of his own merits as any ground of acceptance with God, lamented his unprofitableness, and spoke of himself in terms of the deepest humiliation. He then again referred to the church and to the college, and suggested various hints respecting both. After this he recurred to his present feelings and circumstances. He expressed his fear of living, and his desire of being received as the least and lowest of the servants of God. He was anxious to glorify him by his death, and prayed to be preserved from the enemy at the last hour, that he might not do or say any thing to weaken the testimony he had borne to the truth in that place. There was nothing, he said, upon earth for which he had a wish besides his wife and children ; that she was much before him in experimental knowledge, and had been twice on the wing to leave the world ; (he knew not, alas ! that she had in fact already taken her flight !) That his children would be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord ; that if sent to Scotland, they would be in the heart of Sunday schools and true religion, or that in England, friends who

feared God would take care of them. He expressed a hope that his death would prove useful to two persons that he particularly named.

“ On the morning of the 22d, Mr. Brown, on entering the chamber of his sick friend, found him still fixed in his opinion, that he should die, and opening his spiritual state to another Christian friend. At this time he took a review of the way in which the Providence of God had led him from his earliest years ; and gave his friends a brief sketch of his history : The romantic project of his youth ; his residence in London ; his conversion to the faith and practice of a real Christian ; his career at Cambridge ; his voyage to India ; and his comparative banishment during the first three years of his residence in that country. At this critical period, he observed, his call by lord Wellesley to the chaplaincy of the presidency, and the subsequent establishment of the college, had given him an important work to perform ; that his preaching indeed [excellent as it was !] had been unsatisfactory to himself, but that his spiritual labours and opportunities in college had often afforded him much comfort. He added, says Mr. Brown, that ‘ I must preach,’ probably intending his funeral sermon, ‘ though he felt himself unworthy to choose a text ; yet that it must be from these words ; ‘ Being justified by faith, we have peace with God.’

“ After praying earnestly for some time, he lay quite still, and then with great tranquillity and satisfaction said, ‘ What a happy moment ! now I am resigned ; now I desire not to live. I am unworthy of this ’ He then spoke of his hope, and said, that he could only be saved by grace.

“ After this conversation, he mentioned what were his wishes respecting his funeral, and spoke of his departure from this world, as a happy deliverance from the evils he foresaw he should have to encounter, if he were to return to Europe. Alluding to his intended journey to Malabar.

which his illness had prevented, he said, "I am now about to travel not an earthly journey, but still 'to unknown regions of the Gospel.' I shall now pass over the heads of old men labouring usefully for Christ; and at this early period be advanced to see what 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive,' and behold discoveries of the glory of Christ, 'God manifest in the flesh,' who hath come to us and kindly taken us by the hand. He will lift us out of the deep waters, and set us at his own right hand. I once saw not the things I now see; I knew not the Gospel. Now I pray that the little I have known may be perfected, and that God would complete his work on my soul."

Mr. Brown adds, that his apparently dying friend was almost continually praying in a humble, submissive, patient, and fervent tone, for mercy and grace through Jesus Christ; and, with the apostle, that God might be glorified by his life or death.

After recovery, the remembrance of this illness, and the impressions which an anticipated death bed had made on his mind, were ever afterward cherished and retained, and tended to quicken him in his Christian course, and to render him more zealous and unwearied in the service of his heavenly Master.

In 1808 he returned to England, where his various publications excited considerable concern for the promotion of religion in the east. He entered a second time into the marriage state, but was again soon deprived of the lady of his choice. Alluding to her death, he wrote, "Notwithstanding her continued indisposition, accompanied by a high fever; she greatly enjoyed my prayers and religious converse. Having lost her child, she frequently alluded to the pleasures she anticipated in forming the minds of Charlotte and Augusta, and preparing them for the heavenly state. We mutually expressed the hope of devoting ourselves to the service of God for the time to come, more affectionately and actively than

we had done in time past. She looked forward certainly to the comfort of enjoying more the life of a saint on earth, but I do not think she expected so early to be a saint in heaven.

"She was ready for the summons. She had long lived as one who waited for the coming of her Lord. Her loins were girded, her lamp was burning, and the staff was in her hand. She had nothing to do but to depart.

"I suffer chiefly from the reflection that I did not commune with her more frequently and directly on the state of her soul. God ordered her personal and domestic sufferings to mature her for her approaching change."

On the same subject he wrote to different friends. "Offer my Christian love to your wife who is yet alive. And may you and she enjoy much spiritual communion with each other before the hour of separation arrives.

"While your dear husband is spared to you, and you are spared to him, enjoy as much spiritual converse together as is possible. For when the separation comes you will reproach yourselves bitterly, if you have not been tenderly communicative on this subject."

As the time of his departure to eternal rest drew near, he appears to have risen more and more above this world. On this subject one of his relations said, "The last time that he visited us, which was in his way to Cambridge, I thought him eminently dead to the world, and, as it were, absorbed in heavenly things. His deep domestic afflictions seemed to have been greatly sanctified to him. He appeared to watch for every opportunity of seasoning our ordinary discourse with the salt of religion. When we were speaking of Carey's Atlas, he took occasion to refer in a solemn and affecting manner to the map of the heavenly city, which St. John has given us in the Revelation. When I spoke of Buonaparte's late astonishing overthrow, he heard it with comparative indifference, and soon adverted to the importance of the con-



version of the soul to God, as involving consequences of greater moment than the fall of emperors and the revolutions of the greatest states."

This sense of the worth of the soul also appears in the following extract from one of his private papers.

"Let me look on every person whom my eyes survey, with benevolence, loving my neighbour as myself, and utter a mental prayer for that person: 'May this be a vessel of mercy prepared unto glory!'"

In the latter part of his life he was employed in assisting to provide an edition of the Syriac Testament, while his own mind looked forward to the country which that holy book discovers. He wrote, in 1814, "I walk in the meadows by the side of the river Lee, and endeavour to meditate on things spiritual and eternal; there are few days in which I do not think of Mary now among the blessed. I envy her happy lot, but yet I have just strength to pray that I may be enabled to serve God in my generation."

The time of his own departure was now fast approaching. He had been employed in attending to the revision of the Syriac New Testament, and had advanced, on the day preceding his death, to the 20th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, in which the apostle expresses his conviction of his final separation from his friends.

He had some previous indisposition, and the following night, without struggle or convulsion, after a short warning, he departed to the rest of glorified spirits, in the 49th year of his age, February 9, 1815. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

## MARY BUCHANAN.

THIS lady was the amiable wife of the eminent Christian, who is the subject of the preceding narrative. Her maiden name was Whish. When about eighteen, she went to India with a near relative, and became a wife and mother there. She was docile in disposition, of a sweet temper, attached to retired life, and averse to East Indian gaiety ; yet, though the daughter of a clergyman, she does not appear to have had a correct knowledge of the Gospel, before her acquaintance with her husband. On this account she esteemed her marriage a great blessing. Writing to a friend she said, " You have reason indeed to congratulate *me*. It is the happiest circumstance in my life that I ever came to India ; where I have been united to one, whose endeavours God has been pleased to bless in leading me to some knowledge of the everlasting Gospel. It is a new Gospel to me, and I seem to live in a new world, differing far more from my old world than India differs from England." What a striking testimony to the change which takes place in the views and feelings of a person whose conduct may have been amiable and moral, and who may have had some general knowledge of Christianity, when brought to the truth as it is in Jesus ! Even such become new creatures. Ill health made it necessary for Mrs. Buchanan in 1801 to visit England, and in 1803 she returned to India. Referring to the prospect of meeting her again, her affectionate husband wrote to a friend ; " I have now a house in the country about three miles from Calcutta, on the banks of the river, where she may sleep occasionally, and retire from company. I spend three or four solitary evenings every week in Garden Reach. The change of place and air refreshes me for the labours of the succeeding day. Augusta and I play together in the groves, and then return by water to Calcutta. A gentleman leaving India

sent me his boat as a present to Mary, when she comes out. I find the river air very salutary and renovating, and perhaps she will find it so too. But our pleasures at Chapam or on the Ganges are transitory. May they be so tempered with prayer as to prepare us both for the pleasures of that 'other country,' where there will be no separation, and where the inhabitants will never say, 'I am sick.' It may be indeed that I shall never see her; or that I shall contemplate her departing spirit for a short time, in her emaciated frame. But then God hath made with her a covenant well ordered and sure! Thus it is with my house! And this is my joy! Thus God hath blessed our short sojourn together; and the end will be an eternal song of glory to his redeeming love."

In 1804, alarming consumptive symptoms again appeared in Mrs. Buchanan; and she once more sailed for England, though with but little prospect of much benefit from the voyage. It is more easy to conceive than to describe what must have been her feelings at this solemn period. She was again leaving a husband and child whom she tenderly loved, with little prospect of ever meeting them again in the present world. She was called to take probably a last farewell of him who had been to her not merely an affectionate relative, but the instrument in the Divine hand of bringing her to a knowledge of the glorious Gospel. Before her lay the wide oceans that divide India and England, and probably the far wider ocean of eternity—but religion cheered her mind. She died on the voyage.

The following passages extracted from the letters of her afflicted partner, and arranged in order, give some account of the conclusion of her mortal pilgrimage.

"I was visited by a fever about two months ago, and was despaired of for a day or two. But the prayers of the righteous were offered up, and my days have been prolonged. It was with a kind of reluctance that I felt myself carried back by the reflux waves to encounter

again the storms of this life : for I had hoped the fight was done. Although unprofitable had been my life, and feeble my exertions, yet I was more afraid of the trials to come, if I should survive, than of departing to my rest, if it was the will of God. In a few days afterward, the Calcutta Indiaman brought me the news of my dear Mary's decease.

“ You will rejoice to hear that when she was preparing to leave India, she considered herself as preparing for another and better country than England. Before she went away, I perceived that her affections were nearly weaned from this world ; and she often said, that she thought God was preparing her for his presence in glory. She enjoyed latterly much communion with God in prayer ; and often when she came out of her closet, the gleam on her countenance evinced her peace and acceptance ; and she delighted in retirement and secret meditation.— The words of some hymn to her Redeemer were often on her lips. She was jealous of herself latterly, when she anticipated the happiness of our all meeting in England ; and endeavoured to chastise the thought.

“ Her sufferings were great ; but she accounted her consolations greater : and she used to admire the goodness of God to her, in bringing her to a knowledge of the truth at so early an age.—She considered that the period of her sufferings, (only she said three or four years) was very short, and wondered at the goodness of God in calling her so early to his glory. She lamented that she could never be made perfect by suffering ; and therefore viewed the end of her probation with great comfort, and latterly with joyful anticipation.

“ When she found her dissolution drawing near, she solemnly devoted her two little girls to God ; and prayed that he would be their Father, and bring them up in his holy fear, and preserve them from the vanities of this evil world. She said she could willingly die for the souls

of her children ; and she did die in the confident hope of seeing them both in glory.

“ She died at the age of twenty-five. In the last page of your letter to Mrs. Buchanan, you reminded her of the promise ; ‘ Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. These words were prophetic. You wrote them on the 18th of March, and on the 18th of June, three months after, she, I trust, received the crown.

“ She was indeed a model of humility ; so framed by a spiritual power, and richly adorned with the grace of God. I was not worthy of her.”

How lovely does religion appear, when its young votaries thus gladly exchange time for eternity, and view death itself not as a dreaded foe, but as a gentle friend ! Precious Gospel ! compared with the smallest portion of those blessings which flow from the cross of Christ, the honours and treasures of empires are lighter than vanity ; and even the wealth of worlds but poverty.



— OBECK.

THIS humble but eminent Christian, was one of those, who, like Daniel, walked with God, even in the midst of irreligion and vice. He lived at Calcutta ; a city which a few years back was so sunk in guilt, that if its preservation had depended on finding ten righteous persons, amidst its immense population, it is probable that ten could not have been found. From his fifteenth to his seventy-third year, Mr. Obeck endeavoured to serve God ; and passed a long life of genuine piety, and undissembled holiness. He was a friend of that truly distinguished missionary Schwartz ; and at one period his only friend in India. He himself anxiously endeavoured, in

his narrow sphere, to diffuse a knowledge of the Gospel, and beheld with pleasure the progress which religion began to make in the east, in his latter days.

All serious persons who knew him, had reason to expect that God would honour the death of so faithful a servant ; and this honour was conferred upon him in an abundant manner. During the last two months of the illness which concluded his life, the praise of his Redeemer was his constant theme. Surrounded daily by his numerous family, his pleasure was to talk to them of the things of God, and of the glories of the kingdom to which he was hastening. His ability was as great as his pleasure. For when it was doubtful whether he would survive another day, and when his bodily frame was in the last stage of decrepitude, even then his understanding was clear and unclouded ; his perception of Divine truths undoubtedly stronger than at any former period of his illness. His soul seemed to swell with exultation when he recounted the mercies of God ; and his admonitions and exhortations had an earnestness and emphasis, united with a force of reasoning and firmness of persuasion, which is no where to be seen but on the death-bed of the Christian ; and which nothing can inspire but a power from on high.

He did not speak of manifestations and visions of glory, which have sometimes attended the death of pious men ; but he manifested a calm, rational, and placid spirit, founded on the basis of an immoveable faith.

He had none of those doubts, those fears, and misgivings of conscience, which the unstable and careless Christian often experiences. His last moments were the happiest of his life. His ambition through life had been to obtain " that honour which cometh from God ;" and his pleasure was in serving God with his whole heart ; in loving his neighbour as himself ; in forgiving his enemies ; and in praying for those who despitefully use and persecute the professors of the Gospel of Christ.

The following account of the faith which produced these fruits was collected chiefly from his own words.

“I am a sinner saved by the mercy of God in Christ. By nature I am impure and unholy. Nothing in me, no merit of mine could make me the object of God’s distinguishing grace. But I believed the word of God, and was enabled, at an early age to offer up my prayers, that he would open my understanding and lead me to the knowledge of his truth. And his promise was fulfilled to me (as it is fulfilled to every serious inquirer) ‘ask and it shall be given you ; seek and ye shall find.’ By degrees the mysteries of the Gospel were opened to my view. I beheld myself a lost and undone soul, lying with a multitude in a world of wickedness ; subject to the just wrath of God. But I at the same time heard of the offer made to a perishing world by the Saviour Christ. I beheld the whole world overwhelmed with a flood of sin and misery, and the ark of redemption floating on the waters. Every page of the Gospel showed to me that there was no redemption but by the ark, Christ : that his atonement on the cross was the only atonement for my past and future sins ; that his gracious Spirit, influencing my soul, was the only preservative from my evil passions and from an ensnaring world ; that his mediation alone procures our access to God, and warrants an answer to our prayers.”

“Thus,” said he, “the perusal of the word of God was blessed to my soul. I received it in its plain and obvious meaning ; and I have had a constant experience of its truth through my past life. It has been a light to my steps and a lantern to my paths. Its peculiar doctrines appear now all light and glory to my soul. I know that the denunciations of God against the despisers of his Gospel will be expressly executed ; and I know that his promises of glory to the righteous will be fulfilled in a way that ‘eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath entered into the heart of man to conceive ;’ and the anticipation of his glory is to me *unutterable*. My prayer at my

last moments is, that this power of the Gospel may be felt more and more at this place."

"I leave," said he, "my blessing on this church!

"As to my numerous family, I leave them with scarcely the means of subsistence; but I leave them dependent on that gracious Providence, which has supported me from youth to age, in a state of apparent poverty, and yet possessing abundance. I leave my children to God as to a surviving Father, who will care for them as he hath cared for me, and will, I trust, bless my instructions to the salvation of their souls!

"As to *myself*, my hope is in heaven. The promises of God are in a measure already fulfilled to me. His truth and faithfulness are demonstrated to my soul. By his mercy 'I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also who love his appearing.' " At length he happily entered into rest.



## JOSEPH HARDCASTLE.

THE name of Joseph Hardcastle is well known to the friends of missions, in consequence of his having been, for many years, treasurer of the London Missionary Society. Divine grace led him to embrace religion in early life: and he died cheered by its supports, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. The venerable minister who preached his funeral sermon, records the following expressions, which dropped from his dying lips, in the concluding scene of a life of benevolence and piety.

"Lord Jesus, thou hast said, 'He that believeth in me shall never die; and he that believeth, though he



were dead, yet shall he live.' I believe this ; I believe I shall never know what death is, but pass into life.

"Thou hast said, 'Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.' I come to thee, thou wilt not cast me out.

"Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I am going to dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. I am infinitely indebted to him for his conduct of me from infancy to the end of my life. He took me by the hand in a wonderful manner, and brought me into connexion with the excellent of the earth.—Most gracious God, I commit my offspring to thee : and I charge my children to walk in thy fear and love.

"He has drawn me with the cords of mercy, from my earliest days. He gave me very early impressions of religion, and enabled me to devote myself to him in early life : and this God is my God for ever and ever, for ever and ever.—I said to him, when a young man, 'Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.' 'Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.'

"No principle can enter the mind so sublime as the doctrine of the cross, which with infinite majesty speaks peace in heaven, on earth, and throughout the universe. Let every one of my children glory in the cross of salvation—It is the power of God to every one that believeth—the power of God ! What feeble ideas do I attach to such expressions.

"I am in some respects like the old patriarch Jacob, on his dying bed, with all his sons about him. Live in love, and the God of love will be with you. This is my last farewell ; this is our last interview till we meet in a better world. My flesh and heart are failing ; I hope I have not been deceiving myself.—My children, seek for an interest in Christ, seek for an interest in Christ. I

earnestly exhort you to be decided, and to be very useful. He is your best friend ; manifest your regard for him to the world ; avow your attachment ; be not ashamed of him ; he is the glory and ornament of the universe.

“I hope I shall be favoured, when my spirit is departing, with some intimations of approaching glory ; but I will trust in him, I will trust in him. In the mean time, I possess a sweet peace, calm and undisturbed. I will go to God, my exceeding joy, as the Psalmist says. It is an awful thing for a human spirit, deeply depraved as it is, to appear before the tribunal of so mighty a Being. He placeth no trust in his servants. The heavens are not clean in his sight.

“If I am to live, I welcome life, and thank its Giver ; if I am to die, I welcome death, and thank its Conqueror. If I have a choice, I would rather depart and be with Christ, which is far better.

“My last act of faith I wish to be, to take the blood of Jesus, as the high-priest did when he entered behind the vail, and when I have passed the vail, to appear with it before the throne.

“I have just finished my course : I hope also I may say, ‘I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith, and that henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at that day.’

“Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit when it leaves the body ; thou hast redeemed it ; I have waited for thy salvation.”—  
He died March 3, 1819.

## RICHARD REYNOLDS.

RICHARD REYNOLDS was one of the society of Friends or Quakers. Though the views of this denomination, on some points of the Christian system, differ widely from other sects ; yet, in many respects, they deserve imitation. One of their distinguishing tenets, the wickedness and antichristianity of war, is so entirely consonant to the spirit of the Gospel, that it is wonderful how any, who have known the power of religion, should have sanctioned a system of murder, legalized indeed, by the customs of nations, but a system truly infernal. Those mistaken professors of Christianity, who have supported wars by their influence ; or those, who, by encomiums on victors and victory, from the pulpit or the press, have striven to render murder lovely, would have acted far more consistently with their profession, if they had imitated the peaceful Quaker, and pronounced war as opposite to religion as darkness is to light, or as hell is to heaven. However on some parts of the Christian system Richard Reynolds might dissent from many opinions held as sacred by other religious denominations, yet, as far as human judgment can extend, he was a Christian not in word only, but in deed, and afforded one of the most shining examples ever witnessed, of generosity and benevolence. He was a burning and a shining light, and employed an immense property in doing good.—He regarded that precept, which most wealthy Christians forget or reject, “Lay not up for yourselves treasure on earth, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.” Many professors of religion who have acquired wealth, instead of employing a large portion of it for the glory of God, have heaped it up for their families, and in so doing, have cursed their children with love to the world, with alienation of heart from God, and their consequence, eternal perdition. They have made their

milies rich on earth, and beggared them for eternity. Richard Reynolds acted a different part, he acted as a Christian. Among the instances of his benevolence that have come to light, are the following.

In 1795, when he resided at Coalbrook Dale, he addressed a letter to some friends in London, stating the impression made upon his mind, by the distresses of the community, and desiring that they would draw upon him for such a sum as they might think proper. They complied with his request, and drew, in a very short time, to the extent of eleven thousand pounds. It appeared, however, that they had not yet taken due measure of his liberality: for in the course of a few months, he again wrote, stating, that his mind was not easy, and his coffers were still too full. In consequence of which, they drew for nine thousand pounds more!

“When the first subscription was opened to relieve the distress in Germany, he modestly subscribed a moderate sum with his name; but shortly after, the committee received a blank letter, having the post-mark of Bristol, which enclosed a Bank of England bill for five hundred pounds.”

“It is well known, that he made it his constant practice, from religious principle, annually to spend the whole of his income. What his moderate domestic establishment did not require, he disposed of in subscriptions and donations for promoting whatever was useful to society, as well as to lessen the sufferings of the afflicted, without regard to names, sects, or parties. At one particular time, (it has been stated,) he wrote to a friend in London, acquainting him that he had not, that year, spent the whole of his income, and stating that if he knew of any particular cases claiming charitable relief, he should be glad to be informed. His friend communicated to him the distressing situation of a considerable number of persons confined in a certain prison for small debts. What did this humane and generous philanthro-

pist do on this representation? He cleared the whole of their debts. He swept this direful mansion of all its miserable tenants. He opened the prison doors, proclaimed deliverance to the captives, and let the oppressed go free."

His maxim was, "I am only a steward, and must soon render up my account; therefore I will make my own hands my executors." Yet he laid out £10,000 in estates, the rents to be divided for ever between seven of the public charities in Bristol, to supply the wants of the poor.

All this benevolence was adorned with humility. "So far was he from being inflated with the pride of wealth, that he spoke the genuine sentiments of his heart, when he said to a friend who applied to him with a case of distress, "My talent is the meanest of all talents,—a little sordid dust; but the man in the parable, who had but one talent, was accountable; and for the talent that I possess, humble as it is, I am accountable to the great LORD of ALL."

"A lady applied to him on the behalf of an orphan. After he had given liberally, she said, 'When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor.—'Stop, (said the good man,) thou art mistaken—we do not thank the clouds for the rain. Teach him to look higher, and thank HIM, who giveth both the clouds and the rain.'"

The same humility, doubtless, governed in his soul on this occasion, as led the great and pious Richard Baxter, on his dying bed, when a by-stander, referred to his writings, to say, "I was but a pen in God's hand; and what praise is due to a pen."

While thus benevolent himself, he wished to call forth the benevolence of others. On one occasion, having applied to a gentleman whom he thought rich, but who was really only in circumstances of mediocrity, to stimulate him to give, he made use of the following powerful argu-

ment: "When gold encircles the heart, it contracts it to such a degree that no good can issue from it; but when the pure gold of faith and love gets into the heart, it expands it, so that the last drop of life blood will flow into any channel of benevolence."

Let those who represent the grand principles of the Gospel as having a tendency to licentiousness, blush at their calumny, while, in one short anecdote, they see the source of this vast benevolence.

Being importuned by a friend to sit for his portrait, he at length consented. "How would you like to be painted?—Sitting among books. Any book in particular?—The BIBLE. Open at any part?—At the fifth chapter of Romans, the first verse to be legible. THEREFORE BEING JUSTIFIED BY FAITH WE HAVE PEACE WITH GOD THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST." Blessed testimony of such a man!

In September, 1816, the time arrived when this servant of the living God was to enter his eternal rest.

A few days previous to this event, after something consolatory had been administered by an endeared female friend, he said, "My faith and hope are, as they have long been, on the mercy of God, through Jesus Christ, who was the propitiation for my sins, and not for mine only, but for the sins of the whole world."

"During his illness, he was exceedingly placid, and kind to every body; his countenance and conduct indicating that all within was peace. No alarm, no regret, at leaving a world in which no one perhaps had more of its real blessings to relinquish—the love, the veneration, of all around him; but on the contrary, a willingness to yield up his spirit to Him who gave it, and had sanctified it by the blood of the Redeemer."

He desired that his daughter would be with him at his close; and about six o'clock in the morning of September 10, raising himself a little, he signified that he should go to the other side of the bed; when turning

on his side, and taking her hand in his, and pressing it, he quietly, and almost imperceptibly, expired!—A silence, which can hardly be described, pervaded the room; no one quitting the awful scene for more than an hour.

Such are the genuine effects of the Gospel of Jesus; that Gospel which made Reynolds a ministering angel to thousands of sufferers. When did proud philosophy or infidelity produce such effects? The records of the world cannot furnish an instance. While Christianity softens, refines, and elevates the character, infidelity roots out the softer feelings of the heart, and makes the hard ones more hardened. The universal triumph of Christianity would be the diffusion of happiness and love: the triumphs of infidelity would change nations into aceldamas—fields of blood. France at the revolution afforded a proof of this.

The following beautiful lines from the pen of Mr. Montgomery, are descriptive of his benevolence and happy departure.

“WEALTH, which prodigals had deem’d  
Worth the soul’s uncounted cost;  
Wealth, which misers had esteem’d  
Cheap, though heaven itself were lost.

This, with free unsparing hand,  
To the poorest child of need,  
This he threw around the land,  
Like the sower’s precious seed.

In the world’s great harvest day,  
Every grain on every ground,  
Stony, thorny, by the way,  
Shall an hundred fold be found.

Yet, like noon’s refulgent blaze,  
Though he shone from east to west,  
Far withdrawn from public gaze,  
Secret goodness pleas’d him best.

As the sun, retired from sight,  
Through the purple evening gleams,

Or, unrisen, clothes the night,  
In the morning's golden beams :

Thus beneath th' horizon dim,  
He would hide his radiant head,  
And on eyes that saw not him,  
Light and consolation shed.

Full of faith at length he died,  
And victorious in the race,  
Won the crown for which he vied,  
—Not of merit but of grace."



## HENRY MARTYN.

It is truly said, that they live long, "who live till life's great work is done." Such was the case with Henry Martyn : his years were few, and the years of his religious life much fewer ; yet in those few he laboured successfully for the glory of God, and grew fully ripe for eternal happiness.

He was born in Cornwall, in 1781. In 1797 he went to the University of Cambridge, but was at that time a stranger to real piety. Providentially he possessed a pious sister, whose frequent addresses to him on religion were not lost ; and on the unexpected death of his father, in 1799, such deep impressions were made on his heart as appear to have been never effaced. He now began to inquire for a better world ; and became anxious that others should do the same. One instance of his success in reproofing vice deserves notice. Going to visit the daughters of a person who lay in dying circumstances, he found them apparently cheerful, and was thunder-struck to behold a gownsman, from one of the colleges, reading a play to them. He rebuked this person sharply, and the reproof was so much blessed that it proved the cause of a lasting change ; and Mr. Martyn afterward had the happiness of labouring in India with



this very student. In 1805 he went out as a chaplain to India. There, besides attending to the duties of his station, he produced a version of the New Testament in the Hindoosthanee language. He afterward visited Persia, for the sake of translating the same sacred volume into Persian; and not long after this entered his eternal rest.

It is not designed here to sketch the scenes through which he passed in life; nor to give a full picture of his holy and consistent character as a Christian and a minister; nor to notice those points, on which, as a minister of the established church, he differed much from some other missionaries as devoted to the cause of Christ as he; but who justly esteem all national churches inconsistent with the spirituality of the kingdom of Jesus; because they clasp to their bosom, alike the precious and the vile, and equally receive the gold and the dross, the wheat and the tares. His noble distinction was, not that he belonged to the church of England, but that he belonged to the church of Christ; and shone as a bright luminary of that spiritual church. It was not his views of episcopacy and liturgies, but his acquaintance with the Gospel, and enjoyment of Divine grace, that made him such a brilliant star in the Redeemer's hand. Let the reader then glance at some parts of his character as a Christian.

He loved the Bible; he loved the Sabbath and its ordinances; God was the object of his supreme affection, and Jesus Christ his all in all.

Referring to prayer, he observed, "I could live for ever in prayer, if I could always speak to God."

He felt deeply the obligations, which, as a Christian, he lay under to God.—"Let me praise God," he would say, "for having turned me from a life of wo to the enjoyment of peace and hope.—The work is real.—I can no more doubt it than I can doubt my existence; the whole current of my desires is altered—I am walking quite another way, though I am incessantly stumbling in

at way—I had a most blessed view of God and Divine things—O how great is his excellency! I find my heart stilled for want of words to praise him according to his excellent greatness. I looked forward to complete conformity to him, as the great end of my existence, and my assurance was full—I said, almost with tears, ‘who shall separate us from the love of Christ.’”

He enjoyed that holy confidence in his Redeemer, which the word of God encourages, but in which many true Christians are so deficient. “In prayer, my views of my Saviour have been inexpressibly consolatory. How glorious the privilege that we exist but in him; without him I lose the principle of life, and am left to the power of native corruption, a rotten branch, a dead thing, that none can make use of. This mass of corruption, when it meets the Lord, changes its nature, and lives throughout, and is regarded by God as a member of Christ’s body. This is my bliss, that Christ is all. Upheld by him, I smile at death. It is no longer a question about my own worthiness: I glory in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

At another time, he wrote, “I was thinking of the love of Christ and his unparalleled humility, and that to him belonged all glory, as having truly merited it. I felt quite devoted to God, and assured of his love; I did not doubt of having been apprehended of Christ, (for the purpose, I hope, of preaching the Gospel) and during the service my heart was full of love and joy.”

He found the Christian life a warfare, but yet enjoyed true happiness in religion.

January 1, 1805.—“Hitherto hath the Lord helped me. It is now about five years since God stopped me in the career of worldliness, and turned me from the paths of sin: three years and a half since, I turned to the Lord with all my heart: and a little more than two years since, he enabled me to devote myself to his service as a missionary. My progress of late has become slower

than it had been ; yet I can truly say, that in the course of this time, every successive year, every successive week, has been happier than the former. From many dangerous snares hath the Lord preserved me : in spite of all my inward rebellion, he hath carried on his work in my heart ; and in spite of all my unbelieving fears, he hath given me a hope full of immortality—‘ He hath set my feet on a rock, and established my goings, and hath put a new song into my mouth, even praises to my God.’ It is the beginning of a critical year to me ; yet I feel little apprehension. The same grace and long suffering, the same wisdom and power, that have brought me so far, will bring me on, though it be through fire and water, to a goodly heritage. I see no business before me in life but the work of Christ, neither do I desire any employment to all eternity but his service. I am a sinner saved by grace.”

When in India, he wrote in his journal, “ I am happier here in this remote land, where I hear so seldom of what happens in the world, than in England, where there are so many calls to look at the things that are seen. How sweet the retirement in which I live here ! The precious word, now my only study by means of translations ! I sometimes rejoice that I am not twenty-seven years of age, and that, unless God should order it otherwise, I may double the number in constant and successful labour. If not, God has many, many more instruments at command, and I shall not cease from my happiness, and scarcely from my work, by departing into another world. O what shall separate us from the love of Christ ! neither death nor life, I am persuaded. O let me feel my security, that I may be, as it were, already in heaven, that I may do all my work, as the angels do theirs ; and O let me be ready for every work ! be ready to leave this delightful solitude or remain in it, to go out, or go in, to stay, or depart, just as the Lord shall appoint. Lord, let me have no will of my own.”

Though favoured with this joyous confidence he was humble, and saw nothing but unworthiness in himself; and though his life was eminently holy, he saw much in it to be lamented.—“O that I had a more piercing sense of the Divine presence! How much sin in the purest services! If I were sitting in heavenly places with Christ, or rather with my thoughts habitually there, how would every duty, but especially this of social prayer, become easy.

“When I look back on every day, I may say, I have lost it. So much time mispent, so many opportunities lost of doing good, by spreading the knowledge of the truth by conversation, by example: so little zeal for God, or love to man; so much vanity, and levity, and pride, and selfishness, that I may well tremble at the world of iniquity within. If ever I am saved, it must be by grace. May God give me a humble, contrite, childlike, affectionate spirit, and a willingness to forego my ease continually for his service.

“O my soul, when wilt thou live consistently? When shall I walk steadily with God? How time glides away—how is death approaching—how soon must I give up my account—how are souls perishing—how does their blood call out to us to labour, and watch, and pray for them that remain.”

(1807, in India.)—“I felt more entirely withdrawn from the world, than for a long time past: what a dark atheistical state do I generally live in! Alas, that this creation should so engross my mind, and the Author of it be so slightly and coldly regarded.—I found myself, at this time truly a stranger and a pilgrim in the world; and I did suppose that not a wish remained for any thing here. The experience of my heart was delightful. I enjoyed a ‘peace that passeth all understanding;’ no desire remained, but that this peace be confirmed and increased. O why should any thing draw away my attention, whilst thou art ever near, and ever accessible through the Son of

treated him with contempt on this account. He observed, "How many times in the day have I occasion to repeat the words,

" If on my face, for thy dear name,  
Shame and reproaches be ;  
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,  
If thou remember me."

" The more they wish me to give up one point—the Divinity of Christ, the more I seem to feel the necessity of it, and rejoice and glory in it. Indeed, I trust I would sooner give up my life than surrender it."

He lived as a stranger and a pilgrim upon earth, and thus was prepared to welcome death. On arriving in India he thus expressed his feelings to a Christian friend.

" My long and wearisome voyage is concluded, and I am at last arrived in the country, where I am to spend my days in the work of the Lord. Scarcely can I believe myself to be so happy as to be actually in India ; yet this hath God wrought. Let us not, by any means, forget one another ; nor lose sight of the day of our next meeting. We have little to do with the business of this world. Place and time have not that importance in our views that they have in those of others ; and, therefore, neither change of situation nor lapse of years should weaken our Christian attachments. I see it to be my business to fulfil, as a hireling, my day ; and then to leave the world. Amen. We shall meet in happier regions."

A similar spirit breathes in one of his reflections on January 1, 1807.

" Seven years have passed away since I was first called of God. Before the conclusion of another seven years, how probable that these hands will have mouldered into dust ! But be it so ; my soul through grace hath received the assurance of eternal life, and I see the days of my pilgrimage shortening, without a wish to add to their

number. But O may I be stirred up to a further discharge of my high and awful work, and laying aside, as much as may be, all carnal cares and studies, may I give myself to this 'one thing.' "

While in Persia he visited the ruins of Persepolis, and indulged those salutary reflections, which impress the heart with the littleness of life, and the nearness of eternity. He observes, "It was impossible not to recollect that here Alexander and his Greeks passed and repassed—here they sat, and sung, and revelled; now all is silence—generation on generation lie mingled with the dust of their mouldering edifices."

In his return, being near the river Araxes, he says, "I went and sat down on the margin, near the bridge, where the water falling over some fragments of the bridge under the arches, produced a roar, which, contrasted with the stillness all around, had a grand effect. Here I thought again of the multitudes who had once pursued their labours and pleasures on its banks. Twenty-one centuries have passed away since they lived; how short, in comparison, must be the remainder of my days.—What a momentary duration is the life of man! *Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum*,\* may be affirmed of the river; but men pass away as soon as they begin to exist. Well, let the moments pass—

"They'll waft us sooner o'er  
This life's tempestuous sea,  
And land us on the peaceful shore,  
Of bless'd eternity."

Having finished his work in Persia, he designed to visit England, and through great hardships pursued his journey. The last words he penned in his journal show the desires of his soul.

"Oct. 6.—No horses being to be had, I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard, and thought, with

\* It glides on, and wave after wave will glide on for ever.

sweet comfort and peace, of my God ; in solitude—my company, my friend, and comforter. O ! when shall time give place to eternity ! When shall appear that new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness ! There—there shall in no wise enter in any thing that defileth : none of that wickedness that has made men worse than wild beasts—none of those corruptions that add still more to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen or heard of any more.”

Ten days after he breathed forth these aspirations, he entered the joy of his Lord. He died at Tocat, Oct. 16, 1812, in his 32d year.



## THOMAS SCOTT.

THE following sketch of the last hours of this pious, learned, and well known commentator, is taken principally from memorandums kept by his daughter, and lately published in an interesting memoir of his life, by his son.

From the narrow limits of this work, we have been obliged to pass over the scenes of his earlier years, to view the hour of his departure with the more advantage. And perhaps to attempt contracting to a few pages the biography of a life of 74 years, crowded with important incidents, arising from an active ministry of nearly half a century, would serve no valuable purpose. The letter containing the affecting narrative of his last illness is addressed by his daughter to her brother, dated March 24, 1821. She observes :—

“ Our beloved father still lives, in great suffering, but in a state of mind, which, though varying, is highly delightful to all who witness it. I am so grieved that you are

deprived of this consolation, which at times seems to raise us above every painful feeling, that I am determined to attempt copying some things which we have noted down, during the last few days, though aware that they will give you little idea indeed of what has passed.'

"The first days I was here I could do nothing but weep and pray. At length, however, I was roused to the edifying nature of the scene, and to consider how beneficial the recollection of it might hereafter be to myself and others. This induced me to make some notes of what passed.—These are as follows :—

"In the time of his darkness and gloom, he prayed without ceasing, and with inexpressible fervour. He seemed unconscious of any one being near him, and gave vent to the feelings of his mind without restraint. And, oh! what holy feelings were they; what spirituality, what hatred of sin, what humility, what simple faith in Christ, what zeal for God's glory, what submission! Never could I hear him, without being reminded of Him, who, *being in an agony prayed the more earnestly*, and whose language was, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? Nevertheless, thou continuest holy!* 'I think nothing,' he said, 'of my bodily pains: my soul is all. I trust all will end well; but it is a dreadful conflict. I hope—I fear—I tremble—I pray. Satan tries to be revenged on me, in this awful hour, for all that I have done against his kingdom through life. He longs to pluck me out of Christ's hand. Subdue the enemy, O Lord? Silence the accuser! *Bruise Satan under my feet* SHORTLY!

Hide me, O my Saviour hide,  
Till the storm of life is past,  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last,  
Other refuge I have none!

—Oh, to enter eternity with one doubt on the mind;  
*Eternity—Eternity—Eternity!*—'People talk of assa-



rance not being attainable in this world, nor perhaps much to be desired. They and the devil agree on this point. — ‘O what a thing sin is!—*Who knoweth the power of his wrath?* If this be the way to heaven, what must the way to hell be? *If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?*’

“He rejected every attempt to comfort him by reminding him of the way in which he had served and glorified God. ‘Christ is ALL,’ he said: ‘he is my only hope. Hide me, O my Saviour, &c.; Other refuge have I none,’ &c.

“In the midst of his conflict he generally expressed hope of final victory, but thought he should die under a cloud. He accused himself of self-indulgence and slackness in prayer; of having made his religious labours an excuse for shortness in private devotion.

“His first clear consolation was after receiving the Lord’s supper, on Thursday, March 22. He had previously observed: ‘An undue stress is by some laid upon this ordinance, as administered to the sick, and I think others of us are in danger of undervaluing it. It is a *means of grace*, and may prove God’s instrument of conveying to me the comfort I am seeking.’ The scene was indescribable, and can never be forgotten by any one who witnessed it. His fervour, his humility, the way in which he raised his emaciated hands to heaven, his pallid dying countenance, so full of love, and expressive of every thing heavenly and holy, the tears and sobs of those present: all together were most overpowering. Surely God was with us in a peculiar manner. Shortly after the service was concluded, he said, ‘*Now Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.*’ Through the remainder of the day, though much exhausted, and during the night, he continued in a very happy state of mind.

“To his son-in-law, who came in the evening, and regretted his absence when the sacrament was administered

he said : ' It was *beneficial* to me : I received Christ, and he received me. I feel a composure which I did not expect last night : I have not *triumphant* assurance, but something which is more calm and satisfactory. I bless God for it. And then he repeated, in the most emphatic manner, the whole of the twelfth chapter of Isaiah : ' O Lord, I will praise thee ; though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me,' &c. ' *Oh to realize the fulness of joy ! to have done with temptation !* ' They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat : for the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters : and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—They are come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God.' '

' Sin, my worst enemy before,  
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more :  
My inward foes shall all be slain,  
Nor Satan break my peace again.'—

' We know not what we shall be : but we know, that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.—The righteous hath hope in his death—not driven away ; *no, no, not driven away, as the wicked is.*'

' When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside !'—

' Though painful at present,  
'Twill cease before long ;  
And then, oh how pleasant  
The conqueror's song !'

“ ‘ What a mercy,’ he said, on something being prepared for him, ‘ that there are so many *changes* of food for bad appetites ; and so many kind relatives, friends,

and domestics, doing all they can to help me.—You are all trying to comfort me : God bless you, and all whom you desire to be blessed ! He will be a God to Abraham, *and to his seed, and his seed's seed. Let the children of thy servant continue, and their seed be established before thee !*

‘How would the powers of darkness boast  
If but one praying soul were lost !’

He frequently repeated *perfect peace !*

“In the night Mr. Dawes, sitting by him, heard him say in a low voice : ‘O God, thou art the husband of the widow, the father of the fatherless : be thou a husband to *my* widow, a father to *my* children, a friend to this young friend who sits so kindly by me.’

“He had some refreshing sleep, and awoke in great calmness, ‘This,’ he said, ‘is heaven begun : I have done with darkness *for ever—for ever.* Satan is vanquished : Nothing now remains, but *salvation with eternal glory—eternal glory.*’

“In the morning, (Friday, March 23,) the flush in his cheek announced the return of fever, and with it there was some agitation and distress : ‘But,’ said he, ‘though I feel some temptation, more than I have done through the night, yet, for a dying day, it is all mercy. *I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord : preserve me yet !*’—The paroxysm came on with great violence : his sufferings were extreme, and confusion and gloom prevailed. He cried earnestly to God. ‘All my calm and comfort,’ he said, ‘are gone : nothing remains of them but a faint recollection,—and that I can pray for you.—Well, after all, God is greater than Satan. Is not Christ all-sufficient ? can he not *save to the uttermost ?* hath he not promised to save ? Lord, deliver me ! Suffer not Satan to prevail ! Pity, pity, Lord, pity me !’

“The absence of every murmur and complaint, under such heavy mental and bodily sufferings, was very striking. He said, with reference to dying under this gloom,

'If it be so, I cannot help it : *Thou art righteous ! Father, glorify thy name !*

—If my soul were sent to hell  
Thy righteous law approves it well.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

—*Round thy word* : not hunting after any new revelation : No, no : I want nothing *new* ; nothing but the *old* doctrine and faith to lay hold of it. That will bear me through all.'

"In the evening the fever abated, and he became calm. His mind dwelt much upon *love*. '*God is love ; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him. Faith that worketh by love.*' He seemed full of tenderness and affection to all around him. 'One evidence,' he said, 'I have of meetness for heaven—I feel such love to all mankind—to *every* man upon earth—to those who have most opposed and slandered me.'

"To the Rev. S. B. Matthews, then curate of Stone, now of Aston Sandford, and secretary to a neighbouring Bible Society, he said, with great energy : 'Count it an honour, without recompense or reward, in the midst of frowns and opposition, to *preach the unsearchable riches of Christ* to poor sinners ; to help to send his word all over the earth, by sea and land. None but Jesus can do us good : nor can we do any good to others but by him. —I have suffered more this fortnight than in all my seventy-four years : and Christ has appeared to me a hundred, yea a thousand times, if possible, more precious and glorious than ever : sin, more hateful and evil ; salvation, more to be desired and valued.—Christ is *ALL*—the love of Christ—the power of Christ. *To me to live is Christ ; and to die I hope, will be gain.*—More than all in thee, I find. I have *found* more in Him, than I ever expected to *want*.'

“To his daughter: ‘I used about this time in the evening to pray for you all: but I have no power now: hardly any to pray for myself. You must pray for me.’ Then, ‘Let me look to Christ to intercede for me—I have not quite failed to improve the privilege of access to God by Christ—of his intercession: but I have not availed myself of it as I ought. I hope you will all value and improve this inestimable privilege.’—‘AH depends on faith. Lord, give me faith!—the *precious faith of God’s elect*! Pray for me, that I may have faith—hope—love—

Till faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full supreme delight,  
And everlasting love!

—‘God bless your poor afflicted father-in-law! He perhaps, will not be here long. God spare him, if it be his will! But may he, too, have the *precious faith of God’s elect*! May his partner be blessed, supported, and sanctified!’

“A striking scene took place this evening, (March 23d,) with one of his poor parishioners, which showed his anxious care of his flock, and his clear recollection of the character and peculiar circumstances of the individuals. After advising him on his situation and conduct, ‘Christ,’ he observed, ‘is all, the world is nothing. Had I the property of ———, or a hundred times more, now that I lie here, what would it be worth? not a bubble of water. Seek to win Christ—Give up every thing—every thing but duty, to avoid contention.—I have often prayed for you: often since I lay on this bed. Tell your wife to pray for me: she, at least, owes much to me.—I have often prayed for you all: particularly when I thought you were praying for me:’

“‘At any rate, I have been a plain man. The hypocrite—the formalist—will not pray always. I have always resolved to enter eternity praying, Lord save me! Now the time is come.’

He had talked too much, and became agitated and distressed; but regained calmness in the night, and had a sleep. He said to his youngest son, who sat up with him, 'What is the world, and the glory of it? I would not change my hope, lean and meagre as it is, for the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, were we to live a thousand years longer to enjoy them.'

On Tuesday morning (March 27th.) he appeared weak, and suffered exquisitely. 'Oh,' he said, 'it is a hard work. Death is a new acquaintance: a terrible one, except as Christ *giveth us the victory*, and the assurance of it. My flesh and my heart seem as if they *would* fail, and could not. Who can tell what that tie is which binds body and soul together? How easily is it broken in some, what a *wrench* and *tear* is it in others. I would loosen it if it be thy will—I hope it is not wrong to pray for a release. If it be, God forgive me! Yet if it be thy will that I should wait for days and weeks, *how art thou righteous!*'

Some refreshment was brought him, which he did feel willing to take. He asked what was to be the result of it, and seemed to fear being stupified. He was told it was only to make him more comfortable. 'That,' he replied, 'is death's work, or rather Christ's work, by which I am bid, but I will do as I am bid. In my circumstances, to do as man bids me in these things is the best way of doing what God bids me.'

He expressed his fear lest seeing him suffer so dreadfully should do us harm, and make us fear death in a way we ought not to do.—Still his desire for the promotion of the glory of God is the uppermost feeling in his mind. *Father, glorify thy name*, is his frequent language.—His deep humility—the simplicity of his faith in Christ—his hatred of sin—his spirituality of mind—his meekness, gentleness and love, strike us all with admiration. He indeed *receives the kingdom of God as a child*. The very way in which he mentions the

name of the Saviour, it is delightful to hear. He seems as much like him, as one can conceive any thing on earth to be : but his desires after holiness are such as will never be satisfied till he *awakes in his likeness*.

“ ‘ O Lord magnify in me thy glory :—thy justice—thy hatred of sin—thy love—thy truth—thy pity :—and then take me to thyself ’—‘ The way is dark and deep ; but

*His way was much deeper (rougher)  
And darker than mine :  
Did Jesus thus suffer,  
And shall I repine ?*

“ Through the whole of Tuesday afternoon he was calm, and talked delightfully. He seemed to unite the cheerfulness, clearness of thought, and force of argument of his former days, with the extraordinary tenderness, humility, meekness, and love, of his present situation—On his second son’s entering the room, he said to him—*Who am also an elder, and a witness of the sufferings of Christ, and a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed : Feed the flock of God that is among you, &c.* (1 Pet. v. 1—4.) and proceeded to converse in a most interesting manner about his own past ministry. He had a blessed consciousness of having been *faithful*, which was a source of gratitude to him.

“ To his grandson : ‘ God bless you ! I have often preached to you, and sometimes talked to you ; but I have prayed for you a hundred times more. Seek and serve God. Religion is all that is valuable. You may think it does little for me now : but it is *all*. May you be a blessing to your parents, to your brothers and sisters. You are the eldest ; should you outlive your father, be a father to the rest. I have always particularly wished you might be a minister of Christ : but this I must leave. God’s will be done !’

“ One thing is not to be forgotten concerning these benedictions which he continued to pronounce upon his

grandson, that, though he much longed that he should be a minister, he yet solemnly warned him not to take the sacred office upon him, unless he was conscious of a heart devoted to the work of it. 'Rather,' said he, 'make forks and rakes, rather plough the ground, and thresh the corn, than be an indolent, ungodly clergyman.'

"He slept much in the evening; but almost always awoke praying. Once he said, '*Change this vile body of humiliation, that it may be like thy glorified body, O Saviour!* but above all, let me have thy glorious holiness both of body and soul!'—'How varying are my feelings! but the great event cannot depend on what passes in a few half-delirious days. No, my hope rests on a better foundation; it depends on my *receiving the reconciliation—on my being found in Christ—made the righteousness of God in him.* Oh, for faith—*faith that worketh by love—purifieth the heart—overcometh the world!*'—He repeated with great emphasis,

'I wait for thy salvation, Lord,  
With *strong* desires I wait;  
My soul, encouraged by thy word,  
Stands watching at thy gate.'

'Wednesday morning, March 28. He had slept a good deal, and is calm and cheerful, though in great suffering.—'This,' he has said, 'is my last day. Still I have a last struggle to pass, and what that is, what that *wrench* who can tell me? Lord, give me patience, fortitude, courage!—I have heard persons treat almost with ridicule the expression, Put *underneath me the everlasting arms.* But it is exactly what I want—*everlasting arms* raise me up; to be *strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man.*—I am in full possession of all my faculties: I know I am dying: I feel the *immense, the terrible* importance of the crisis: *Lord Jesus receive my soul!* Thou art 'all I want: 'None but Jesus can do



helpless sinners good.'—Blessed be God there is one Saviour, though but one in the whole universe : and

His love is as great as his power,  
And neither knows measure nor end.

'Tis Jesus the first and the last,  
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home :  
We'll praise him for all that is past.  
And trust him for all that 's to come.

—Had any other done what Christ has for us—raised us from such a deplorable, lost, wicked state—shed his blood for us—sent his Spirit to quicken us ; would he not be greatly affronted if we were to doubt his perfecting his own work ! And yet we are apt to doubt Christ's love. God forgive us that, with all the rest of our offences !—*He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not, with him, also freely give us all things ?*

'Sin my worst enemy before—'

Ah ! infinitely the worst !

'Sin my worst enemy before  
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more :  
My inward foes shall all be slain  
Nor Satan break my peace again !'

“ While we were at family worship, he prayed aloud the whole time, and with his usual minuteness of intercession—for his family (naming the particular branches,) his parish—the young—his benefactors—his *enemies*—his country—prisoners—various different classes of sinners—enlarging his views and petitions to every part of the world.

“ He wished again to receive the holy sacrament, if it was judged proper. ‘I mean it not,’ he said, ‘as a form, but as a means of grace appointed by the Saviour.’ After receiving it he was much exhausted, and said but little.

On awaking from sleep after some time, he said, 'We have had, I think, a sacrament of love : no resentment, no ill will, no heart-burnings ; all good will, all love of God and of one another for Christ's sake.'

"Thursday morning, March 29. On my entering the room—'Again we meet once more. Oh how long will this last ? I feel as if I *could not* die. What need have I of patience and submission ?'—It was suggested that he was kept here to do us good. 'Oh,' said he, 'my *selfishness* ! I feel it difficult to be willing to stay, even if it were so. But I do so fear doing you harm : being carried away, in great suffering, by any sudden temptation, to say or do what may injure you.—But I leave this ; and commit myself to the care of the merciful Saviour.'

"On Monday, while he was suffering great oppression, he said to the poor afflicted woman, who had so long been an inmate in his family : 'This is hard work : but let us *think* of heaven ; let us *hope* for heaven ; let us pray for heaven. *We* shall soon meet again.' "

He continued pretty much in the same frame of mind till his death ; the account of which is thus narrated by his son :—

"Nothing immediate was anticipated, when his death actually approached. I had taken a walk, and on my return visited his chamber. We then all came down to tea ; in the course of which it was remarked, that it did not seem quite well for him to be left attended only by a servant, as her grief appeared to distress him. I said, I would go up immediately, I did so : but Davesd anticipated me. He had found my father worse, dismissed the servant, and was supporting him, nearly in an erect posture, upon his arm. I said, 'This cannot last long : ' and D. replied, 'Not through the night, I think.' I looked in his face, and saw his eyes in some degree turn upwards, which I pointed out to D. (who was rather behind him,) and he immediately said, 'You

had better tell those who wish to see him again to come.' I did so in a calm manner, and went before them. He was sinking as quietly as an infant dropping asleep, and with a beautiful look of composure. My mother and sister wished to come in, and, on my saying there was nothing to shock them, they did so. We all looked on for a minute or two, while the last respirations quietly ebbed away—so to speak. So far from feeling shocked, it was a relief to all our minds to see such labour, as his breathing had been, subside into such sweet peace and ease.—He had been peaceful and happy, on the whole, for several days, and on Sunday, and on the morning of Monday, had said some delightful things.—His mind was clear to the last moment ; and, I believe, in the article of death itself, he suffered much less than for many hours, or even days before.—The last effort which he made was to stretch out his hand to his servant, when she was about to leave the room. A very little time before he had affectionately shaken hands with me."

Another member of his family observes :—"He soon after this made a sign to Mr. D. to raise his head. Mr. D. took him in his arms ; he laid his head on his shoulder, and raised his eyes to heaven ; a look of unutterable joy, an expression of glory begun, came over his whole countenance, and in a few minutes, without sigh or struggle, without even a discomposed feature, he sweetly *slept in Jesus*. We all, even my poor mother, stood by and were *comforted*. We could hardly conceive it could be death ; and when assured by Mr. D. who still held him in his arms, that the heart had ceased to beat, our first words were praise and thanksgiving to that God, who had delivered him from every fear, from all evil, and received him to his eternal kingdom and glory.—We soon indeed awoke to the sense of our own irreparable loss. To the end of life we must mourn such a wise counsellor, bright example, and fervent intercessor."

Thus terminated the sufferings and trials of this eminent servant of Jesus, proving by his last conflict, that though the valley of death is frequently beset with terrors at its entrance, yet the victory remains certain to every child of God. Nature indeed shrinks from the hand of death, and the mind itself trembles at the thoughts of eternity; but the rod and staff of Omnipotence, yields courage and strength, and turns the "eye undaunted on the tomb."



## JOHN WESLEY.

WE proceed now to give some account of the last scene of the life of this extraordinary man.

He had found, as he tells us in his journal, an almost sudden change take place in the state of his body, in August, 1789, at which time, not only his eyes became dim, that no glasses would help him, but his strength likewise, in a great measure, forsook him; and that, as he believed, to return no more in this world. And, although he felt no pain, from head to foot, yet, nature was exhausted, that he had every reason to think it would fail more and more, till it sunk into the cold embrace of death. Accordingly, January 1, following, he says, "I am now an old man, decayed from head to foot. My eyes are dim: my right hand shakes much: my mouth is hot and dry every morning. I have a lingering fever almost every day. My motion is weak and slow." He observes, however, at the same time, "I do not slacken my labour: I preach and write still." Thus he went on, till the middle of February, 1791, continually praying, say his biographers, "Lord, let me not live to be useless." He preached as usual, in different places in London and its vicinity, generally meeting the society, after preaching in each place, and exhorting them to *love as brethren, fear*

*God, and honour the king, which he wished them to consider as his last advice. He then usually, if not invariably, concluded, with giving out that verse,*

*"O that, without a ling'ring groan,  
I may the welcome word receive;  
My body with my charge lay down,  
And cease at once to work and live."*

He proceeded in this way till the usual time of his leaving London approached, when, with a view to take his accustomed journey, through Ireland or Scotland, he sent his chaise and horses before him to Bristol, and took places for himself and his friend in the Bath coach. But his mind, with all its vigour, could no longer uphold his worn-out and sinking body. Its powers ceased, although, by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, to perform their sundry offices, until, as he often expressed himself on similar occasions,

"The weary wheels of life stood still at last."

Thursday, February 17, 1791, he preached at Lambeth; but, on his return, seemed much indisposed, and said, he had taken cold. The next day, however, he read and wrote as usual; and in the evening, preached at Chelsea, from "The king's business requires haste," although with some difficulty, having an high degree of fever upon him. Indeed he was obliged to stop once or twice, informing the people that his cold so affected his voice as to prevent his speaking without those necessary pauses. On Saturday he still persevered in his usual employments, though, to those about him, his complaints seemed evidently increasing. He dined at Islington, and at dinner desired a friend to read to him four chapters out of the book of Job, viz. from the fourth to the seventh inclusive. On Sunday he rose early according to custom, but quite unfit for any of his usual Sabbath day's exercises. At seven o'clock he was obliged to lie down, and slept

between three and four hours. When he awoke, he said, "I have not had such a comfortable sleep this fortnight past." In the afternoon he lay down again, and slept an hour or two. Afterward two of his own discourses on our Lord's sermon on the mount, were read to him, and in the evening he came down to supper.

Monday the 21st, he seemed much better ; and though his friends tried to dissuade him from it, he would keep an engagement, made some time before, to dine at Twickenham. In his way thither he called on Lady Mary Fitzgerald : the conversation was truly profitable, and well became a last visit. On Tuesday he went on with his usual work, preached in the evening at the chapel in the City-Road, and seemed much better than he had been for some days. On Wednesday he went to Leatherhead, and preached to a small company, on "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found ; call ye upon him while he is near." This proved to be his last sermon : here ended the public labours of this great minister of Jesus Christ. On Thursday he paid a visit to Mr. Wolff's lovely family at Balaam, where he was cheerful, and seemed nearly as well as usual, till Friday, about breakfast time, when he grew very heavy. About eleven o'clock he returned home, extremely ill. His friends were struck with the manner of his getting out of the carriage, and still more with his apparent weakness when he went up stairs and sat down in his chair. He now desired to be left alone, and not to be interrupted by any one, for half an hour. When that time was expired, some mulled wine was brought him of which he drank a little. In a few minutes he threw it up, and said, "I must lie down." His friends were now alarmed, and Dr. Whitehead was immediately sent for. On his entering the room, he said, in a cheerful voice, "Doctor they are more afraid than hurt." Most of this day he lay in bed, had a quick pulse, with a considerable degree of fever and stupor. And Saturday,

the 26th, he continued in much the same state ; taking very little, either of medicine or nourishment.

Sunday morning he seemed much better, got up, and took a cup of tea. Sitting in his chair, he looked quite cheerful, and repeated the latter part of the verse, in his brother Charles's Scripture Hymns, on *Forsake me not when my strength faileth*, viz.

" Till glad I lay this body down,  
Thy servant, Lord, attend ;  
And, O ! my life of mercy crown  
With a triumphant end."

Soon after, in a most emphatical manner, he said, " Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." Exerting himself to converse with some friends, he was soon fatigued and obliged to lie down. After lying quiet some time, he looked up, and said, " Speak to me ; I cannot speak." On which one of the company said, " Shall we pray with you, Sir ?" He earnestly replied, " Yes." And, while they prayed, his whole soul seemed engaged with God for an answer, and his hearty *amen*, showed that he perfectly understood what was said. About half an hour after, he said, " There is no need of more ; when at Bristol my words were,

" I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me." \*

One said, " Is this the present language of your heart, and do you now feel as you did then ?" He replied, " Yes." When the same person repeated,

" Bold I approach the eternal throne,  
And claim the crown, thro' Christ, my own ;"

and added, "'Tis enough. He our precious Immanuel has purchased, has promised all ;" he earnestly replied,

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\* At the Bristol Conference, in 1783, Mr. Wesley was taken very ill : neither he nor his friends thought he could recover. From the nature of his complaint, he supposed a spasm would seize his stomach, and, probably,

"He is all! He is all!" After this the fever was very high, and at times, affected his head; but even then, though his head was subject to a temporary derangement, his heart seemed wholly engaged in his Master's work. In the evening he got up again, and while sitting in his chair, he said, "How necessary it is for every one to be on the right foundation!

'I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me!'"

Monday the 28th, his weakness increased. He slept most of the day, and spoke but little; yet that little testified how much his whole heart was taken up in the care of the societies, the glory of God, and the promotion of the things pertaining to that kingdom to which he was hastening. Once he said in a low, but distinct manner, "There is no way into the holiest, but by the blood of Jesus." He afterward inquired what the words were from which he had preached a little before at Hampstead. Being told they were these, "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor," &c. he replied, "That is the foundation, the only foundation: there is no other." This day Dr. Whitehead desired he might be asked, if he would have any other physician called in to attend him; but this he absolutely refused.

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occasion sudden death. Under these views of his situation, he said to Mr. Bradford, "I have been reflecting on my past life: I have been wandering up and down, between fifty and sixty years, endeavouring, in my poor way, to do a little good to my fellow creatures: and now it is probable, that there are but a few steps between me and death; and what have I to trust to for salvation? I can see nothing which I have done or suffered, that will bear looking at. I have no other plea than this,

'I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.'"

The sentiment here expressed, and his reference to it in his last sickness, plainly shows how steadily he had persevered in the same views of the Gospel with which he set out to preach it.



It is remarkable that he suffered very little pain, never complaining of any during his illness, but once of a pain in his left breast. This was a restless night. Tuesday morning he sang two verses of a hymn : then lying still, as if to recover strength, he called for pen and ink : but when they were brought he could not write. A person said, " Let me write for you, Sir ; tell me what you would say." He replied, " Nothing, but that God is with us." In the forenoon he said, " I will get up." While they were preparing his clothes, he broke out in a manner, which, considering his extreme weakness, astonished all present, in singing

‘ I'll praise my Maker while I 've breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being, last,  
Or immortality endures !”

Having got him into his chair, they observed him change for death. But he, regardless of his dying body, said with a weak voice, " Lord, thou givest strength to those that can speak, and to those who cannot. Speak, Lord, to all our hearts, and let them know that thou loosest tongues." He then sung,

“ To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Who sweetly all agree,—”

Here his voice failed. After gasping for breath, he said, " Now we have done all." He was then laid in the bed, from which he rose no more. After resting a little, he called to those who were with him, " To pray and praise." They kneeled down, and the room seemed to be filled with the divine presence. A little after, he said, " Let me be buried in nothing but what is woollen, and let my corpse be carried in my coffin into the chapel." Then, as if done with all below, he again begged they

would pray and praise. Several friends that were in the house being called up, they all kneeled down again to prayer, at which time his fervour of spirit was manifested to every one present. But in particular parts of the prayer, his whole soul seemed to be engaged in a manner which evidently showed how ardently he longed for the full accomplishment of their united desires. And when one of the preachers was praying in a very expressive manner, that if God were about to take away their father to his eternal rest, he would be pleased to continue and increase his blessing upon the doctrine and discipline which he had long made his servant the mean of propagating and establishing in the world; such a degree of fervour accompanied his loud *amen*, as was every way expressive of his soul's being engaged in the answer of the petitions. On rising from their knees, he took hold of all their hands, and with the utmost placidness, saluted them, and said, "Farewell, farewell."

A little after, a person coming in, he strove to speak, but could not. Finding they could not understand him, he paused a little, and then, with all the remaining strength he had, cried out, *The best of all is, God is with us*; and, soon after lifting up his dying arm in token of victory, and raising his feeble voice with a holy triumph, not to be expressed, he again repeated the heart-reviving words, *The best of all is, God is with us*. Being told that his brother's widow was come, he said, "He giveth his servants rest." He thanked her, as she pressed his hand, and affectionately endeavoured to kiss her. On wetting his lips, he said, "We thank thee, O Lord, for these and all thy mercies: bless the church and king; and grant us truth and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord, for ever and ever!" At another time he said, "He causeth his servants to lie down in peace." Then pausing a little, he cried, "The clouds drop fatness!" and soon after, "The Lord is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge!" He then called those present to prayer: and though he

was greatly exhausted, he appeared still more fervent in spirit. These exertions were, however, too much for his feeble frame ; and most of the night following, though he often attempted to repeat the Psalm before-mentioned, he could only utter,

“ I'll praise—I'll praise.”

On Wednesday morning, the closing scene drew near. Mr. Bradford, his faithful friend, prayed with him, and the last words he was heard to articulate were, “ Farewell !” A few minutes before ten, while several of his friends were kneeling around his bed, without a lingering groan, this man of God, this beloved pastor of thousands, entered into the joy of his Lord.

He was in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and had been sixty-five years in the ministry. For fifty-two years, or upwards, he generally delivered two, frequently three or four sermons in a day. But calculating at two sermons a day, and allowing as a writer of his life has done, fifty annually for extraordinary occasions, the whole number during this period will be forty thousand five hundred and sixty. To these might be added, an infinite number of exhortations to the societies after preaching, and in other occasional meetings at which he assisted. His death was an admirable close of so laborious and useful a life.

At the desire of many of his friends his corpse was placed in the New Chapel, and remained there the day before his interment. His face during that time had a heavenly smile upon it, and a beauty which was admired by all that saw it.

March the 9th, was the day appointed for his interment. The preachers then in London requested that Dr. Whitehead should deliver the funeral discourse ; and the executors afterward approved of the appointment. The intention was to carry the corpse into the chapel,

and place it in a raised situation before the pulpit during the service. But the crowds which came to see the body while it lay in the coffin, both in the private house, and especially in the chapel the day before his funeral, were so great, that his friends were apprehensive of a tumult, if they should proceed on the plan first intended. It was therefore resolved, the evening before, to bury him between five and six in the morning. Though the time of notice to his friends was short, and the design itself was spoken of with great caution, yet a considerable number of persons attended at that early hour. The late Rev. Mr. Richardson, who now lies with him in the same vault, read the funeral service in a manner that made it peculiarly affecting; when he came to that part of it, "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the soul of our 'dear *Brother*,'" &c. he substituted, with the most tender emphasis, the epithet *Father*, instead of *Brother*, which had so powerful an effect on the congregation, that from silent tears, they seemed universally to burst out into loud weeping.



## CONVERTS FROM HEATHENISM.

TRUE religion is the same in every land, and similar are its effects upon the heart and life. When enjoyed "it dwells in black and white the same." Many pleasing illustrations of this truth are to be found in the histories of those who have been snatched from the darkness and debasement of heathen superstitions, and who have been translated into the kingdom of God's beloved Son. They have endured the same conflicts, have manifested the same spirit, have trodden the same path, and enjoyed the same supports as those, who from infancy had been favoured with the light of the Gospel of peace.

The following brief narratives describe the views and comforts in their dying hours, of a few of these happy converts.

GOKOOL was a converted Hindoo, and a member of one of the Baptist churches in India. For several weeks before his death he seemed to be drawing near his end: his mind was steadily fixed in the faith of Christ. On October 7th he died. Some of the natives had been trying to persuade him to employ a native doctor; but as all their medicines were accompanied with heathen incantations, he refused them, saying he would have no physician but Jesus Christ. "How is it," said they, "that you, who have turned to Christ, should be thus afflicted?" "My affliction," replied he, "is on account of my sins: my Lord does all things well." His tranquil and happy end made a deep impression on our friends. They say one to another, "May my mind be as Gokool's was!"

LENTJE was a Kaffra woman, a convert from among the uncivilized heathens of Southern Africa. She was remarkable for integrity of life, and no less so for assiduity and fervour in prayer. She was taken ill at a farm in the neighbourhood, and desired to see Dr. Vanderkemp, who fetched her home in a wagon, and took her into his house. Here in her last illness she spent almost night and day in prayer and communion with Christ. One morning, she sent for Dr. Vanderkemp, requesting him to give her love to all the people of God; and desired to be placed in the open air.—When he and his servant carried her out of doors, she said, "Now I will go to my God;" and while Dr. Vanderkemp, who expected that her disease would be very lingering, placed a mat about her, to shelter her from the rays of the sun, he observed that she turned herself on her side, and reclined her head on her arm, as if going to sleep; but

looking more attentively at her, was surprised to find that her last enemy was destroyed, before any symptoms of conflict could be perceived.

THE following account of the dying hours of another converted native of Africa, was given by a lady who witnessed her sufferings and comforts. This aged Christian was a negro slave in Antigua.

“We often visited her; and always found her cheerful and happy, and her mouth filled with blessings. She enumerated with all the exaggerations of gratitude, the advantages which she had derived from our coming; blessing and praising God incessantly for it, and invoking, in the most affecting manner, blessings on the very ship which had brought us out. She could not, she said, forget her God, for He did not forget her: she lay down upon that bed, and he came down to her;—meaning by this to describe the spiritual communion which she enjoyed with her God and Saviour. She told us, if it was the will of ‘Jesus Massa’ to call her to-morrow, she should be satisfied to go: if it was his will to spare her some time longer, she should be satisfied to stay.

“We frequently called to see her, and always found her in the same strain of adoring gratitude and love.

“She often regretted her inability to come to prayers. Indeed, such was her desire to join us in worshipping God, that she once got her son to bring her on his back.

“When I asked her, on another occasion, how she died, she replied, she did not know; but He, who made her soul and body, knew, and the best time for calling her away. She only hoped it would, not be pitch darkness; but that there might be light; and that he would remember His promise to her. She thanked me when I offered her some medicine; said she would have anything which we gave her, and that ‘JESUS MASSA WOULD SAVE US FOR ALL.’

"What," she asked on another visit, "can poor massa do more? what can poor missis do more? They cannot take away old age." She repeated, that she was waiting for her summons from above; said God spared her a little, and she thanked him for it. By and by when he saw his time, he would come, and then she would thank him for that.

She once appeared to have some doubts in her mind; for, when she spoke of her approaching departure, she said she should be glad to go, if she was to be happy; and if the way was not dark. On being asked if she did not love "Jesus Massa," she exclaimed, in great surprise at the question, "Ah! Ah!" and then told us how, years ago, she had been in the habit of visiting different plantations, to hear the word of eternal life; and that when she came in, fatigued with labour in the field, she did not go to seek for food to nourish her body, but went in pursuit of that bread which endureth unto everlasting life. This evening, she said, "Jesus Massa come closer and closer to me."

The next evening she appeared so faint and low, as to be scarcely conscious of our coming in. After a while, however, she exerted herself to speak, and told us she was in pain from head to foot: nobody had beat her: nobody had whipped her: but "Jesus Massa" had sent the pain, and she thanked him for it. Some day, when he saw good, he would come and take it away.

After lingering thus for some time, still in pain, but prayer and praise ever flowing from her lips, she drew near her end. When in her greatest extremities, she said her Saviour would give her ease, when he saw fit; and if he did not give it her now, he would give it her yonder, pointing upwards.

Thus this aged Christian fell asleep in Jesus.

Her external condition was by no means enviable. Little, however, as it presented to charm the eye or sense, a mind of spiritual discernment, perceived in her

humble cottage, a Heavenly Guest, whose presence shed a divine splendour around, with which all the pomp of human greatness would vainly attempt to vie.

• ANOTHER narrative respecting a dying converted Negro woman, displays a faith so strong, a hope so full of immortality, as may lead the Christian reader to exclaim, Let my last hours be like those of this poor slave.

AGNES MORRIS, a poor Negro woman, sent a pressing request to Mrs. Thwaites, a lady resident in Antigua, to visit her. She was in the last stage of a dropsy. This poor creature ranked among the lowest class of slaves. Her all consisted of a little wattled hut, and a few clothes. Mrs. Thwaites finding her, at the commencement of her illness, in a very destitute condition, mentioned her case to a friend, who gave her a coat. When Mrs. Thwaites paid her last visit, on her entering the door, Agnes exclaimed, "Missis! you come! This tongue can't tell what Jesus do for me! Me call my Saviour, day and night; and he come." Laying her hand on her breast—"He comfort me here." On Mrs. Thwaite's asking if she was sure of going to heaven when she died, she answered, "Yes, me sure. Me see de way clear, and shine before me,"—looking and pointing upwards with a smiling face. "If da dis minute Jesus will take me home, me ready." Some hymns being sung, she was in a rapture of joy; and, in reference to the words of one of them, exclaimed, "For me—for me—poor sinner!" lifting her swelled hands—"What a glory! what a glory!" Seeing her only daughter weeping, she said, "What you cry for?—No cry—follow Jesus—He will take care of you:" and turning to Mrs. Thwaites, she said, "Missis, show um de pa;"—meaning the path to heaven. Many other expressions fell from her, of a similar nature, to the astonishment of those who heard her. She continued, it was understood, praying and praising God, to her latest breath. This poor creature



was destitute of all earthly comforts. Her bed was a board, with a few plantain-leaves over it. How many of these outcasts will be translated from outward wretchedness to realms of glory !

PETUMBER, a native of India, was the child of idolaters, and was himself an idolater. In advanced life he became acquainted with the Gospel. He embraced the truth, afterward became a preacher of it, and died cheered by the hopes religion imparts.

In his last illness, when Mr. Ward was standing by his bed-side, the good old man broke out in such moving strains as the following :—"I do not attribute it to my own wisdom, or to my own goodness, that I became a Christian. It is all grace ! It is all grace ! I have tried all means for the restoration of my health. All are vain : God is my only hope. Life is good—death is good : but to be wholly emancipated is better."

His patience was great. He said once or twice, "I am never unhappy that it is so with me : my spirits are always good." He would say, with a moving and child-like simplicity, "He is my God and I am his child ! He never leaves me ! He is always present !" Alluding to the introduction to several of the epistles, *Grace be to you, and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ*, he said several times, "Peace, peace : I now find in my own heart that peace !"

He entreated his wife to make Christ her refuge that they might meet again in heaven.

Within a few days of his decease he seemed to long, though without any signs of impatience, to depart ; and spoke of his removal with as much composure as though he was familiar with the place and company to which he was going.

On the morning of his death he called the brethren to come and sing. While they were singing a hymn, the chorus of which runs, "Eternal salvation through the

ath of Christ," the tears of joy ran down his dying cheeks ; and at that blessed moment his soul departed, leaving a smile upon his countenance, which imparted to so pleasant an aspect, that at first one or two of the missionaries hesitated whether he was dead or not.

FERRAO was an East Indian idolater, but becoming a convert to the Gospel, was baptized in 1811. After this he appeared a pious and conscientious Christian, and died happily, in September, 1813.

Not long before his departure he was visited by Mr. Leonard, who informed him that death was nearer than he supposed. "On hearing this," Mr. L. states, "he fixed his eyes upon me with a mixture of tranquillity and delight, and then closing them, continued in a state of meditation for some time ; after which he said, 'The Lord is my portion ; he now supports my feeble frame, whilst death is performing its office.' Of himself he said, 'I am indeed the chief of sinners.' I then asked him how he enjoyed so much peace and tranquillity under such a weight of guilt, especially as he might now expect to appear before a sin-hating and a sin-punishing God, in a few short moments. He replied, 'Christ has removed the heavy load ; he died that I might live ; he bore my sins in his own body upon the accursed tree ; and I can now realize his presence in the sweet consolation I experience, and through a sense of his dying love, and his willingness and equal power to save a sinner, vile as I know myself to be.'

"I asked him, (as I was about to depart,) if he felt disturbed at the near approach of death : he looked at me with a smile, and said that death had lost its sting, that he could now meet him with joy. I then asked, what he wished I should pray for on his account ; whether the Lord would continue him longer upon earth, or take him to himself ? He replied, 'The latter. I have been too long from him : I can now see him as through a glass

darkly, but I feel the strongest desire to see him face to face, to be like him, and to enjoy his presence for ever."

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!"



## WILLIAM POPE.

"Laugh, ye profane, and swell, and burst  
With bold impiety;  
Yet shall ye live for ever curst,  
And seek in vain to die.  
Soon you'll confess the frightful names  
Of plagues you scorn'd before,  
No more shall look like idle dreams,  
Like foolish names no more."

WATTS.

THE awful and affecting cases of Newport, Altamont, and Spira, have long confirmed the weighty truth, that "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." The following narrative, though less known, is not less awful nor less impressive. Its truth is confirmed by the joint testimony of various respectable witnesses. One of these is Mr. Simpson, the well known author of "A Plea for Religion." He saw the unhappy subject of this narrative once, but declared he never desired to see him again. The melancholy affair happened in the year 1797, and excited considerable attention in the town and neighbourhood of Bolton. The deistical brethren of the unhappy man, whose miseries this account describes, wished to persuade the public that he was out of his mind; which was by no means the case. He was in the possession of his reason; but evidently given over, by God, to a hardened heart.

William Pope, an inhabitant of Bolton, in Lancashire, was a member of the Methodist Society; and appeared to have been made a partaker of genuine repentance; and of such faith in the adorable Saviour, as became the

force of sacred peace and joy. He had a wife, who enjoyed much of the divine comforts of religion, and who, ever adorning her profession upon earth, in the full assurance of faith and hope, triumphantly fell asleep in Jesus. After her death, his zeal for religion declined ; and by associating with some backsliding professors, he entered the path to eternal ruin. His new companions ridiculed the eternity of future misery ; and professed to believe even in the redemption of devils. William became an admirer of their scheme ; a frequenter with them of the public house ; and in time, a common drunkard. On one occasion of this kind, being upbraided as a Methodist, he replied. "I am not a Methodist now ; it would be better for me were that the case ; for while I was a Methodist I was as happy as an angel, but now I am as miserable as a devil."

Religion being neglected, his mind turned to politics, and these became his favourite study. Proceeding onward from bad to worse, he became the disciple of Thos. Paine, and associated himself with a number of deistical persons at Bolton, who assembled together on Sundays, to confirm each other in their infidelity. The oaths and imprecations which were here uttered, are too horrible to relate ; while they amused themselves with throwing the word of God on the floor, kicking it round the room, and treading it under their feet. Here he plunged deep into the whirlpool of infidelity ; and dared to depreciate that adorable Redeemer, whom he had formerly called his Saviour. The mercy he had long abused was now withdrawn ; the judgments of the Most High overtook him, and a lingering consumption became the harbinger of death.

"April 17, 1797, I was desired," says Mr. Rhodes, the narrator of the following account, "to visit William Pope. For some months he had been afflicted with a consumptive complaint. At the same time the state of his mind was deplorably wretched. When I first saw him, he said, 'Last night I believe I was in hell, and felt the horrors

and torments of the damned ! but God has brought me back again, and given me a little longer respite. My mind is also alleviated a little. The gloom of guilty terror does not sit so heavy upon me as it did : and I have something like a faint hope, that, after all I have done, God may yet save me.' After exhorting him to repentance, and confidence in the Almighty Saviour, I prayed with him, and left him.

" In the evening he sent for me again. I found him in the utmost distress, overwhelmed with bitter anguish and despair. I endeavoured to encourage him ; and mentioned the hope which he had spoken of in the morning. He answered, ' I believe it was merely nature ; that finding a little ease from the horrors I had felt in the night, I was a little lifted up on that account.' I spoke to him of the infinite merit of the great Redeemer ; of his sufficiency, willingness and promises, to save the chief of sinners, who penitentially turn to him. I mentioned several cases in which God had saved the greatest of sinners ; but he answered, ' No case of any, that have been mentioned, is comparable to mine. I have no contrition ; I cannot repent ; God will damn me ! I knew the day of grace is past. God hath said of such as are in my case, I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh !' I said, ' Have you ever known any thing of the mercy and love of God ?' ' O yes,' he replied, ' many years ago, I truly repented, and sought the Lord. At one time in particular, in my distress and penitential sorrow, I cried to the Lord with all my heart ; and he heard me, and delivered me from all my trouble ; and filled me with peace and heavenly consolation. This happiness continued for some time. I was then truly devoted to God. But in the end I began to keep company, which was hurtful to me ; and also gave way to unprofitable conversation, till I lost all the comfortable sense of God, and the things of God. Thus I fell from one thing to another, till I plunged into open wickedness.' Indeed he several times complained to me,

that the company he associated with, had been of irreparable injury to him. I prayed with him, and had great hopes of his salvation ; he appeared much affected ; and begged I would represent his case in our society, and pray for him. I did as he desired that night in our congregation ; the people were much affected at the account, and many hearty petitions were put up for him."

Mr. Rhodes being obliged to go into the country for a few days, his fellow labourer, Mr. Barraclough, visited William Pope, and gave the following account of what he witnessed.

" April 18, I went to see William Pope, he had all the appearance of horror and guilt, which a soul feels when under a sense of the wrath of God. As soon as he saw me, he exclaimed, ' You are come to see one who is damned for ever.' I answered, ' I hope not, Christ came to save the chief of sinners.' He replied, ' I have rejected him, I have denied him ; therefore hath he cast me off for ever !—I know the day of grace is past ; gone—gone—never more to return !' I entreated him not to draw hasty conclusions respecting the will of God ; and I asked him if he could pray, or felt a desire that God would give him a broken and contrite heart ? he answered, ' I cannot pray ; my heart is quite hardened ; I have no desire to receive any blessing at the hands of God,' and then immediately cried out, ' O the hell !—the torment !—the fire that I feel within me ! O eternity, eternity ! To dwell for ever with devils and damned spirits in the burning lake, must be my portion !—and that justly—yea, very justly !'

" I endeavoured to set before him the all-sufficient merits of Christ, and the virtue of his atoning blood ; assuring him, that through faith in the Redeemer he might be forgiven. He fixed his eyes on me, and said, ' O that I had hope ! O that I had the smallest beam of hope ! but I have not, nor can I ever have it again.' I requested him to join with me and another friend in prayer. To which he replied, ' It is all in vain.' However, we prayed, and had some degree of access to the throne of grace

for him. When I was about to depart, he looked at me with inexpressible anguish, and said, 'Do you remember preaching from these words in Jeremiah, 'Be instructed O Jerusalem, lest my soul depart from thee?' I replied that I recollected the time very well, and asked, 'Did God's Spirit depart from you at that time,' he replied, 'No, not at that time, for I again felt him strive with me; but O, soon after I grieved, yea, I quenched him; and now it is all over with me for ever!'

"On Thursday, I found him groaning under the weight of the displeasure of God. His eyes rolled to and fro: he lifted up his hands and with vehemence cried out, 'O the burning flame! the hell! the pain I feel! Rocks, yea, burning mountains, fall upon me! and cover me! Ah no! they cannot hide me from his presence who fills the universe!' I spoke a little of the justice and power of Jehovah; to which he made this pertinent reply, 'He is *just*, and is now punishing, and will continue to punish me, for my sins. He is powerful, and will make me strong to bear the torments of hell to all eternity!' I answered, 'God is just to forgive us, and powerful to rescue us from the dominion of sin and Satan. Jesus came to destroy the works of the devil, and I trust he will soon manifest his salvation to you.' He replied, 'You do not know what I have done. My crimes are not of an ordinary nature. I have done—done the deed—the horrible, damnable deed!' I wanted him to explain himself; but he sunk down into a stupid sullenness. I prayed with him, and found more freedom than I expected. While I was on my knees, he appeared to be in an agony. At length he broke out, to the astonishment of all present, 'Glory be to God, I am out of hell yet!—Glory be to God, I am out of hell yet!' We said, 'There is mercy for you,' he answered, 'Do you think so? O that I could feel a desire for it.' We entreated him to pray, but he answered, 'I cannot pray! God will not have any thing to do with me. O the fire I feel within me.' He then sunk down again into a state

of a sullen reserve. I prayed with him once more ; and while I was thus employed, he said with inexpressible rage, ' I will not have salvation at the hands of God ! No ! no ! I will not ask it of him ! ' After a short pause, he cried out, ' O how I long to be in the bottomless pit ! in the lake which burns with fire and brimstone ! ' He then lay quiet for some time, and we took our leave for that day.

" The day following I saw him again. This was a painful visit. His language and visage were most dreadful. Some of his expressions were so diabolical that I dare not repeat them. I said to him, ' William, your pain is inexpressible.' He groaned, and then with a loud voice cried out, ' Eternity will explain my torments ; I tell you again, I am damned :—I will not have salvation.' We desired he would pray for mercy ; but he exclaimed, ' Nothing for *me* but *hell* ! Come eternal torments ! you will soon see I shall drop into the flames of the pit.' I said, ' Do you ask the Lord to be merciful unto you.' Upon which he called me to him, as if to speak to me ; but as soon as I came within his reach, he struck me on the head with all his might, and gnashing his teeth, cried out, ' God will not hear your prayer.'

" While we were on our knees praying for him, he shouted aloud, ' God will confound you, that you cannot pray. O God hear them not, for I will not be saved.' His words were accompanied with the strongest marks of rage and inveterate malice, and he cried out, ' I hate every thing that God has made ; *only* I have no hatred to the devil ; I wish to be with him.' He seemed to be in his element while speaking of the devil as a sovereign lord, that might shortly reign supreme ! These things greatly distressed us, and we were afraid that he was given up to a reprobate mind."

On the 21st, Mr. Rhodes having returned from the country, went again to see William Pope, and gives the following account of his visit. " I found him in the most



deplorable condition. He charged me with telling him a lie, in my last visit, by saying that I believed there was salvation for him. I replied that I had not told a lie, but verily believed there was salvation if he would accept of it. He was now in a tempest of rage and despair : his looks, his agonies, and dreadful words, are not to be expressed. Speaking to him of mercy or a Saviour seemed to increase the horrors of his mind. When I mentioned the power of the Almighty to save ; ‘God,’ said he, ‘is Almighty to damn me ! He hath already sealed my damnation, and I long to be in hell !’ While two or three of us were praying for him, he threw at us any thing on which he could lay his hands. His state appeared an awful confirmation of the truth, justice, and being of God ;—of an immortal soul in man ;—and of the evil of sin. Who but a righteous God could inflict such punishments ? What but sin could deserve them ? What but an intelligent immortal soul could bear them ?”

Next day, Mr. Rhodes called again to see William Pope. The dreadful tempest of rage and defiance seemed to have ceased. He now appeared full of timidity and fear ;—in perpetual dread of the powers of darkness ; and apprehensive of their coming to drag him away to the regions of misery. But no marks of penitent contrition appeared about him. He said he was full of blasphemy ; he often laid his hand upon his mouth lest it should force its way forth. He complained that it had done so, and that more would force its way.

In the afternoon of the 24th, Mr. Barraclough again called upon him. For some time he would not speak, but after being repeatedly asked how he felt his mind, he replied, “Bad, bad.” Mr. Barraclough said, “God can make it better.”—“What, make me better !—I tell you, no ; I have done the horrible deed, and it cannot be undone again.—I feel I must declare to you what it is for which I am suffering. The HOLY and JUST ONE ! I have crucified the Son of God afresh, and counted the

blood of the covenant an unholy thing ! O that wicked and horrible deed of blasphemy against the HOLY GHOST which I know I have committed ! It is for this I am suffering the torture and horrors of guilt, and a sense of the wrath of God."

He then suddenly looked upwards towards the chamber floor, and started back ; he trembled, gnashed his teeth, and cried out, " Do you not see ? Do you not see him ? He is coming for me ! The devil will fetch me, I know he will ! Come, O devil, and take me." At this time Mr. Eskrick came into the room, to whom William said, " George, I am lost." Mr. Eskrick replied, " Do not say so, but pray earnestly to God to give you true repentance ; and who can tell but the Lord may deliver you this day from the power of sin and Satan." He answered, " I cannot pray, no ! no ! I will not pray. Do not I tell you there is no salvation for me, I want nothing but hell." Some time after he said, " Undone for ever ! doomed to eternal pain ! to the burning flame !" Afterward on a sudden he sprung up from his seat, and cried out, " Your prayers will avail nothing. God will not hear you." A friend prayed, but during prayer, when any petition was offered for him, he sullenly said, " I will not have any favour at his hands,"—uttering also other expressions too dreadful to be repeated.

" On the 25th, says Mr. Rhodes, I called to see William Pope, and asked him how he was, he answered, ' Very bad in body and soul, there is nothing good about me.' I said to him, ' William, if GOD were willing to save you for Christ's sake, and if you knew that he were so, would you not be willing to be saved ?' ' No,' he answered, ' I have no willingness nor any desire to be saved. You will not believe me when I tell you it is all over. If I had a million of worlds I would give them all to undo what I have done.' I told him I was glad to hear that confession from him, and hoped, that through the violence of his terrors he had mistaken his case, and imagi-

ned against himself what was not true. 'I tell you,' he replied, 'I know hell burns within me now: and the moment my soul quits the body, I shall be in such torments as none can conceive! I have denied the Saviour! I have blasphemed the Most High! and have said, O that I were stronger than God.' He was quite unwilling that I should attempt to pray for him. I visited him the next morning, when he appeared to be hardened beyond all feeling of remorse or fear. His violent agitations, dread, and horror, had ceased their rage. His infidel principles returned upon him, and he gave full place to them, and gloried in them.

"On my next visit, after a little conversation, he spoke with the greatest contempt of the Lord Jesus Christ; and derided his merits and the virtue of his atoning blood. The words he used were too detestable to be repeated. The day following he appeared much in the same state of mind, full of a diabolical spirit. Hell and perdition were his principal theme, and apparently without terror."

At a visit which a pious young man made him on the first of May, he said, "I have denied the Lord Jesus Christ, and the word of God; this is my hell." After some other shocking expressions, he added, "My pain is all within, if this were removed I should be better! - O what a terrible thing it is! Once I might, and would not; now I would, and must not." He sat a little while and then, says the narrator, cast his eyes upon me with the most affecting look I ever saw, and shook his head. At this sight I could not refrain from tears. At another time he said, "I attempted to pray, but when I had said a word or two. I was so confounded I could say no more." At this time one of his old companions in sin coming to see him; William said to him, "I desire you will go away; for I have ruined myself by being too much in such company as yours." The man was unwilling to depart; but he insisted on his going.

Sometime after, the same young man, and some other friends, sat up with him again, and would have prayed with him, but he would not suffer them; he said it did him hurt, and added, "I am best content when I am cursing; I curse frequently to myself, and it gives me ease. God has made a public example of me, for a warning to others; and if they will not take it, everlasting misery will be their portion."

Mr. Rhodes made him several other visits; and in all his visits, found him perfectly averse to prayer, and to every thing that is good. Not the least mark of contrition; not the most distant desire for salvation. "When," says he, "on one occasion I attempted to pray, he said, 'Do not pray to Jesus Christ for me, he can do me no good; nor is there any being that can.' When I began to pray, he blasphemed in a most horrible manner, and dared the Almighty to do his worst, and to send him to hell!"

"On the 24th, his state was not to be described. His eyes darted hate and distraction. He grinned at me, and told me how he despised and hated my prayers; at the same time he exclaimed, 'Curse on you all.'"

"On the 26th, I visited him for the last time. I saw his dissolution was at hand. My soul pitied him. My painful feelings on his account cannot be expressed. I spoke to him with tenderness and plainness about the state of his soul, and of another world; but he answered me with a high degree of displeasure; his countenance at the same time was horrible beyond expression; and with great vehemence he commanded me to cease speaking to him. I then told him, it would be the last time that ever I should see him in this world; and asked if he were willing for me to put up another prayer for him? He then with great strength, considering his weakness, cried out, 'No.' This was the last word which I heard him speak. I left him and he died in the evening."

## DYING FOLLOWER OF THE WORLD.

"In that dread moment, how the frantic soul  
 Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,  
 Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help.  
 How wishfully she looks on all she's leaving,  
 Now no longer hers. A little longer!  
 Yet a little longer! O might she stay,  
 To wash away her crimes, and fit her  
 For the passage! Her very eyes weep blood;  
 And every groan she heaves, is big with horror:  
 But the foe, like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,  
 Pursues her close, thro' every lane of life;  
 Nor misses once the track, but presses on,  
 Till forc'd, at last, to the tremendous verge,  
 At once she sinks to everlasting ruin."

BLAIR.

THE following affecting account of the dying hours of a man of gaiety and pleasure, was given by Mr. Hervey, in a letter to that son of dissipation, sin, and folly, the late Beau Nash, of Bath. It was designed as a friendly warning to him, to prepare to meet his God; though it is to be apprehended the warning was in vain.

"I was, not long since, called to visit a poor gentleman, erewhile of the most robust body, and the gayest temper I ever knew. But when I visited him; O! how was the glory departed from him! I found him no more that sprightly and vivacious son of joy which he used to be; but languishing, pining away, and withering under the chastening hand of God. His limbs feeble and trembling; his countenance forlorn and ghastly; and the little breath he had left, sobbed out in sorrowful sighs! His body hastening apace to the dust to lodge in the silent grave, the land of darkness and desolation. His soul just going to God who gave it: preparing to wing itself away unto its long home; to enter upon an unchangeable and eternal state. When I was come up into his chamber, and had seated myself on his bed, he first cast a most wishful look

upon me, and then begun, as well as he was able, to speak. — ‘O! that I had been wise, that I had known this, that I had considered my latter end. Ah! Mr. ———, death is knocking at my doors: in a few hours more I shall draw my last gasp; and then judgment, the tremendous judgment! how shall I appear, unprepared as I am, before the all-knowing, and omnipotent God? How shall I endure the day of his coming?’ When I mentioned, among many other things, that strict holiness which he had formerly so slightly esteemed, he replied with a hasty eagerness: ‘O! that holiness is the only thing I now long for. I have not words to tell you how highly I value it. I would gladly part with all my estate, large as it is, or a world, to obtain it. Now my benighted eyes are enlightened, I clearly discern the things that are excellent. What is there in the place whither I am going but God? Or what is there to be desired on earth but religion?’ — But if this God should restore you to health, said I, think you that you should alter your former course! — ‘I call heaven and earth to witness,’ said he, ‘I would labour for holiness, as I shall soon labour for life. As for riches and pleasures, and the applauses of men, I account them as dross and dung, no more to my happiness than the feathers that lie on the floor. O! if the *righteous* Judge would try me once more; if he would but reprieve, and spare me a little longer; in what a spirit would I spend the remainder of my days! I would know no other business, aim at no other end, than perfecting myself in holiness. Whatever contributed to that; every means of grace; every opportunity of spiritual improvement, should be dearer to me than thousands of gold and silver. But alas! why do I amuse myself with fond imaginations! The best resolutions are now insignificant, because they are too late. The day in which I should have worked is over and gone, and I see a sad horrible night approaching, bringing with it the blackness of darkness for ever. Heretofore, wo is me! when God called, I refused;

when he invited, I was one of them that made excuse. Now, therefore, I receive the reward of my deeds ; fearfulness and trembling are come upon me ; I smart, and am in sore anguish already ; and yet, this is but the beginning of sorrows ! it doth not yet appear what I shall be ; but surely I shall be ruined, undone, and destroyed with an everlasting destruction !”

“ This sad scene I saw with mine eyes ; these words, and many more equally affecting, I heard with mine ears, and soon after attended the unhappy gentleman to his tomb.”



## A DYING INFIDEL.

A CERTAIN individual who resided not far from Dudley, in Worcestershire, was for some years a steady and respectable professor of Christianity. During this time, he was a good father, a good neighbour, and a loyal subject. A wicked man, however, put into his hands Paine's *Age of Reason*, and Volney's *Ruins of Empires*. He read these pernicious books, renounced Christianity, and became a *bad father*, a *bad neighbour*, a *disloyal subject*, and a *ferocious infidel* ! At length, sickness seized him, and death stared him in the face. Before the period of his dissolution, some Christian friends, who had formerly united with him in the sweet duties of devotion, resolved, if possible, to obtain access to him. With much difficulty they accomplished their object. They found him in a most deplorable state. Horror was depicted on his countenance, and he seemed determined not to be comforted. They spoke to him, in a suitable manner, respecting the Lord Jesus Christ and salvation. But he replied with fury—“ *It is too late ;—I have trampled on his blood !*” They offered to *pray* with him ;—but he *swore* they should not. However, they kneeled down

and presented their supplications to God in his behalf. And while, in this humble posture, they were pleading the merits of Jesus, the poor miserable infidel actually *cursed God and died!*



## ANTITHEUS.

MR. CUMBERLAND, in the *Observer*, gives us one of the most mournful tales that ever was related, concerning a gentleman of *infidel* principles, whom he denominates ANTITHEUS. "I remember him," says he, "in the height of his fame, the hero of his party; no man so caressed, followed, and applauded: he was a little loose, his friends would own, in his moral character, but then he was the most honest fellow in the world: it was not to be denied that he was rather free in his notions, but then he was the best creature living. I have seen men of the gravest character wink at his sallies, because he was so pleasant and so well bred, it was impossible to be angry with him. Every thing went well with him, and ANTITHEUS seemed to be at the summit of human prosperity, when he was suddenly seized with the most alarming symptoms: he was at his country house, and (which had rarely happened to him) he at that time chanced to be alone; wife or family he had none, and out of the multitude of his friends no one happened to be near him at the moment of his attack. A neighbouring *physician* was called out of bed in the night to come to him with all haste in this extremity: he found him sitting up in his bed, supported by pillows, his countenance full of horror, his breath struggling as in the article of death, his pulse intermitting, and at times beating with such rapidity as could hardly be counted. Antitheus dismissed the attendants he had about him, and eagerly demanded of the physician, if he thought him in danger: the physician



answered that he must fairly tell him he was in imminent danger. 'How so! how so! do you think me dying?' 'He was sorry to say the symptoms indicated death.'—'Impossible! you must not let me die: I dare not die: O doctor! save me if you can.' 'Your situation, sir, is such, that it is not in mine, nor any other man's art to save you; and I think I should not do my duty if I gave you any false hopes in these moments, which, if I am not mistaken, will not more than suffice for any worldly or other concerns which you may have upon your mind to settle.' 'My mind is full of horror,' cried the dying man, 'and I am incapable of preparing it for death.' He now fell into an agony, accompanied with a shower of tears; a cordial was administered, and he revived in a degree; when turning to the physician, who had his fingers upon his pulse, he eagerly demanded of him, if he did not see that blood upon the feet curtains of his bed. There was none to be seen: the physician assured him, it was nothing but a vapour of his fancy. 'I see it plainly,' said Antitheus, 'in the shape of a human hand: I have been visited with a tremendous apparition. As I was lying sleepless in my bed this night, I took up a letter of a deceased friend to dissipate certain thoughts that made me uneasy: I believed him to be a great philosopher, and was converted to his opinions: persuaded by his arguments and my own experience, that the disorderly affairs of this evil world could not be administered by any wise, just, or provident being, I had brought myself to think no such being could exist, and that a life, produced by chance, must terminate in annihilation: this is the reasoning of that letter, and such were the thoughts I was revolving in my mind, when the apparition of my dear friend presented itself before me; and unfolding the curtains of my bed, stood at my feet, looking earnestly upon me for a considerable space of time. My heart sunk within me; for his face was ghastly, full of horror, with an expression of such anguish

as I can never describe: his eyes were fixed upon me, and at length, with a mournful motion of his head—‘Alas, alas!’ he cried, ‘we are in a fatal error!’ and taking hold of the curtains with his hand, shook them violently, and disappeared.—This, I protest to you, I both saw and heard; and look! where the print of his hand is left in blood upon the curtains!”

Antitheus survived the relation of this vision very few hours, and died delirious in great agonies.

What a forsaken and disconsolate creature is man without his God and Saviour!



## A YOUNG WOMAN.

SEVERAL of the preceding narratives show how awful is the hour of death to those who deny the Lord who bought them. But it is not those only who advance thus far in iniquity, that feel the bitterness of death. To many who have borne the sacred name of Christian, the hour of dissolution is an hour of dismay, and would be so to every one who has reached that solemn period, negligent of the great salvation, if the soul were sensible of its own state, and awake to the contemplation of eternal realities. Let the young and careless seriously read the impressive account that follows, and while they read it, think of their latter end.

“Bathed in tears; a girl came, about three months ago, to tell me that her sister was dying, and wished much to see me. The poor woman, who was ‘arrived at life’s tremendous verge,’ was about thirty years of age: her circumstances were lowly; but her mind was better informed than that of most in her rank. She had been educated at a Sunday school, and having a remarkably good voice, had attended the chapel with the singers till her marriage. At this period, she not only knew much of

her Bible, but also, gave some pleasing symptoms of a change of mind. But alas ! she gave her hand to a young man who was destitute of the fear of God, and who became a snare to her. How many that in youth promise fair to be the followers of Jesus, are ruined by improper marriages ! Oppressed with domestic cares, poor Mary now neglected even an occasional attendance on the means of grace. She had run well, but sin deceived her. Daily misery however preyed on a constitution at all times delicate. A dropsy threatened her with death. No sooner was she confined to the bed of affliction, than she recollected the truths which once she took delight in learning. ‘She remembered God and was troubled ;’ and her neglect of those things which, she well knew, belonged to her eternal peace, filled her mind with anguish.

“I had been with her the day before ; how bitterly did she then lament her conduct ! how hard she found the way of the transgressor ! I reminded her of what St. John says—‘If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father.’ She seemed a little encouraged to expect mercy ; we engaged in prayer, and parted. But now she was evidently dying. As I entered the room, I beheld a face distorted with pain, and heard an exclamation, distressing enough to pierce any heart,—‘*O ! I cannot die :—I want to see his face !*’ Never did I enter so fully into the importance of Balaam’s prayer—‘Let me die the death of the righteous ; and let my last end be like his.’ I asked her whose face she wished to see. Her reply was—‘The reconciled face of Jesus.’ ‘Have you no hope of an interest in Christ ?’ I inquired.—‘No, I have no hope ; I am lost ; I cannot die !’

“How I longed for some careless people whom I knew, to witness the end of one who had neglected,—and that against the dictates of her own conscience,—the great salvation.”

The writer of this account then endeavoured to point her to the blood of Jesus. “O, she exclaimed, that I

had an interest in that blood!" He soon after left the room with feelings not to be described, and in a few minutes she expired.

O let those who have enjoyed religious instruction in youth, and afterward neglected the Saviour and salvation, consider what miseries they are preparing for themselves hereafter! and let them remember her whose last words almost, were, "O, I cannot die! I cannot die!"



## TERRORS OF DEATH.

THE eternal God has taught us in his word that "the way of transgressors is hard." Though the entrance of the path that leads to eternal ruin may seem strewn with flowers, yet all the hapless travellers in it must sooner or later discover that it is crowded with sorrows and ends in destruction. None more painfully realize the truth of this assertion, than those who have trodden this delusive path, after having been once apparently inclined to walk "in the ways of peace." The sad account which follows, respects a young woman who acted this ruinous part. Though she moved in a humble sphere, her pitiable case is not less affecting; nor should the warning, that it gives to the careless, be less impressive.

She was born of poor, but honest parents, and was taught the first principles of religion in a Sabbath School. At the age of sixteen she engaged in service in her native village. At her first place she continued two years. In her eighteenth year she removed into a religious family; till then she had lived ignorant of the Gospel, and careless about her eternal state; but during her continuance in this situation she appeared deeply impressed with a sense of her sinfulness, and made an open profession of religion. In her nineteenth year she removed to

a place much superior to the former, as it respects this world ; but alas ! the master of the house was a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God. Here religious duties were not only neglected, but even ridiculed.—She met with no little persecution from her fellow-servants : this induced her to neglect private prayer and other means of grace. At length she was seldom seen at public worship. A Christian friend perceived her declension, by her backwardness to discourse on religious subjects.—She had previously been very forward to converse on the best things ; but at this time was quite the reverse ; yet she did not return back to the world without considerable checks of conscience. She knew that she was doing wrong, but became hardened by the deceitfulness of sin.

About the 20th year of her age, she broke a blood vessel. An apothecary was sent for immediately, but no relief could be afforded : her appointed time was now arrived. On the day after the circumstance took place, she was visited by the person who had observed her departure from the way of life ; and who states the following particulars of different interviews with her.—“ On asking her how she was, she said, ‘ Very bad, very bad.’ I then told her I understood there was no hope of her recovery, and proceeded to inquire how it was with her in regard to her eternal welfare ; she exclaimed, ‘ That is what I want, my life I care not for, if my sins were pardoned.’ I then spoke of the power and willingness of Christ to save lost sinners ; but she answered, ‘ There was no pardon for her, she had been such a great sinner.’ I then enlarged on the precious promises of the Gospel, and its invitations to miserable sinners : but all seemed to aggravate the feelings of her guilty conscience. She burst into tears, and said, ‘ O ! that I had repented when the Spirit of God was striving with me, but now I am undone.’ I then offered up a prayer for her, and finding that talking to her was only sharpening the stings of her wounded conscience, I left her. I again visited

her late in the evening of the same day. She was much weaker from the loss of blood, and her countenance bespoke the dreadful horror of her mind, which no doubt hastened her speedy dissolution. On asking her how she felt, she answered, 'Miserable! miserable!' I then repeated some encouraging passages of Scripture to backsliders, but alas! all in vain; her soul laboured under the greatest agonies: she exclaimed, 'O! how I have been deceived! When I was in health I delayed repentance from time to time; O! that I had my time to live over again. O! that I had obeyed the Gospel; but now I must burn in hell for ever. O! I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it.'

"In this manner she continued breathing out most horrible expressions.

"I reminded her, that Jesus Christ would in no wise cast out those sinners who come to him, and that his blood cleanseth from all sin. She said, 'The blood of Christ will be the greatest torment I shall have in hell; tell me no more about it.' I then left her with feelings not to be described. She died next morning at six o'clock. I inquired of the woman who attended her, if she continued in the same state to the last; she said she was much worse after I left her, and that they durst not stay in the room with her. She was heard to exclaim several times, about an hour before her end, 'ETERNITY!—ETERNITY! O! to burn throughout eternity.'—Thus died, at the age of 20, this miserable mortal.'

In her mournful departure she adds another to the many solemn proofs which we have, that eternity demands all the care of an immortal being! and that the hours passed on a death-bed, are not the time for repentance.

## LORD CHESTERFIELD.

OF all the accounts which are left us, of the latter end of those who are gone before into the eternal state, several are more horrible, but few so affecting as that which is given us by his own pen, of the late Lord Chesterfield. It shows us incontestably, what a poor creature man is, notwithstanding the highest polish which he is capable of receiving, without the knowledge and experience of those satisfactions which true religion yields; and what egregious fools all those persons are, who squander away their precious time, in what the world, by a strange perversion of language, calls pleasure.

“I have enjoyed all the pleasures of this world, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which in truth, is very low, whereas those who have not experienced, always overrate them. They only see their gay outside, and are dazzled with their glare; but I have been behind the scenes. It is a common notion, and like many common ones, a very false one, that those, who have led a life of pleasure and business, can never be easy in retirement; whereas I am persuaded that they are the only people who can, if they have any sense and reflection.—They can look back without an evil eye upon what they from knowledge despise; others have always a hankering after what they are not acquainted with. I look upon all that has passed, as one of those romantic dreams that opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose, for the sake of the fugitive dream.—When I say that I have no regret, I do not mean that I have no remorse; for a life, either of business, or still more of pleasure, never was, and never will be, a state of innocence. But God, who knows the strength of human passions, and the weakness of human reason, will, it is to be hoped, rather merci-

fully pardon, than justly punish, acknowledged errors. I have been as wicked and as vain, though not so wise as Solomon : but am now at last wise enough to feel and attest the truth of his reflection, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. This truth is never sufficiently discovered or felt by mere speculation : experience in this case is necessary for conviction, though perhaps at the expense of some morality.—My health is always bad, though sometimes better and sometimes worse ; and my deafness deprives me of the comforts of society, which other people have in their illnesses. This, you must allow, is an unfortunate latter end of life, and consequently a tiresome one ; but I must own too, that it is a sort of balance to the tumultuous and imaginary pleasures of the former part of it. I consider my present wretched old age as a just compensation for the follies, not to say sins, of my youth. At the same time I am thankful that I feel none of those torturing ills, which frequently attend the last stage of life ; and I flatter myself that I shall go off quietly, and with resignation. My stay in this world cannot be long : God, who placed me here, only knows when he will order me out of it ; but whenever he does, I shall willingly obey his command. I wait for it, imploring the mercy of my Creator, and deprecating his justice. The best of us must trust to the former, and dread the latter.—I think I am not afraid of my journey's end, but will not answer for myself, when the object draws very near, and is very sure. For when one does see death near, let the best or the worst people say what they please, it is a serious consideration. The Divine attribute of mercy, which gives us comfort, cannot make us forget the attribute of justice, which must blend some fears with our hope.—Life, is neither a burden nor a pleasure to me ; but a certain degree of ennui necessarily attends that neutral state, which makes me very willing to part with it, when He who placed me here, thinks fit to call me away. When I reflect, however, upon the poor remainder of



my life, I look upon it as a burden that must every day grow heavier, from the natural progression of physical ills, the usual companions of increasing years, and my reason tells me, that I should wish for the end of it ; but instinct, often stronger than reason, and perhaps oftener in the right, makes me take all proper methods to put it off. This innate sentiment alone makes me bear life with patience : for I assure you I have no further hopes, but, on the contrary, many fears from it. None of the primitive Anchoretas in the Thebais could be more detached from life than I am. I consider it as one who is wholly unconcerned in it, and even when I reflect upon what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done myself, I can hardly persuade myself that all the frivolous hurry and bustle, and pleasures of the world, had any reality, but they seem to have been the dreams of restless nights. This philosophy, however, I thank God, neither makes me sour nor melancholic : I see the folly and absurdity of mankind, without indignation or peevishness. I wish them wiser, and, consequently, better than they are."

This is the life, these are the mortifying acknowledgments, and this is the poor sneaking end of the best bred man of the age ! Not one word about a Mediator ! He acknowledges, indeed, his frailties, but yet in such a way as to extenuate his offences. One would suppose him to have been an old heathen philosopher, that had never heard of the name of Jesus, rather than a penitent Christian, whose life had abounded with a variety of vices.



## JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.

ONE of the most melancholy sights, which the world can present, is to behold a man of extensive powers and a benevolent disposition, employed through a long and active life, in diffusing baneful errors and injuring the

souls of men. Such was the case with him whose name stands at the head of this article.

Joseph Priestley was born in 1733. In 1752 he entered the academy at Daventry, to pursue a course of preparatory studies for the Christian ministry. His friends entertained Calvinistic sentiments ; and he acquired in early life a serious turn of mind. Before he went to Daventry he had become an Arminian, but had by no means rejected the doctrine of the Trinity, or the atonement. There he became a necessitarian, and embraced what is termed the heterodox side on almost every question of importance. After finishing his course of study, he removed to a congregation at Needham Market, in Suffolk. Here he had about a hundred hearers ; but soon avowing himself an Arian, his hearers fell off apace. While there, he obtained a full persuasion that the doctrine of atonement, even in the most qualified sense, had no countenance from reason or Scripture. He continued to proceed in his declining career from one baneful error to another. While collecting passages on the subject of the atonement, he became satisfied, " That the apostle Paul's reasoning was in many places far from being conclusive ;" and, he adds, " in a separate work, I examined every passage in which his reasoning appeared to me defective, or his conclusions ill supported, and I thought them to be pretty numerous."

As he found that the modest and learned Lardner, though himself low in sentiment, did not approve his irreverent manner of treating the sacred authors, he did not submit this treatise to his inspection, " but," he says, " I showed it to some of my younger friends, and also to Dr. Kippis, and he advised me to publish it under the character of an unbeliever in order to draw more attention to it."

Priestley at this time had not proceeded so far, in his rejection of divine truth as he subsequently did, yet,

from his own account, it appears he had already advanced so far, that he could write upon the Holy Scriptures, in the style of an infidel. What idea can be entertained of his Christianity !

While at Needham, he also adopted the belief that the writers of the Scriptures were not inspired ; and that all ideas of supernatural influence, excepting for the performance of miracles, are unfounded in truth. In 1758 he removed to Nantwich ; and soon afterward became a tutor at the academy at Warrington, where the students were occasionally edified by the exhibition of scenes from various plays. In 1767 he changed his residence to Leeds, and there became a Unitarian ; and afterward obtained the firmest persuasion that man is wholly material.

The word of God assures us, that if we would become truly wise, we must imbibe a docile and humble disposition, must desire the sincere milk of the word, the unsophisticated truths of Scripture.

Nothing is more adverse to the acquirement of truth, than a mind that, filled with proud self-sufficiency, will not stoop to embrace those truths, even in a revelation from heaven, which are above the comprehension of its feeble but vaunted powers. Unitarianism itself must acknowledge mysteries in a blade of grass, but would have none in the nature or dealings of the Deity ; and therefore boldly explains away, or daringly rejects, those parts of his word which contain something mysterious in human view. That such, alas ! was the spirit of Priestley, is but too evident from the following extract ; and need we wonder that He, who promises divine teaching to the humble, should refuse it to the proud, who obstinately refuse to receive the discoveries of his word.

Referring to John vi. 62, "What and if ye shall see the Son of man ascend up where he was before," he says : "Though not satisfied with any interpretation

that has been given of this extraordinary passage, yet rather than believe our Saviour to have existed in any other state before the creation of the world, or to have left some state of greater dignity and happiness when he came hither, I would have recourse to the old and exploded Socinian idea of Christ's actual ascent into heaven, or of his imagining that he had been carried up thither in a vision, which, like that of St. Paul, he had not been able to distinguish from a reality :—nay, I would not build an article of faith of such magnitude on the correctness of John's recollection and representation of our Lord's language ;—and so strange and incredible does the hypothesis of a pre-existent state appear, that sooner than admit it, I would suppose the whole verse to be an interpolation ; or that the old apostle dictated one thing, and his amanuensis wrote another.”\*

Instead of beholding a mind prepared humbly to receive whatever God may reveal, we here see a most resolute determination to reject one of the most plain and most important doctrines of the Bible. What could convince a man of the truth of a doctrine, who, sooner than believe it, would obstinately adopt so ridiculous an hypothesis as that alluded to ; or if that were not sufficient, would persuade himself that an inspired apostle's recollection had failed ; and if this were not enough to uphold him in his incredulity, would suppose, without the shadow of an argument, that the abhorred passage were an interpolation ; and if all this would not do, would then determine to believe that the apostle had an amanuensis, who blundered as he wrote ? Would a voice from heaven convince such a man ? Probably sooner than believe the obnoxious truth, he would persuade himself that voice were an illusion of the fancy.

In the beginning of the year 1804, his health rapidly

\* Priestley's Letters to Price.

declined. His son describes him as enjoying much composure and cheerfulness in his last moments : but it was not the cheerfulness which springs from knowing the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. The following memorable passage mentions so strange a kind of comfort, for the most trying hours, that had not his son given it publicity, it might almost have been imagined that some enemy to Unitarianism had invented the relation, intending to cast odium on that delusive but baneful system.—“ On Sunday, (February 5,) he was much weaker. He dwelt for some time on the advantage he had derived from reading the Scriptures daily, and advised me to do the same, saying, that it would prove to me, as it had done to him, a source of the purest pleasure. He desired me to reach him a pamphlet, which was at his bed’s head; Simpson on the Duration of Future Punishment. “ It will be a source of satisfaction to you, to read that pamphlet,” said he, giving it to me. “ It contains my sentiments ; and a belief in them will be a support to you in *the most trying circumstances, as it has been to me.* We shall all meet finally : we only require *different degrees of discipline, suited to our different tempers, to prepare us for final happiness.*”

And can it be that one who professed to have lived striving to reform what he called the corruptions of Christianity, should speak of this as his support for the most trying circumstances. A belief, that if he went to hell, he should continue there but for a limited time, and when purified by such severe discipline, should rise to final happiness. Ah Unitarianism ! is this thy solace for the hour of affliction, and the bed of death ! Couldst thou afford thy great apostle no better support than this ! Then let my soul be found with those, whom he would have deemed idolaters ; whose unshaken hope rests on the atoning sacrifice of the Lamb that was slain ; and who leave this world not expecting purification in hell, but assured that, when “ absent from the body, they shall be present with the Lord !”

## VOLTAIRE.

It is well known that this celebrated infidel laboured through a long life to diffuse the poison of infidelity. In life he was pre-eminent in guilt, and at death in misery. He had been accustomed for years to call the adorable Saviour—‘The wretch,’ and to vow that he would crush him. He closed many of his letters to his infidel friends with these words—‘Crush the wretch ;’—yet such is the detestable meanness, as well as wickedness of infidelity, that during these efforts to destroy Christianity, he was accustomed to receive the sacrament, and to attend to some other outward acts of religion, that he might be able to deny his infidelity if accused of it! Such was he in health, but dangerous sickness and approaching death, though they could not soften the hard heart of the hypocritic infidel into real penitence, filled it with agony, remorse, and despair.

Voltaire had risen. in poor deluded France, high in worldly prosperity and fame ; but the Most High appeared to permit him to rise to the pinnacle of glory, only that he might sink with deeper ruin to the gulfs below ; and thus afford a more impressive warning of the effects of his folly and his sin.

The following awful description has been given of his last hours.

“It was during Voltaire’s last visit to Paris, when his triumph was complete, and he had even feared he should die with glory amidst the acclamations of an infatuated theatre, that he was struck by the hand of Providence, and fated to make a very different termination of his career.

“In the midst of his triumphs, a violent bleeding raised apprehensions for his life. D’Alembert, Diderot, and Marmontel, hastened to support his resolution in his last moments, but were only witnesses to their mutual ignominy, as well as to his own.

“Here let not the historian fear exaggeration. Rage,

remorse, reproach, and blasphemy, all accompany and characterise the long agony of the dying atheist. His death, the most terrible that is ever recorded to have stricken the impious man, will not be denied by his companions in impiety. Their silence, however much they may wish to deny it, is the least of those corroborative proofs that could be adduced. Not one of them has ever dared to mention any sign given, of resolution or tranquillity, by the *premier chief* during the space of *three months*, which elapsed from the time he was crowned in the theatre, until his decease. Such a silence expresses how great their humiliation was in his death !

“ It was in his return from the theatre, and in the midst of the toils he was resuming in order to acquire fresh applause, when Voltaire was warned, that the long career of his impiety was drawing to an end.”

In spite of all the infidel philosophers who flocked around him, in the first days of his illness, he gave signs of wishing to return to the God he had so often blasphemed. He called for the priest, who ministered to Him whom he had sworn to crush, under the appellation of ‘ the wretch.’ His danger increasing he wrote entreating the Abbe Gualtier, to visit him. He afterward made a declaration, in which he, in fact, renounced his infidelity.

This declaration was signed by himself and two witnesses, one of whom was the Marquis de Villevieille, to whom, eleven years before, Voltaire was wont to write, “ Conceal your march from the enemy, in your endeavours to crush the wretch !”

“ Voltaire had permitted this declaration to be carried to the rector of St. Sulpice, and to the archbishop of Paris, to know whether it would be sufficient. When the Abbe Gualtier returned with the answer, it was impossible for him to gain admittance to the patient. The conspirators had strained every nerve to hinder the chief from consummating his recantation, and every avenue was shut to the priest, whom Voltaire himself had sent for.

The demons haunted every access ; rage succeeds to fury and fury to rage again, during the remainder of his life.

“ Then it was that D’Alembert, Diderot, and about twenty others of the conspirators, who had beset his apartment, never approached him, but to witness their own ignominy ; and often he would curse them, and exclaim : ‘ Retire ! It is you that have brought me to my present state ! Begone ? I could have done without you all ; but you could not exist without me ! And what a wretched glory have you procured me ? ’ ”

“ Then would succeed the horrid remembrance of his conspiracy. They could hear him, the prey of anguish and dread, alternately supplicating or blaspheming that God whom he had conspired against ; and in plaintive accents would he cry out, ‘ O Christ ! O Jesus Christ ! ’ And then complain that he was abandoned by God and man. The hand, which had traced, in ancient writ, the sentence of an impious and reviling king, seemed to trace before his eyes, CRUSH THEN, DO CRUSH THE WRETCH. In vain he turned his head away ; the time was coming apace when he was to appear before the tribunal of him he had blasphemed ; and his physicians, particularly Mr. Tronchin, calling in to administer relief, thunderstruck, retired, declaring the death of the impious man to be terrible indeed. The pride of the conspirators would willingly have suppressed these declarations, but it was in vain.—The Mareschal de Richelieu flies from the bed-side, declaring it to be a sight too terrible to be sustained ; and Mr. Tronchin, that the furies of Orestes could give but a faint idea of those of Voltaire.”

In one of these visits the doctor found him in the greatest agonies, exclaiming, with the utmost horror, “ I am abandoned by God and man.” He then said, “ Doctor, I will give you half of what I am worth, if you will give me six months life.” The doctor answered, “ Sir, you cannot live six weeks.” Voltaire replied, “ Then I shall go to hell, and you will go with me ! ” and soon after expired.



## THOMAS PAINE.

THIS unhappy man is well known to have been one of the most malignant enemies of Christianity. He was an avowed infidel in principle, and an open profligate in practice. He lived despised by the wise and good, and, like many other infidels, died apparently full of dread of the future, though a stranger to that repentance which is unto life.

The following account of the concluding scenes of his life, is from the pen of Dr. Manley, a respectable physician, who attended him in his last illness.

“During the latter part of his life, though his conversation was equivocal, his conduct was singular. He would not be left alone night or day; he not only required to have some person with him; but he must see that he or she was there, and would not allow his curtains to be closed at any time; and if, as it would sometimes unavoidably happen, that he was left alone, he would scream and halloo until some person came to him. When relief from pain would admit, he would seem thoughtful and contemplative, his eyes generally closed, and his hands folded on his breast, although he never slept without the assistance of an anodyne. There was something remarkable in his conduct at this time, which comprises about two weeks before his death, particularly when we reflect that Thomas Paine was the author of the *Age of Reason*. He would call out during his paroxysms of distress, without intermission, ‘O Lord help me,’—God help me!—Jesus Christ help me!—O Lord help me,’ &c. repeating the same expressions without the least variation, in a tone that would alarm the house. It was this conduct, that induced me to think that he had abandoned his former opinions; and I was more inclined to that belief when I understood from his nurse, who is a very serious, and I believe a pious woman, that he would

occasionally inquire, on seeing her engaged with a book, what she was reading ; and being answered, and at the same time being asked whether she should read aloud, he assented, and would appear to give particular attention. I took occasion during the night of the 5th and 6th of June, to test the strength of his opinions respecting revelation. I purposely made him a very late visit ; it was a time which seemed to suit my errand, it was midnight. He was in great distress, constantly exclaiming in the words above-mentioned ; when I addressed him in the following manner, the nurse being present—‘ Mr. Paine, your opinions, by a large portion of the community, have been treated with deference. You must be sensible that we are acquainted with your religious opinions, as they are given to the world ; what then must we think of your present conduct ? Why do you call upon Jesus Christ to help you ? Do you believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ ? Come now, answer me honestly—I want an answer as from the lips of a dying man, for I verily believe that you will not live twenty-four hours.’ I waited some time at the end of every question : he did not answer, but ceased to exclaim in the above manner. Again I addressed him, ‘ Mr. Paine, you have not answered my questions ; will you answer them ?—Allow me to ask, do you believe ?—or let me qualify the question—Do you wish to believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God ? After a pause of some moments, he answered, ‘ I have no wish to believe on the subject.’ I then left him ; and know not whether he afterward spoke to any person on any subject, though he lived till the morning of the 8th.

How apparent is it from the preceding narration, that the mind of Paine was convinced of the truth of that religion which he had ridiculed, and whose Author he had blasphemed ; but that the stubborn pride of the hardened infidel prevented him from explicitly confessing this, when the question was solemnly put to him. Indeed

there seems much reason for believing that he was in that state which for ever precludes the possibility of genuine repentance—that he was given over by God to a reprobate mind.



## ALTAMONT.

THE late Dr. Young, in an account of the last hours of a young man of rank and talents, whom he denominates Altamont, has described one of the most affecting death-bed scenes that ever was beheld.

“The sad evening before the death of the noble Altamont, I was with him. No one was there but his physician, and an intimate friend whom he loved, and whom he had ruined. At my coming in he said : ‘ You and the physician are come too late.—I have neither life nor hope. You both aim at miracles. You would raise the dead !’—Heaven, I said was merciful.—‘ Or I could not have been thus guilty. What has it not done to bless and to save me ?—I have been too strong for Omnipotence ! I plucked down ruin !’ I said, the blessed Redeemer—‘ Hold ! hold ! you wound me !—This is the rock on which I split—I denied his name.’

“Refusing to hear any thing from me, or to take any thing from the physician, he lay silent as far as sudden darts of pain would permit, till the clock struck. Then with vehemence ;—‘ O time ! time ! it is fit thou shouldst thus strike thy murderer to the heart.—How art thou fled for ever !—A month !—O for a single week ! I ask not for years ; though an age were too little for the much I have to do.’

“On my saying we could not do too much : that heaven was a blessed place—‘ So much the worse. ’Tis lost ! ’tis lost !—Heaven is to me the severest part of

hell!’ Soon after I proposed prayer. ‘Pray you that can. I never prayed. I cannot pray—Nor need I. Is not heaven on my side already? It closes with my conscience. Its severest strokes but second my own.’

“His friend being much touched, even to tears, at this, (who could forbear? I could not;) with a most affectionate look, he said:—‘Keep those tears for thyself. I have undone thee. Dost weep for me? That’s cruel. What can pain me more?’

“Here his friend, too much affected, would have left him:—‘No, stay, thou still mayst hope. Therefore hear me. How madly have I talked! How madly hast thou listened and believed! But look on my present state, as a full answer to thee, and to myself. This body is all weakness and pain: but my soul, as if stung up by torment to greater strength and spirit, is full powerful to reason; full mighty to suffer. And that which thus triumphs within the jaws of mortality, is, doubtless, immortal.—And, as for a DEITY, nothing less than an *Almighty* could inflict what I now feel.’

“I was about to congratulate this passive involuntary confessor, on his asserting two prime articles of his creed, extorted by the rack of nature; when he passionately exclaimed:—‘No, no! let me speak on. I have not long to speak.—My much injured friend! my soul, as my body, lies in ruin; in scattered fragments of broken thought. Remorse for the past, throws my thoughts on the future; worse dread of the future, strikes them back on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray.—Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake, and bless heaven for the flames:—that is not an everlasting flame; that is not an unquenchable fire.’

“How were we struck? Yet, soon after, still more.—With what an eye of distraction, what a face of despair, he cried out: ‘My principles have poisoned my friend; my extravagance has beggared my boy; my unkindness

has murdered my wife! And is there another hell?—  
O! thou blasphemed, yet most indulgent, LORD GOD!  
Hell itself is a refuge, if it hide me from thy frown.'

"Soon after, his understanding failed.—His terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated, or ever forgot. And ere the sun arose, the gay, young, noble, ingenious, accomplished, and most wretched Altamont, expired."

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## PUNISHMENT OF INFIDELITY.

THE following memoir differs from all the preceding in this respect, that at times the unhappy subject of it appears to have been deprived of reason; yet as infidelity was the mournful cause of his occasional insanity, and as at lucid intervals, his mind appears to have had the full exercise of its reasoning powers, his distressful case furnishes another awful proof that "the way of transgressors is hard."

H—n, the subject of this narrative, was a native of America, and belonged to a respectable family. He was religiously educated, and was moral in his youth.—When he became a young man he read the productions of Voltaire and other infidel writers; and learned to reason against the authenticity and inspiration of the Scriptures. He forsook public worship, and spent his Sabbaths at a tavern; yet he was a prudent man in pecuniary transactions, and as a neighbour, was respected in his native village.

When he was about thirty-five years of age, he was in the habit of trading to the West Indies. Previously to one of his voyages, he and an infidel companion visited a pious lady to whom they did not hesitate disclosing their deistical views. She said to them, that she hoped they would think differently before it was too late.

"It will never be too late," rejoined the deists, "for any but cowards!"

In the autumn after this conversation, H—— set sail with his produce for a southern market. While he was absent, his unbelieving friend was attacked with a mortal disease, and shuddered at the thought of meeting a holy God in judgment. He expressed his great anxiety, and in agony of mind renounced his delusions. He died. On the return of H——, the pious woman made him acquainted with the circumstances of his friend's departure from this life, with the desire of impressing on his conscience the necessity of preparing to meet him before God, the Just One. All that H—— would say, however, was this; "I am sorry that my friend died like a coward."

After this admonition, for the space of two years, the mind of this unhappy man found little quiet. He disputed, sometimes less against Christianity than formerly; and sometimes more, with greater bitterness. On his passage homeward, in his last voyage, his soul was like the troubled sea; and when he was in the midst of his marine path, a storm descended heavily upon the ship. At a particular hour during this tempest, he entertained a persuasion, for which he could not account, that his mother was dying; and even observed the time by his watch when he thought that she gave up her spirit. It is not for me to account for such mental impressions as I have no doubt H—— actually felt. Let me simply state the fact. On his arrival at home he found his mother dead. He told his friends what had been his presentiment; and at what hour he thought she breathed her last breath. It proved, so nearly as the family could remember, that she actually died on the same day, and in the course of the same hour, which he designated.

The mind of H—— from this time became habitually gloomy. He felt himself guilty and wretched, but did

not believe in Christ, the way to pardon, peace of conscience, consolation in tribulation, and everlasting felicity. The depression of his soul soon became so great, that reason was banished from the seat of her dominion. Three times he attempted to hang himself before he was brought to an asylum. Finally, he was brought to a benevolent institution with his throat cut ; and was prevented, for a time, from intruding into the presence of his Judge.

After his wounds were healed, Mr. Ely conversed with him on religious subjects, and he was perfectly rational, until the principles to which he assented were applied to his own case.

“ God is able and willing to save unto the uttermost all who come unto him.”

“ That is unquestionable,” he would answer.

“ Then he is able and willing to save you.”

“ Oh ! no ! there are exceptions to all general rules ; and God is a sovereign ; he will not save me ; for I have been such a sinner, that God is miserable while I am out of misery. I ought to suffer. It is my duty to suffer for ever.” This was the train of his thought, and he appeared to court misery, because it was his duty to suffer, that the glory of God might be promoted. Indeed, if there is any such thing as a desire to be damned for the glory of God as some writers assert, H—— certainly possessed that grace ; but it was only in a state of insanity and indescribable misery.

When he was favoured with a partial respite from his horrors, he would read the Bible, until he came to something which he did not understand. Then he would ask explanations of his keeper, and if his remarks were unsatisfactory, would cast down the book with indignation, because it was incomprehensible.

Sometimes H—— would indulge himself for a few moments in cheerful conversation, and then suddenly check

himself, and revert to his gloom, saying, "But this is not suitable for one who to-morrow must commence a perpetuity of torment."

Not long previous to his death, a brother, who had been confirmed by him in unbelief, came to pay him a visit. The conversation was deeply interesting and solemn.

"Ben, you see the state I am now in ; and you know how I was brought to this condition. My present agonies are unutterable, and what must damnation be to a guilty sinner ?"

"O fudge ! fudge, John, cheer up ; don't make a fool of yourself ! Why should you trouble yourself about religion, and be gloomy ?"

"Yes, Ben, I have made a fool of myself by reading those accursed books, and despising the Bible. You cannot laugh me out of my present condition. You know that I am miserable now, and I tell you that my false ideas of religion have produced all that suffering which you witness. Ben, I am in hell ! O be warned by me ! You cannot teach me any thing new against the BIBLE, for I taught you all the infidelity which you know ; but if this were my last breath, I should say to you, 'Change your way of thinking ; for your present plan will not answer.'"

In this strain H—— conversed with his brother for more than an hour ; but after all, Ben departed, saying, "Oh ! poh, John, don't make a fool of yourself !"

One week before the death of H——, a person in the next room hung himself. Some conversation arose from this case between H—— and his keeper.

K. "A man must be in great agony, I think, and must be very bold, to enter, uncalled, the eternal world."

H. "It is not boldness, but cowardice, which tempts men to destroy their own lives. Is not that man a coward who shrinks from the common lot of humanity ? It is really weakness, to kill one's self from dread of cala-



mity, or weight of temporal suffering. Men ought to bear life, and not shrink from petty evils.

Such was his language, and no one supposed that he retained a thought of performing the action which he condemned. But his sufferings he deemed unlike those of other men. His were the agonies of one already damned, who must suffer, or the eternal Judge would suffer. He thought God was in misery so long as he was out of hell. In an hour, therefore, when nothing was apprehended, he made fast his cravat to the grates of his window, and while his back was against the wall, kneeled down, at the same time bending his body forward, and strangled himself.



## DAVID HUME.

It is an awful proof of the depraved condition of human nature, that so many persons exert their utmost efforts to sink themselves to a level with the brutes that perish, and to strip themselves of man's distinguishing honour—immortality. Infidels at the same time soar with the pride of Satan, and grovel with the reptile on the dust. Now they exalt man so high that he needs not the instruction or care of the Deity, but soon they debase him to an equality with the worm, while they maintain that like the worm he dies and is no more. Mr. Hume was one of these wise men, in their own opinion. He was a philosopher. The following positions are a specimen of the nature of his philosophy.

That the soul of man is not the same this moment that it was the last ; that we know not what it is ; that it is not one, but many things, and that it is nothing at all.

That we have no good reason to think the universe proceeds from a cause.

That the external world does not exist, or at least, that its existence may reasonably be doubted.

That the universe exists in the mind, and that the mind does not exist.

That adultery must be practised, if men would obtain all the advantages of life ; that if generally practised, it would in time cease to be scandalous ; and that if practised secretly and frequently, it would by degrees come to be thought no crime at all.

That self-murder is but the turning of a few ounces of blood from its natural channel. Pleading in behalf of this crime he observes, that there is no crime in diverting a river from its natural course, and says, " Where then is the crime of turning a few ounces of blood from its natural channel ?"

A few years ago, a feeling of horror thrilled through the nation, when the atrocious monster, Williams, murdered the Marr and Williamson families. If he were a philosopher of Mr. Hume's description, he might have pleaded that he had committed no crime, for in destroying seven or eight persons, he had only turned a few pounds, instead of ounces, of blood out of their proper channel.

Mr. Hume appears in one respect to have differed from most infidels. His life was tolerably moral. This has been a subject of boasting among his unbelieving friends, but it has been most justly remarked, " All evil beings are not *immoral*." Satan himself " offends not in the articles of eating, wine, or women ;" he is differently employed. He is employed in tempting others to offend.

" The matter of fact is : that *life* cannot be in the *right*, which is spent in *doing wrong*. And if to question all the doctrines of religion, even to the providence and existence of a God, and to put morality on no other foot than that of *UTILITY*—if to do this be, not to do *wrong*—then farewell all distinction between right and wrong for

evermore. To maintain and diffuse the truth of God, is to *do his will* ; to deny, corrupt, or hinder it, is to *work iniquity* ; and a life so employed is a *wicked life*—perhaps the *most* wicked that can be imagined. For what comparison is there between one who commits a crime of which he may repent, or, at worst, it may die with him : and one who, though he do not himself commit it, teaches and encourages all the world to commit it, by removing out of the way the strongest sanctions and obligations to the contrary, in writings which may carry on the blessed work from generation to generation ?”

As he lived and taught like a philosopher, so, Mr. Gibbons says, he died like one. His death has been the boast of infidels. “It may be taken as their apostolic specimen, standing parallel in their history, to the instance of St. Paul in the records of Christianity, ‘I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith ; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day.’ ”

We are informed, that when he was extremely debilitated by disease, he went abroad at times in a sedan chair, and called on his friends ; but his ghastly looks indicated the rapid approach of death. He diverted himself with correcting his works for a new edition, with reading books of amusement, with the conversation of his friends, and sometimes in the evening with a party at his favourite game of whist.

On one occasion, when his dissolution drew near, he expressed to Dr. Smith the satisfaction he had in leaving his friends, and his brother’s family in particular, in prosperous circumstances. This, he said, he felt so sensibly, that when he was reading, a few days before, Lucian’s Dialogues of the Dead, he could not, among all the excuses which are alleged to Charon,\* for not readily en-

\* Charon, in the old heathen tales, is said to have ferried departed souls over the river Styx, in their way to Elysium or Tartarus.

tering into his boat, find one that fitted him. He had no house to finish,—he had no daughter to provide for,—he had no enemies upon whom he wished to revenge himself—“ I could not well imagine (said he) what excuse I could make to Charon, in order to obtain a little delay. I have done every thing of consequence which I ever meant to do. I could at no time expect to leave my relations and friends in a better situation than that in which I am now likely to leave them. I, therefore, have all reason to die contented.” “ He then diverted himself (says Dr. Smith) with inventing several jocular excuses, which he supposed he might make to Charon, and in imagining the very surly answers, which it might suit the character of Charon to return to them.” “ Upon consideration (said he) I thought I might say to him, good Charon, I have been correcting my works for a new edition. Allow me a little time, that I may see how the public receives the alterations.” But Charon would answer, “ When you see the effect of these, you will be for making other alterations. There will be no end to such excuses ; so, honest friend, please to step into the boat.” “ But I might still urge, Have a little patience, good Charon : I have been endeavouring to open the eyes of the public ; if I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition.” But Charon would then lose all patience and decency : “ You loitering rogue, that will not happen these many hundred years. Do you fancy I will grant you a lease for so long a term ? Get into the boat this instant, you lazy loitering rogue.”

He died soon after ; and this was dying like a philosopher. Here the triumphs of infidelity are seen ; glorious triumphs for a philosopher, a son of reason ! Ah ! if we had not learnt that the philosophy of such men is the foolishness of folly, we might have felt surprised to see a man of sense, at any time of life, amusing himself

with the ridiculous heathen story of Charon and his boat. But as such men love darkness rather than light, so it is a self-evident proposition, that they prefer the most debasing folly to the most elevating wisdom, when they prefer this absurd tale to the glorious prospects of immortality. Compare Hume, dying and jesting about Charon and his boat, and the Christian, expiring with expressions of praise and gratitude to God, and of confidence in his obtaining eternal life through the merits of his Saviour, and then say, is the difference between hell and heaven wider than that between the dying philosopher and the dying believer !

In the miserable deaths of Voltaire, and Thomas Paine, some of the horrors of infidelity are seen, but the hardened stupidity of Hume, gives as awful a view of its dreadful influence.

Some observations that other writers have made on this subject, are so excellent that they are inserted here. Bishop Horne, in his letter to Dr. Adam Smith, Hume's encomiast, says, "Are you sure, and can you make us sure, that there really exists no such thing as a God, and a future state of reward and punishment ? If so, all is well. Let us then, in our last hours, read Lucian, and play at whist, and droll upon Charon and his boat ; let us die as foolish and insensible, as much like our brother philosophers, the calves of the field, and the asses of the desert, as we can for the life of us. But, if such things be—as they most certainly are—is it right in you, sir, to hold up to our view, as 'perfectly wise and virtuous,' the character and conduct of one, who seems to have been possessed with an incurable antipathy to all that is called religion ?

"You would persuade us, by the example of David Hume, Esq. that atheism is the only cordial for low spirits, and the proper antidote against the fear of death. But surely, he who can reflect, with complacency, on a friend thus misemploying his talents in his life, and then

amusing himself with Lucian, whist, and Charon, at his death, may smile over Babylon in ruins ; esteem the earthquake, which destroyed Lisbon, an agreeable occurrence ; and congratulate the hardened Pharaoh, on his overthrow in the Red Sea. Drollery, in such circumstances, is neither more nor less than

Moody madness, laughing wild,  
Amid severest wo.

Would we know the baneful and pestilential influences of false philosophy on the human heart, we need only contemplate them in this most deplorable instance of Mr. Hume.

“ We all know, sir, what the word superstition denotes, in Mr. Hume’s vocabulary, and against what religion his shafts are levelled, under that name. But, Doctor Smith, do you believe, or would you have us to believe, that it is Charon who calls us out of the world, at the appointed time ? Doth not HE call us out of it, who sent us into it ? Let me, then, present you with a paraphrase of the wish, as addressed to him, to whom it should, and to whom alone with any sense of propriety, it can be addressed. Thus it runs :

“ ‘ Lord, I have only one reason why I would wish to live. Suffer me so to do, I most humbly beseech thee, yet a little while, till mine eyes shall behold the success of my undertaking to overthrow, by my metaphysics, the faith which thy Son descended from heaven to plant, and to root out the knowledge and the love of thee from the earth.’ Here are no rhetorical figures, no hyperboles or exaggerations. The matter is even so.”\*

Another writer observes, “ The jocularly of the philosopher was contrary to good taste. To be in harmony

\* Vide Horné’s admirable letter to Dr. Adam Smith, in his *Letters on Infidelity*. This work well deserves the attention of young persons, it contains much important truth mingled with so much wit and humour that it is as amusing as it is instructive.

with his situation, in his own view of that situation, the expressions of the dying philosopher were required to be dignified. It is true, that good men of a high order, have been known to utter pleasantries in their last hours. But these have been pleasantries of a fine ethereal quality. These had no resemblance to the low and laboured jokes of our philosopher ; jokes, so laboured, as to give strong cause for suspicion, after all, that they were of the same nature, and for the same purpose, as the expedient of a boy, on passing through some gloomy place in the night, who whistles to lessen his fear, or to persuade his companions that he does not feel it.

“Such a manner of meeting death was inconsistent with the scepticism, to which Hume was always found to avow his adherence. For that scepticism necessarily acknowledged a possibility and chance, that the religion which he had scorned might be found true, and might, in the moment after his death, glare upon him with all its terror. But how dreadful to such a reflecting mind, would have been the smallest chance of meeting such a vision ! Yet our philosopher could be cracking his heavy jokes, and Dr. Smith could be much diverted at the sport.

“To a man who solemnly believes the truth of revelation, and therefore, the threatenings of divine vengeance against the despisers of it, this scene will present as mournful a spectacle, as, perhaps, the sun ever shone upon. We have beheld a man of great talents, and invincible perseverance, entering on his career with the profession of an impartial inquiry after truth, met at every stage and step by the evidences and expostulations of religion, and the claims of his Creator, but devoting his labours to the pursuit of fame, and the promotion of impiety. We behold him appointed soon to appear before that Judge to whom he had never alluded, but with entire malice and contempt ; yet preserving to appearance, an entire self-complacency, idly jesting about his approaching dis-

solution, and mingling with these insane sports, his reference to the fall of 'superstition,' a term, of which the meaning is hardly ever dubious, when expressed by such men. We behold him at last carried off, and we seem to hear, the next moment, from the darkness in which he vanishes, the shriek of surprise and terror, and the overpowering accents of the messenger of vengeance. On the whole globe there probably was not acting, at the time, so mournful a tragedy as that, of which the friends of Hume were the spectators, without being aware that it was any tragedy at all."\*

## HOBBS.

HOBBS was a well known infidel, a century and a half ago. When alone, he was haunted with the most tormenting reflections, and would awake in great terror, if his candle happened but to go out in the night. He could never bear any discourse of death, and seemed to cut off all thoughts of it.

Dr. Wallis relates of him, that discoursing one day with a lady in high life, Hobbes told her, "That were he the master of the world, he would give it all to live one day longer." She expressed her astonishment, that a philosopher who had such extensive knowledge, and so many friends to gratify and oblige, would not deny himself one day's gratification of life, if by that means he could bequeath to them such ample possessions. His answer was, "What shall I be the better for that, when I am dead? I say again, if I had the whole world to dispose of, I would give it to live one day." How different is the language of the real Christian! "Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better,"—

\* Eclectic Review, 1808.



far better than the highest enjoyments that can be attained in this world.

He lived to be upwards of ninety. His last sensible words were, when he found he could live no longer, "I shall be glad then to find a hole to creep out of the world at." And, notwithstanding all his high pretensions to learning and philosophy, his uneasiness constrained him to confess, when he drew near to the grave, that "he was about to take a leap in the dark."



## EDWARD GIBBON.

EDWARD GIBBON, the celebrated author of the history of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," is well known to have been what is termed a philosopher and an infidel.

He was born in 1737. In early life he became a papist; he afterward renounced popery, and seems to have paid little attention to religion in any form; nor does it appear that he ever made it a matter of serious thought or inquiry. In his memoirs he has undesignedly presented a striking view of the cheerless nature of infidelity. "*The present is a fleeting moment—the past is no more—and our prospect of futurity dark and doubtful.*—This day may possibly be my last, but the laws of probability, so true in general—so fallacious in particular, still allow about fifteen years. I shall soon enter into the period, which, as the most agreeable of his long life, was selected by the judgment and experience of the sage Fontenelle. His choice is approved by the eloquent historian of nature, who fixes our moral happiness to the mature season in which our passions are supposed to be calmed, our duties fulfilled, our ambition satisfied, our fame and fortune established on a solid basis. In

private conversation, that great and amiable man added the weight of his own experience; and this autumnal felicity might be exemplified in the lives of Voltaire, Hume, and many other men of letters. I am far more inclined to embrace than to dispute this comfortable doctrine. I will not suppose any premature decay of mind or body; but I must *reluctantly* observe, that two causes, the abbreviation of time, and the failure of hope, will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life."

At another time, alluding to the death of a friend whose excellencies he had mentioned, he wrote, "*All this is now lost, finally, irrecoverably lost! I will agree, that the immortality of the soul is, at some times, a very comfortable doctrine.*"

Having no hope for eternity, he was eager for the continuation of his present existence; he declared to a friend, about twenty-four hours previous to his departure, in a flow of self-gratulation, that he thought himself a good life for ten, twelve, or perhaps twenty years.—During his short illness, he never gave the least intimation of a future state of existence. This insensibility at the hour of dissolution, is, in the language of scepticism, dying the death of a philosopher!

## J. J. ROUSSEAU.

J. J. ROUSSEAU was one of the philosophers of the last century, and was honoured by the infidels of France, with the second place in their Pantheon. His life was a life of crime, and considering this, his death was one of the most awful imaginable. The following brief abstract from his confessions may show what he was.

After a good education, in the Protestant religion, he was put apprentice. Finding his situation disagreeable

to him, he felt a strong propensity to vice ; inclining him to covet, dissemble, lie, and at length to steal ; a propensity of which he was never able afterward to divest himself. "I have been a rogue, (says he,) and am so still sometimes, for trifles which I had rather take than ask for."

He abjured the Protestant religion, and entered the hospital of the Catechumens at Turin, to be instructed in that of the Catholics : "For which in return, (says he,) I was to receive subsistence. From this interested conversion, (he adds,) nothing remained but the remembrance of my having been both a dupe and an apostate."

After this he resided with a Madame de Warrens, with whom "he lived in the greatest possible familiarity." She was a very good Catholic, or pretended at least to be one, and certainly desired to be such. If there had been no Christian morality established, Rousseau supposes she would have lived as though regulated by its principles. All her morality, however, was subordinate to the principles of Mr. Tavel, who first seduced her to adultery by urging in effect, that exposure was the only crime. "Finding in her," he says, "all those ideas I had occasion for to secure me from the fears of death, and its future consequences, I drew confidence and security from this source."

The writings of Port Royal, and those of the Oratory, made him half a Jansenist ; and notwithstanding all his confidence, their harsh theory sometimes alarmed him. A dread of hell, which till then he had never much apprehended, by little and little disturbed his security, and had not Madame de Warrens tranquillized his soul, would at length have been too much for him. His confessor also, a Jesuit, contributed all in his power to keep up his hopes.

After this he became familiar with another female, Theresa. He began by declaring to her that he would never either abandon, or marry her. Finding her preg-

nant with her first child, and hearing it observed in an eating-house, that he who had best filled the Foundling Hospital was always the most applauded, "I said to myself, (quoth he,) since it is the custom of the country, they who live here may adopt it. I cheerfully determined upon it without the least scruple ; and the only one I had to overcome was that of Theresa ; whom with the greatest imaginable difficulty, I persuaded to comply." The year following a similar inconvenience was remedied by the same expedient : no more reflection on his part, nor approbation on that of the mother.

He resolved on settling at Geneva ; and on going thither, and being mortified at his exclusion from the rights of a citizen by the profession of a religion different from his forefathers, he determined openly to return to the latter.\* Accordingly at Geneva he renounced popery.

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\* This hardened and wretched infidel, in one of his works gave the following most eloquent testimony to the excellency of that religion, which he after all rejected ; yet even in this, we may observe the prejudices of the unbeliever apparent, in the encomium which he passes on a nation of abandoned pagans, and the contempt with which he treats the Jews, to whom the oracles of God had been committed.

"I will confess to you, that the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the Gospel hath its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers with all their pomp of diction : how mean, how contemptible are they, compared with the Scripture ! Is it possible, that a book, at once so simple and sublime, should be merely the work of man ! Is it possible, that the sacred personage, whose history it contains, should be himself a mere man ! Do we find that he assumed the tone of an enthusiast or ambitious sectary ! What sweetness, what purity in his manner ! What an affecting gracefulness in his delivery ? What sublimity in his maxims ? What profound wisdom in his discourses ? What presence of mind, what subtlety, what truth in his replies ! How great the command over his passions ! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live, and so die, without weakness, and without ostentation ! When Plato described his imaginary good man, loaded with all the shame of guilt, yet meriting the highest rewards of virtue, he describes exactly the character of Jesus Christ ; the resemblance is so striking, that all the Fathers perceived it.

"What prepossession, what blindness must it be, to compare the son of Sophroniscus to the son of Mary ? What an infinite disproportion there is

After passing twenty years with Theresa, he made her his wife. He appears to have intrigued with a Madame de H——. Of his desires after that lady he

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between them? Socrates, dying without pain or ignominy, easily supported his character to the last; and if his death, however easy, had not crowned his life, it might have been doubted whether Socrates, with all his wisdom, was any thing more than a vain Sophist. He invented, it is said, the theory of morals. Others, however, had before put them in practice; he had only to say therefore what they had done, and to reduce their examples to precepts. Aristides had been just, before Socrates defined justice; Leonidas had given up his life for his country, before Socrates declared patriotism to be a duty; the Spartans were a sober people before Socrates recommended sobriety; before he had even defined virtue, Greece abounded in virtuous men. But where could Jesus learn, among his competitors, that pure and sublime morality, of which he only hath given us both precept and example. The greatest wisdom was made known among the most bigoted fanaticism, and the simplicity of the most heroic virtues did honour to the vilest people upon earth. The death of Socrates, peaceably philosophising with his friend, appears the most agreeable that could be wished for; that of Jesus expiring in the midst of agonizing pains, abused, insulted, and accused by a whole nation, is the most horrible that could be feared. Socrates, in receiving the cup of poison, blest indeed the weeping executioner who administered it: but Jesus, in the midst of excruciating tortures, prayed for his merciless tormentors. Yes, if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God. Shall we suppose the evangelic history a mere fiction? Indeed, my friend, it bears not the marks of fiction; on the contrary, the history of Socrates, which nobody presumes to doubt, is not so well attested as that of Jesus Christ. Such a supposition, in fact, only shifts the difficulty without obviating it; it is more inconceivable that a number of persons should agree to write such a history, than that one only should furnish the subject of it. The Jewish authors were incapable of the diction, and strangers to the morality contained in the Gospel, the marks of whose truth are so striking and inimitable, that the inventor would be a more astonishing character than the hero."—

It is mentioned in Lord Teignmouth's life of Sir William Jones, that Diderot, a French atheist, bore, in a few words, another not less striking testimony to the excellency of the New Testament.

An acquaintance found him one day employed in explaining a chapter of that sacred book to his daughter, with all the apparent energy of a believer. On expressing, his surprise, Diderot replied, "I understand your meaning, but after all, where is it possible to find better lessons for her instruction?" How happy had he been if he had himself submitted to be taught by that divine volume.

says, "Guilty without remorse, I soon became so without measure."

Such, according to his own account, was the life of uprightness and honour which was to expiate for a theft which he had committed when a young man, and laid it to a female servant ; by which she lost her place and character.

After giving an account of a life thus atrocious, he says, "Whenever the last trumpet shall sound, I will present myself before the Sovereign Judge, with this book in my hand, and loudly proclaim, Thus have I acted—these were my thoughts—such was I. Power Eternal ! Assemble round thy throne the innumerable throng of my fellow mortals. Let them listen to my confessions ; let them blush at my depravity ; let them tremble at my sufferings ; let each in his turn expose, with equal sincerity, the failings, the wanderings of his heart ; and, if he dare, aver, I was better than that man."

The death of this strange man was like his life ; he died with a horrid lie on his lips, accompanied by the most impious appeal that man could make.

"Ah ! my dear," said he to his wife, just before he expired ; "how happy a thing is it to die, when one has no reason for remorse, or self-reproach !"—And then, addressing himself to the Almighty, he said, "Eternal Being ! the soul that I am going to give thee back, is as pure, at this moment, as it was when it proceeded from thee : render it partaker of thy felicity."



## LETTER OF A DYING NOBLEMAN.

THE following affecting letter is said to have been written by a nobleman on his death bed, to an intimate companion. It is too plain and affecting to need any remarks.

"DEAR SIR,

"Before you receive this, my final state will be determined by the Judge of all the earth. In a few days at most, perhaps in a few hours, the inevitable sentence will be past, that shall raise me to the heights of happiness, or sink me to the depths of misery. While you read these lines, I shall be either groaning under the agonies of absolute despair, or triumphing in the fulness of joy.

"It is impossible for me to express the present disposition of my soul—the vast uncertainty I am struggling with! No words can paint the force and vivacity of my apprehensions. Every doubt wears the face of horror, and would perfectly overwhelm me, but for some faint beams of hope, which dart across the tremendous gloom! What tongue can utter the anguish of a soul suspended between the extremes of infinite joy and eternal misery? I am throwing my last stake for eternity, and tremble and shudder for the important event.

"Good God! how have I employed myself! what enchantment hath held me! In what delirium has my life been past! What have I been doing, while the sun in its race, and the stars in their courses, have lent their beams, perhaps, only to light me to perdition!

"I never awaked till now. I have but just commenced the dignity of a rational being. Till this instant I had a wrong apprehension of every thing in nature. I have pursued shadows, and entertained myself with dreams. I have been treasuring up dust, and sporting myself with the wind. I look back on my past life, and but for some memorials of infamy and guilt, it is all a blank—a perfect vacancy! I might have grazed with the beasts of the field, or sung with the winged inhabitants of the woods, to much better purpose than any for which I have lived. And, Oh! but for some faint hope, a thousand times more blessed had I been, to have slept with the clods of the valley, and never heard the Almighty's fiat; nor waked into life at his command.

I never had a just apprehension of the solemnity of the part I am to act till now. I have often met death insulting on the hostile plain, and, with a stupid boast, defied his terrors ; with a courage, as brutal as that of the war-like horse, I have rushed into the battle, laughed at the glittering spear, and rejoiced at the sound of the trumpet, nor had a thought of any state beyond the grave, nor the great tribunal to which I must have been summoned ;

Where all my secret guilt had been reveal'd,  
Nor the minutest circumstance conceal'd.

It is this which arms death with all its terrors ; else I could still mock at fear, and smile in the face of the gloomy monarch. It is not giving up my breath ; it is not being for ever insensible, is the thought at which I shrink : it is the terrible hereafter, the something beyond the grave, at which I recoil. Those great realities, which, in the hours of mirth and vanity, I have treated as phantoms, as the idle dreams of superstitious beings ; these start forth, and dare me now in their most terrible demonstrations. My awakened conscience feels something of that eternal vengeance I have often defied.

To what heights of madness is it possible for human nature to reach ? What extravagance is it to jest with death ! to laugh at damnation ! to sport with eternal chains, and recreate a jovial fancy with the scenes of infernal misery !

Were there no impiety in this kind of mirth, it would be as ill-bred as to entertain a dying friend with the sight of a *harlequin*, or the rehearsal of a *farce*. Every thing in nature seems to reproach this levity in human creatures. The whole creation, man excepted, is serious : man, who has the highest reason to be so, while he has affairs of infinite consequence depending on this short uncertain duration. A condemned wretch may, with as good a grace, go dancing to his execution, as the greatest



part of mankind go on with such a thoughtless gaiety to their graves.

O! my friend, with what horror do I recall those hours of vanity we have wasted together! Return ye lost neglected moments! How should I prize you above the eastern treasures! Let me dwell with hermits; let me rest on the cold earth; let me converse in cottages; may I but once more stand a candidate for an immortal crown, and have my probation for celestial happiness.

Ye vain grandeurs of a court! Ye sounding titles, and perishing riches! what do ye now signify? what consolation, what relief can ye give me? I have a splendid passage to the grave; I die in state, and languish under a gilded canopy; I am expiring on soft and downy pillows, and am respectfully attended by my servants and physicians: my dependents sigh, my sisters weep; my father bends beneath a load of years and grief! my lovely wife, pale and silent, conceals her inward anguish; my friend, who was as my own soul, suppresses his sighs, and leaves me to hide his secret grief. But, O! which of these will answer my summons at the high tribunal? Which of them will bail me from the arrest of death? Who will descend into the dark prison of the grave for me?

Here they all leave me, after having paid a few idle ceremonies to the breathless clay, which perhaps may lie reposed in state, while my soul, my only conscious part, may stand trembling before my Judge.

My afflicted friends, it is very probable, with great solemnity, will lay the senseless corpse in a stately monument, inscribed with,

Here lies the *Great*——

But could the pale carcass speak, it would soon reply;

——False marble, where?

Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here.

While some flattering panegyric is pronounced at my in-

terment, I may perhaps be hearing my just condemnation at a superior tribunal ; where an unerring verdict may sentence me to everlasting infamy. But I cast myself on his absolute mercy, through the infinite merits of the Redeemer of lost mankind. Adieu, my dear friend, till we meet in the world of spirits !" \*\*\*\*

## DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

GEORGE VILLIERS, Duke of Buckingham, was a pretended atheist, and one of the most distinguished persons at the court of Charles the second. Pleasure was his idol, and he pursued the paths of sin and folly till poverty and ruin overtook him. Not long before his death, he wrote the following letter to a minister of religion, whom he appears to have highly esteemed.

“DEAR DOCTOR,

I always looked upon you as a man of true virtue ; and know you to be a person of sound judgment. For, however I may act in opposition to the principles of religion, or the dictates of reason, I can honestly assure you I had always the highest veneration for both. The world and I may shake hands, for I dare affirm we are heartily weary of each other, O Doctor, what a prodigal have I been of the most valuable of all possessions,—*Time* ! I have squandered it away with a persuasion it was lasting : and now, when a few days would be worth a hecatomb of worlds, I cannot flatter myself with a prospect of half a dozen hours.

How despicable is that man who never prays to his God but in the time of his distress ! in what manner can he supplicate that omnipotent Being in his affliction, with reverence, whom, in the tide of his prosperity, he never

remembered with dread? Do not brand me with infidelity, when I tell you I am almost ashamed to offer up my petitions to the throne of grace; or of imploring that divine mercy in the next world, which I have so scandalously abused in this. Shall ingratitude to man be looked on as the blackest of crimes, and not ingratitude to God? Shall an insult offered to the king be looked on in the most offensive light; and yet no notice taken when the King of kings is treated with indignity and disrespect?

The companions of my former libertinism would scarce believe their eyes were you to show them this epistle. They would laugh at me as a dreaming enthusiast, or pity me as a timorous wretch, who was shocked at the appearance of futurity. They are more entitled to my pity than my resentment. A future state may very well strike terror into any man who has not acted well in this life; and he must have an uncommon share of courage indeed who does not shrink at the presence of his God.

You see my dear Doctor, the apprehensions of death will soon bring the most profligate to a proper use of their understanding. I am haunted by remorse, despised by my acquaintance, and, I fear, forsaken by my God. There is nothing so dangerous, my dear doctor, as extraordinary abilities. I cannot be accused of vanity now, by being sensible that I was once possessed of uncommon qualifications; as I sincerely regret that I was ever blessed with any at all. My rank in life made these accomplishments more conspicuous; and, fascinated with the general applause which they procured, I never considered about the proper means by which they should be displayed.—Hence, to purchase a smile from a blockhead, whom I despised, I have frequently treated the virtuous with disrespect; and sported with the holy name of Heaven, to obtain a laugh from a parcel of fools, who were entitled to nothing but my contempt.

Your men of wit, my dear Doctor, look on themselves as discharged from the duties of religion; and confine the

doctrines of the Gospel to people of meaner understandings ; and look on that man to be of a narrow genius who studies to be good. What a pity that the Holy Writings are not made the criterion of true judgment ! Favour me, my dear Doctor, with a visit, as soon as possible. Writing to you gives me some ease. I am of opinion this is the last visit I shall ever solicit from you. My distemper is powerful. Come and pray for the departing spirit of the unhappy—BUCKINGHAM.”



### SERVIN.

THE account which the celebrated Sully gives us of young Servin is uncommon. “ The beginning of June, 1623,” says he, “ I set out for Calais, where I was to embark, having with me a retinue of upwards of two hundred gentlemen, or who called themselves such, of whom a considerable number were really of the first distinction. Just before my departure, old Servin came and presented his son to me, and begged I would use my endeavours to make him a man of some worth and honesty ; but he confessed he dared not hope, not through any want of understanding or capacity in the young man, but from his natural inclination to all kinds of vice. I found him to be at once both a wonder and a monster ; I can give no other idea of that assemblage of the most excellent and most pernicious qualities. Let the reader represent to himself a man of genius so lovely, and an understanding so extensive, as rendered him scarce ignorant of any thing that could be known ; of so vast and ready a comprehension, that he immediately made himself master of what he attempted ; and of so prodigious a memory, that he never forgot what he had once learned ; he possessed all parts of philosophy and the mathematics, particularly fortification and drawing ; even in theology he was so well skill-

ed, that he was an excellent preacher whenever he had a mind to exert that talent, and an able disputant for and against the reformed religion indifferently ; he not only understood Greek, Hebrew, and all the languages which we call learned, but also the different jargons or modern dialects ; he accented and pronounced them so naturally, and so perfectly imitated the gestures and manners both of the several nations of Europe, and the particular provinces of France, that he might have been taken for a native of all or any of these countries ; and this quality he applied to counterfeit all sorts of persons, wherein he succeeded wonderfully ; he was moreover the best comedian and greatest droll that perhaps ever appeared ; he had a genius for poetry, and had written many verses ; he played upon almost all instruments, was a perfect master of music, and sung most agreeably and justly ; he was of a disposition to do, as well as to know, all things : his body was perfectly well suited to his mind, he was light, nimble, dexterous, and fit for all exercises ; he could ride well, and in dancing, wrestling, and leaping, he was admired : there are not any recreative games that he did not know ; and he was skilled in almost all the mechanic arts. But now for the reverse of the medal : here it appeared that he was treacherous, cruel, cowardly, deceitful ; a liar, a cheat, a drunkard and a glutton ; a sharper in play, immersed in every species of vice, a blasphemer, an atheist ; in a word in him might be found all the vices contrary to nature, honour, religion, and society ; the truth of which he himself evinced with his latest breath, for he died in the flower of his age, in a common brothel, perfectly corrupted by his debaucheries, and expired with a glass in his hand, cursing and denying God."

It is evident from this extraordinary case, that "with the talents of an angel a man may be a fool."—There is no necessary connexion between great natural abilities and religious qualifications. They may go together, but they are frequently found asunder.

## CONCLUSION.



**BEFORE** this little work is concluded, the compiler would take the liberty of employing a few pages, in a friendly address to all, into whose hands it may come.

My reader, rich or poor, permit one who wishes you well for ever, to solicit a few more moments of your fleeting time. This humble volume presents to you, truths of infinite importance. O remember they are of infinite importance to *you*. It is appointed unto *you* to die. The path which others have trodden, *you* must tread. The scenes, which others have beheld, *you* must behold. The dreams of time must quickly vanish from *your* sight ; and the awful realities of eternity burst upon *your* view. The joys of assurance, or torments of despair, must soon possess *your* heart ; and soon must the melody of heaven gladden *your* soul ; or the bitter wailings of the lake of fire, fill *you* with inconceivable dismay. Ah ! there is not merely a heaven or a hell, but there is a heaven or a hell for *you*.

Behold in the memorial of those, who are now saints in bliss, the inexpressible value of the Gospel of salvation. What was it that cheered their dying moments ? What was it that took the sting of death away ? What was it that opened the gates of heaven to their delighted view ? What was it that made pain easy, and death desirable ?

“ What to their souls such glad assurance gave,  
Such hope in death, such triumph o’er the grave ?”

Was it, as has been unscripturally said,

“ The sweet remembrance of unblemish’d youth,  
The inspiring voice of *innocence* and truth ?”

Ah no ! Such delusions blinded not their eyes, nor shut their hearts against the Saviour of mankind. They talked

not of innocence. They rested not on an unblemished life. They knew that every heart is defiled with sin; and every life blackened with iniquity; and every human being a transgressor from the womb. Their joys were the joys of pardoned sinners. The religion of the Gospel was their religion. It was not modern refinements, philosophical speculations, and heathenism, masking itself under the name of Christianity, that cheered their souls. The death and righteousness of a Divine Saviour was their only boast. This was the refuge to which they fled. This was the fountain from whence their comforts flowed. Christ was their ALL in ALL: O is he yours? Better, far better, were it for you, to hang by a thread of glass from a precipice ten thousand fathoms high, and with a stormy gulf beating below, than to rest your eternal all on the morality of your life. Better, far better, were it for you, to be set afloat in the midst of the wide ocean, helpless and destitute, upon a single plank, than to launch into an awful eternity, resting on the feeble reed of human merit.

Perhaps some reader of those narratives which display the power of Christian truths, may exclaim, "These things are but the dreams of idiots, and the tales of priests." Unhappy man, the time is hastening on which will discover to you your sad mistake. Is Christianity a fable? Let its bitter enemies, Voltaire and Paine, reply. They have replied. Their dying horrors, their cries to him they derided and blasphemed, have answered, "No." Which would you soonest credit, the obstinate asseverations of a malefactor to his own innocence, made before the day of trial came, or the confessions of his dying lips? If Voltaire and Paine, and others of that impious band, would persuade you by the works they wrote in days of health and strength, that religion is a fable, turn to their dying moments, and learn from their miseries, and those of many of their disciples, that there is a hell for the enemies of God, and that a part of its

horrors, in some instances, seize on the soul even upon earth.

My reader young or old, from the widely different narratives which this little book contains, O learn that one thing is needful ! needful to you, to me, to all. See its value, in the peaceful or triumphant departure of some, who were its possessors. See its value, in the late remorse and deep despair of those, who died destitute of its blessings ; and remember that, “ now is the accepted time, that now is the day of salvation.” O think, think of that eternity, to which you go ; and of that Saviour, who is willing and able, to prepare you for eternity. What shadows will all the things of time shortly seem to you ! O could you go into the eternal world, how might those, who have done with time for ever, teach you the vanity of all below ! Did not the malignity of their nature prevent them, ruined souls might say to you, “ Avoid our folly. Shun our misery. Sin and the world undid us, heart-rending thought ! undid us for ever. A little while back we were as eager in the pursuit of fancied happiness, as you can possibly be. The world appeared dressed in as gay colours to us as it now does to you. Alas, we regarded it as our home, and forgot that we were travellers to endless scenes. We ridiculed the folly of professing to be strangers and pilgrims upon earth ; and looked down with contemptuous pity on those, whose chief concern on earth was safely to reach heaven. We heard the tolling bell, but forgot that it soon would toll for us. We saw the opened grave, unmindful that that dusty bed would quickly be our long home. Trifling as you, we stopped not to consider what we were, and what we soon must be. But death arrived : and the ‘ lying vanities of life ’ fled at its touch. Then we discovered our misery. Then we saw our want ; but, O, too late ! Wo is us ! the day of grace is gone. The tidings of mercy are unheard. The blood of Jesus can never cleanse us ; nor the compassions of God ever reach us now.” Ah, my fellow



sinner, my brother, my sister, would an address thus dismal from the spirits of the lost, awaken your attention to eternal things ! O think, though they cannot come thus to address you ; you, unless you are a partaker of an interest in Jesus Christ, are hastening to that world, where all the huge distresses of a wretched eternity will be realized.

My youthful friend, if you become a partaker of heavenly wisdom, happy will you be ; happy in life, in death, and for ever. If poor on earth, you will be rich in heaven. If a stranger to worldly science, you will have the best knowledge in knowing Christ crucified. Happy will you be when forgotten upon earth, and when your tombstone can hardly be read by passing travellers. If the unsearchable riches of Christ are yours, shortly will you quit the imperfections of earth, and be adorned with the perfections of heaven. And when you stand on the edge of that awful and amazing state, as with an angel's eye, you might survey a vanishing world, and take your last adieu of earth and time. " Farewell, ye scenes of imperfection ! Farewell, folly, sin, and vanity ! Farewell, all that once I knew ; the spots I trod. the places where I dwelt—the scenes endeared by friendly converse—the retreats made sacred by youthful devotion—all farewell ! —I go where joy for ever reigns. I go where sickness never comes. I go where death is never known. I go where perfection and purity, happiness and endless life, shall be my long, long portion. I go from mortal to immortal things ; from dying men to the living God ; from fickle mortals to the steadfast Saviour ; from sinful creatures to joyful saints and holy angels. Adieu, vain world of cares, and doubts, and fears ; yet sacred world, where heaven was made my portion ! Adieu, thou weary seat of troubles and imperfections ; yet endeared region, where the Saviour's love dawned upon my soul ; and glory, honour, and immortality, became my inheritance ! Adieu for ever, departing world, Adieu ! "

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